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# New England Magazine

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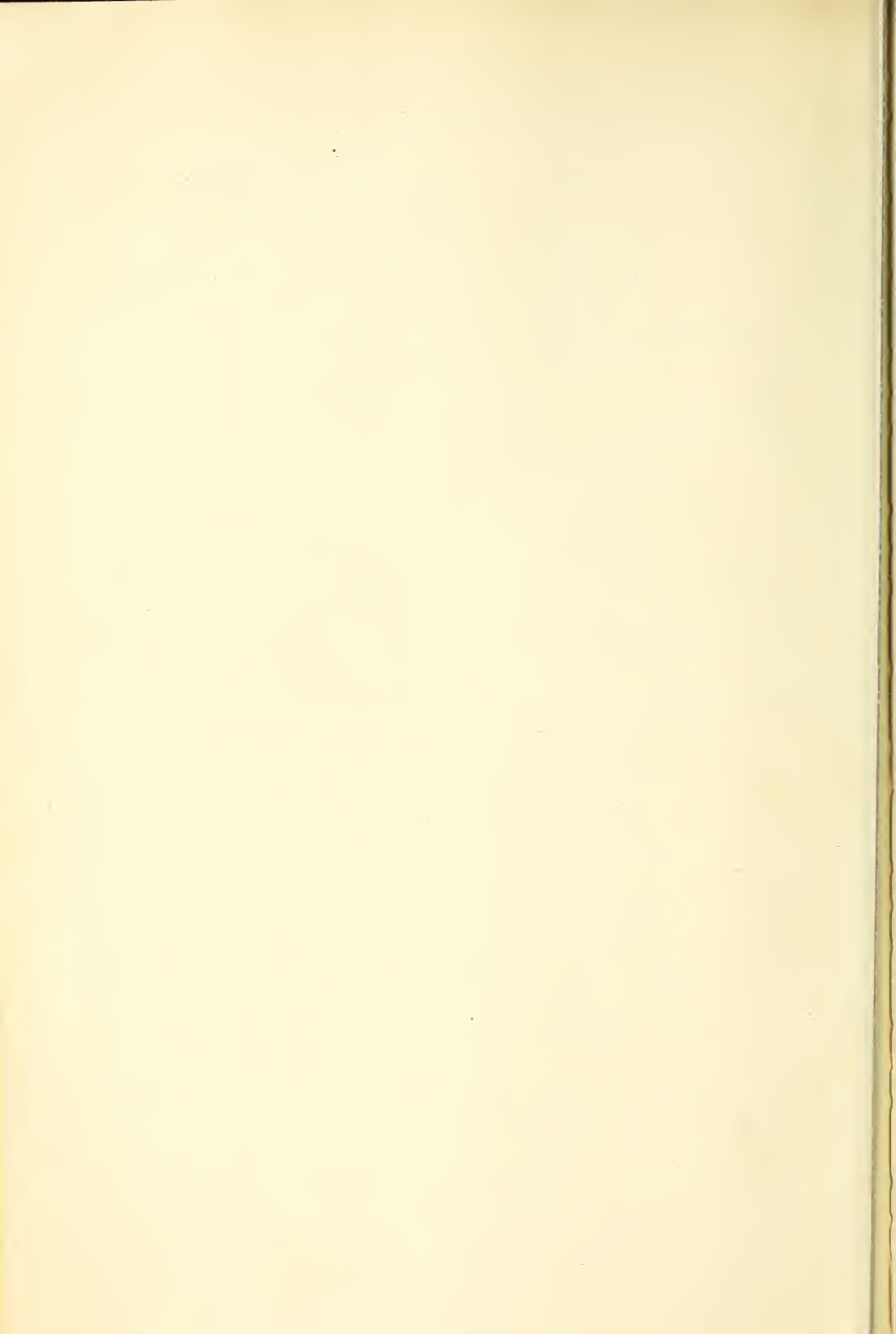


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### American Shrines.

"BY THE RUDE BRIDGE THAT ARCHED THE FLOOD,  
THEIR FLAG TO APRIL'S BREEZE UNFURLED,  
HERE ONCE THE EMBATTLED FARMERS STOOD,  
AND FIRED THE SHOT HEARD ROUND THE WORLD."  
EMERSON'S CONCORD HYMN.

# THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

NEW SERIES

SEPTEMBER

VOL. XXV., NO. 1

## The Triumph of the American Idea

By Alexander H. Ford.

THE third quarter of the last century closed with the old world still treating with contempt the idea that anything good could ever come from America. To-day, at the dawning of the new era, however, the situation is exactly reversed; America leads the world, while every country of Europe seeks to imitate our methods and regain in a measure the prestige that has so suddenly crossed the Atlantic.

England is astonished that we can pay our miners twice the wages she gives her colliers, and yet send ship-load after ship-load of coal to New Castle to undersell the products of the adjacent parts. France is startled that our excellent wines from artificially irrigated lands can undersell the vintages of Burgundy in Paris itself. Germany is suffering from business stagnation because we now send her the thousand different kinds of tools and mechanical toys that were once her prized monopoly. Russia, with the most extensive wheat fields in the world, marvels that our finest flour undersells her coarsest native grain, even in remote districts. In far off

Eastern Asia, the inventive Japs eagerly purchase Yankee machine-made imitations of the gewgaws that Jap artists have made by hand for centuries. To Bagdad, we send new lamps in exchange for old, while to Egypt we send not only the trolley cars that run from Cairo to the Pyramids, but in the "Nutmeg State" is a factory equipped with marvelous modern machinery that turns out ancient Egyptian scarabæ, which are chipped automatically, besides being given at the same time the color and appearance of age. These Yankee-made Egyptian relics are sold by the cask to the Arabs, who devoutly bury them at the base of Cheops, accidentally to discover and sell them to the Frankish infidel, who is witness to the find, and can therefore have no doubt as to the authenticity of his treasure.

Turning once more to the serious, however, we find that American inventions have rapidly made our foreign commerce supreme; within three years we have passed all our rivals, until to-day the one great topic of international discussion is the triumph of the American idea.



But what is the American idea? For while it is proving itself the great moving force of the world to-day, debated upon in every civilized country from pole to pole, no one as yet seems to have given any concise, concrete definition of the term. The most apt illustration to come under my observation was in England. Two manufacturers, a British and an American, stood waiting for a 'bus and a trolley car respectively. The Britisher, who owned one of the largest mechanical plants in England, was explaining to his brother manufacturer from America that he could not understand how in the States they could pay workmen twice the wages he did, and yet undersell him in every market of the world, including that of his native English city.

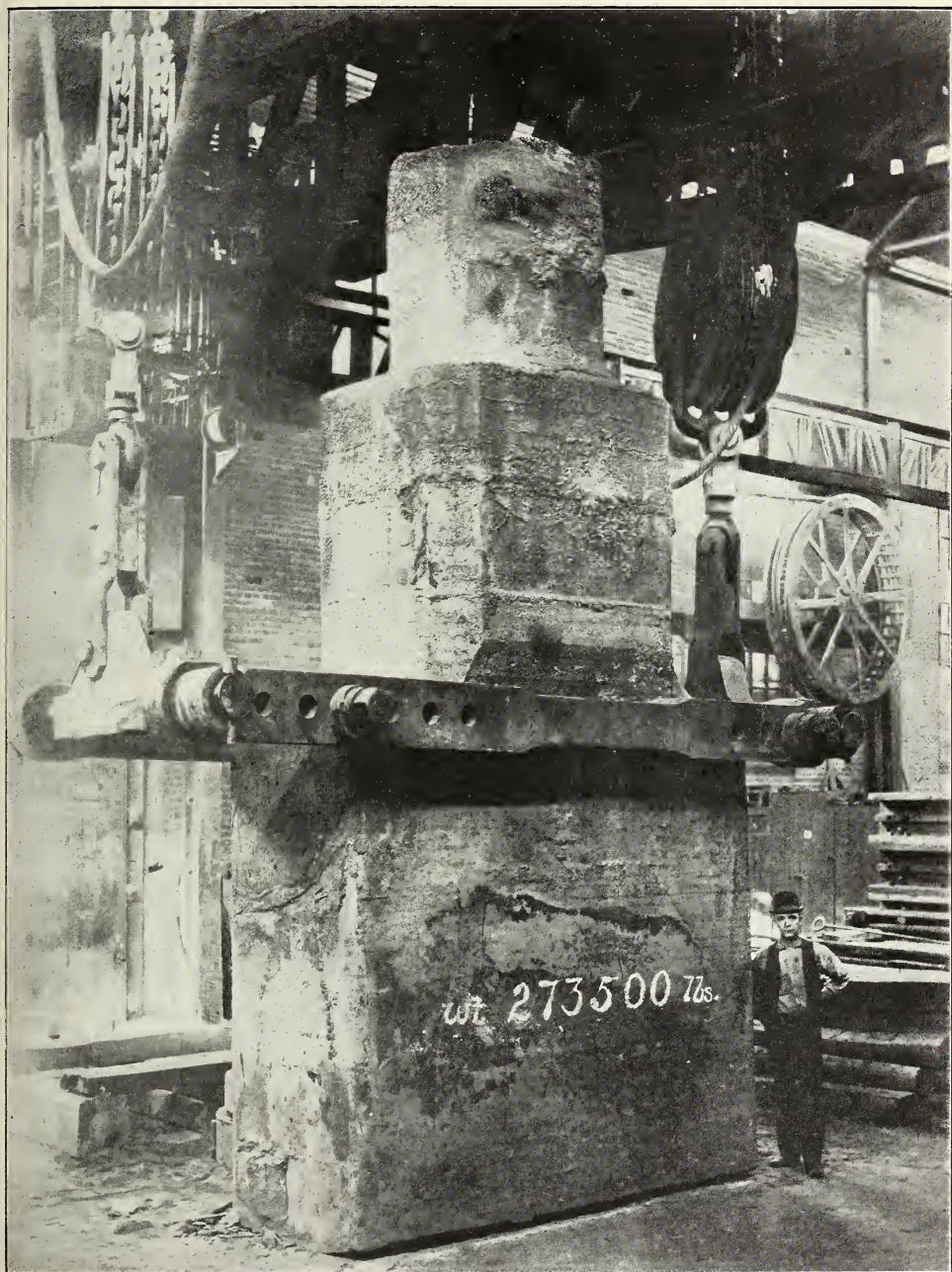
"There is the whole story illustrated," quickly replied the American, pointing across the street to a workman who was perched on a step-ladder washing the windows of a dwelling, while another on the ground held the ladder steady so that his companion would not fall. "That is the English way, two men to a ladder," said the American, "our workman would use a ladder that would steady itself, and if there were no such article in the market, he would invent it—that is the American idea."

Labor saving devices, individualism, and an ambition on the part of both master and man to accomplish the most work in the least possible time; these are the American ideas that are disturbing the slow-going, leisurely, old-world workmen and causing them to put on a spurt, if only to show that there is still young blood left in the old countries.

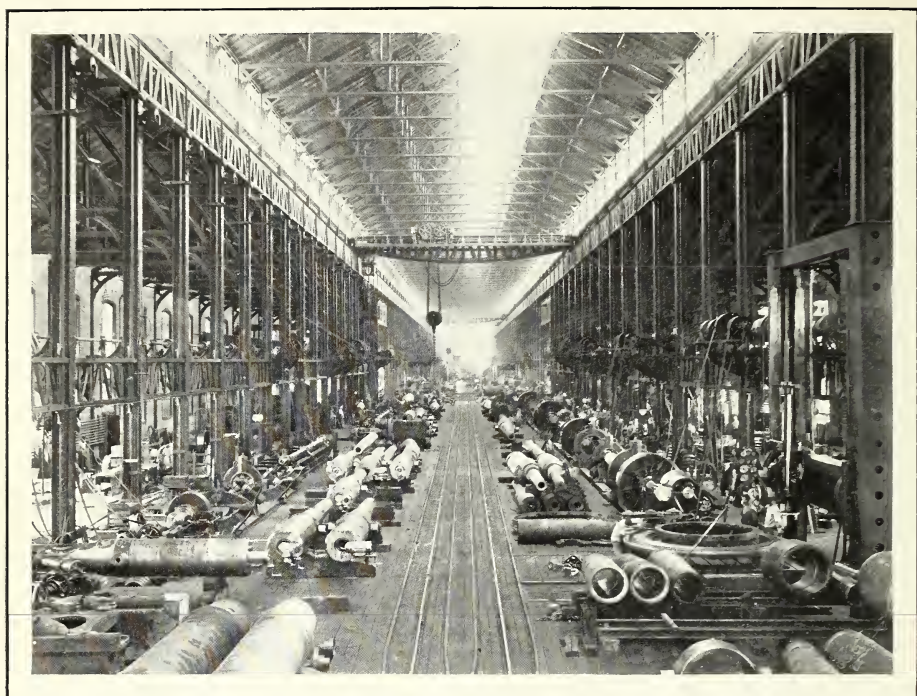
But in England and Continental

Europe, where consumers have been trained for generations to ask for goods of certain brands, refusing indignantly all substitutes warranted to be "just as good," the manufacturers who can force all middle men to sell their products at a stable fixed price, still find it hard to believe that in Yankeeeland, the moment a new invention renders a piece of machinery antiquated, the American manufacturer relegates it to the junk pile. Foreigners are astonished to learn that it is for this reason and not for the pleasing effect on the eye that American machinery is built as lightly as possible, not a superfluous pound of metal being retained. In fact, in the States, a machine is often guaranteed to last but for ten years at most, the buyer and seller both realizing that in all probability new inventions will make it obsolete within that period. On the other hand, the British or European manufacturer, not converted to the American idea, resents the invention of any machinery that will tend to make less valuable his heavy, ponderous plant, installed to last for all time. That is why the foreign inventor receives so little encouragement at home and so invariably sends his model to America and floats the parent company here, being sure of attracting capital if his device will save even a few seconds in the manufacture of any necessary or popular article. In fact, the striking difference in appearance between the American and foreign workshop is in the relative number of men and machines used. In America there are often more machines than men, while abroad it is almost invariably the other way. Even where the American idea has been received with favor, the





HANDLING A ROUGH CASTING FOR A 16-INCH GUN.



THE INTERIOR OF AN AMERICAN MACHINE SHOP.

daring of American inventors is always a subject of more or less distrust. For instance, our milling machines now being introduced abroad, still astonish the world—accomplishing work declared impossible by British machinists until they came in actual contact with the machines. What would they say to our spindles that rotate 100,000 times a minute, and other apparatus so delicate as to grind to the thousandth part of an inch with exact precision? These have not as yet found favor abroad, however, as no foreign workshop is so equipped as to make use of our most advanced appliances. As an instance, abroad we install only complete shoe-making plants, which we lease to our British brother manufacturer on royalty, with the understanding that no other kind of machine

is to be used in his factory, and so fierce is the competition the American-made shoe is creating that he has no other resource but to submit to our arbitrary demands.

Notwithstanding this victory in England, the introduction of American machinery has not proved so successful there as it has in other countries. The British Trades Unions fight the American invasion tooth and nail, regulating the number of machines each man is allowed to operate, and their output per diem. In Russia, however, Yankee ingenuity is welcomed from one end of the Empire to the other. American lathes, the largest in the world, bore cannon for the army and turn out screw shafts for the navy at St. Petersburg; Yankee ice plants exist in Siberia, our cotton presses are sent



to Central Asia, while the rapid development of Manchuria is entirely due to the adoption of American machinery of every kind.

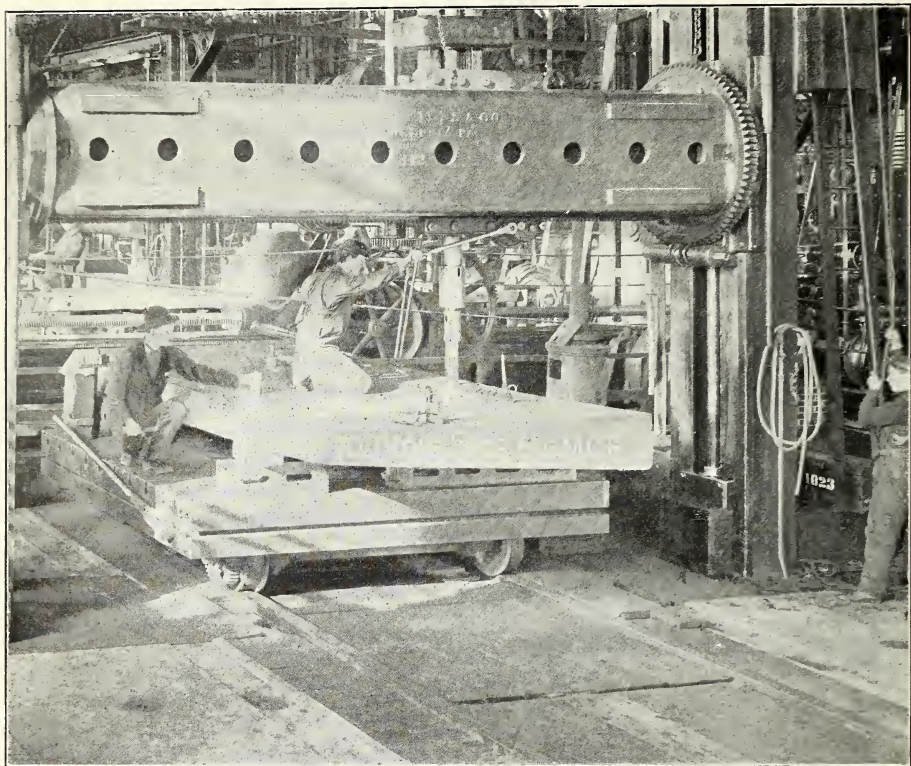
In Italy, Finland, and other continental countries the story is the same, while at the Paris Exposition last summer, owners of American screw-making machines offered to turn all brass rods brought by visitors into screws of any desired size, taking no other payment for the work than the waste filings left over.

It is needless to say that America is carrying the idea of labor saving machinery into her new colonial dependencies. The largest sugar mills in the world, thoroughly equipped with electrical devices, are going up in Cuba; to build these more rapidly, American workmen are sent to Cuba and paid several times the wages asked by the native workmen, yet the high-priced men have proved less expensive. Moreover, men who spend millions on these works in Cuba employ experts to travel everywhere seeking out any new invention that will cause the monster rollers to turn out a greater volume of molasses for sugar making. At any moment a successful working model may cause millions of dollars' worth of machinery sent to Cuba in the past two years to be relegated to the junk pile. In our far off Philippines, hundreds of miles of trolley lines are to be built, while many other improvements are projected on an equally gigantic scale.

In fact, everywhere, to the furthestmost corners of the earth, the American idea makes new triumphs every day. In South Africa we have proved ourselves equal to the emergencies attendant on the peculiar methods of

Boer warfare. To Buller, we ship steel tents to be used in the battle-fields for the protection of officers and men from the bullets of the persistent Boer marksmen. Van Waldersee ordered duplicates of these for his campaign in China, and both China and South Africa owe the development of their mines to modern American machinery. In Mongolia, our Yankee capitalists are introducing millions of dollars' worth of gold-mining machinery, while in every part of Siberia, claims long neglected are being equipped with labor-saving devices from the new world.

In fact, it was the quickness of the Russian engineers in the far East in casting aside antiquated European tools and methods to adopt American machinery and equipment for the Chinese Eastern Railway that first brought the American idea prominently before the confounded manufacturers of Europe, who suddenly found a most lucrative market completely lifted from their sphere. From cross-ties to locomotives, the railroad through Manchuria was built with American material. American pneumatic hammers that gave Yankee railroad spikes 800 taps a minute caused even the drummers for German factories to wonder, the heavy cranes that lifted ponderous locomotives all by the power of compressed air, caused the engineers to marvel, while it was the American idea of tunneling the mountains of Manchuria with air drills that caused the first railway strike known to have occurred in Asia. The success of the idea, however, is bringing about the completion of the Trans-Siberian railway several years in advance of the time originally set for its formal opening.



DRILLING A 12-INCH ARMOR PLATE.

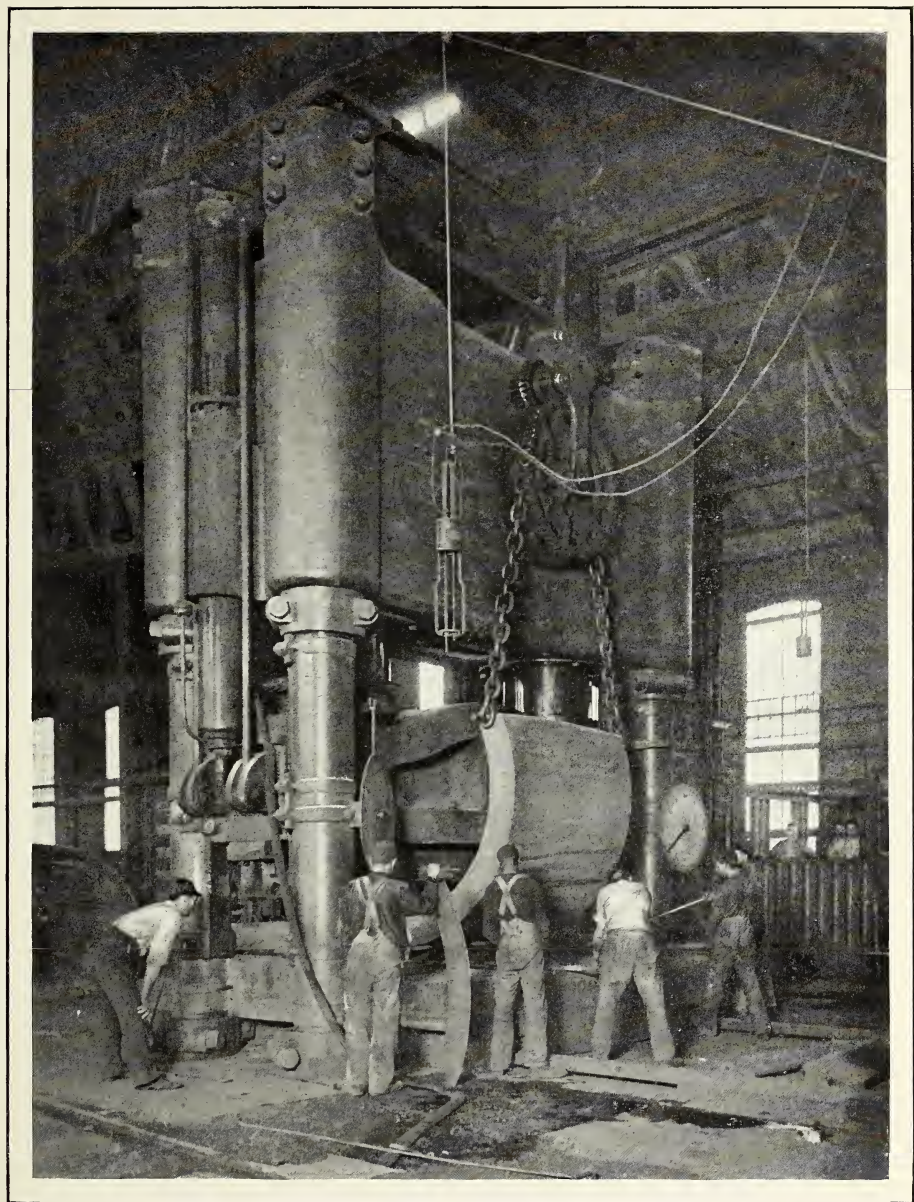
These achievements at once created a great demand for our machinery and machine-making tools all over the civilized world. The American idea was abroad in earnest.

However, the fact that European manufacturers are at last refitting their plants with American installations need give us little fear as long as they are content to imitate—it is only when America ceases to originate that the danger point is approached, but that European manufacturers by merely copying our methods are stimulating us to renewed efforts is demonstrated by the fact that while we drove all competitors out of the Far East once we began sending our wonderfully finished tools to Manchuria, now that

American lathes are being introduced into Germany, Berlin and Hamburg manufacturers are enabled to imitate our tools to a nicety, laying their products down in the far off Asiatic markets for 25 per cent. less than we can afford to sell them. This fact is causing the overhauling of many an American machine shop, new machinery is being invented and installed as rapidly as possible, and every device for cheapening the cost of production is eagerly investigated, so that our tool trade may once more recapture the markets of the Far East.

Our success in the Far East seems to have encouraged our manufacturers to attack everywhere independently. We have actually begun within the





SEVEN-THOUSAND-TON BENDING PRESS, SHAPING A NICKEL STEEL ARMOR PLATE.

past two years to send fashion plates to Paris. Instead of imitating, we dared to originate for the Parisiennes, until to-day we are actually making fashion plates for the world, from London to Yokohama, and from Bergen in Norway to Capetown, South Africa. We set the fashions because we make the plates—the mechanical part, mark you—more cheaply, rapidly, and better than any country of the globe. So far ahead are we in art printing that Europe sends to America for the making of her catalogues to advertise the articles that go broadcast through the world to compete with our own products.

But America does not utilize her ideas merely to astonish foreigners. They are utilized at home in many most daring and useful ways. Both at home and abroad, we now harvest the world's crop by machinery, thus more than trebling the possible food supply of the globe. In this country, where the idea originated and reaches its highest development, California now contemplates sending figs, irrigated, gathered, and dried by machinery to undersell the hand-gathered crops of Smyrna, while a company has actually been organized to introduce the date palm on our irrigated Western deserts, with the avowed purpose in view of sending machine picked and packed dates to Arabia and Egypt to compete with the native fruit. There are evidently no Micawbers in America, for when it seemed impossible that silk could be raised profitably in this country so as to allow the silk manufacturer to undersell the Asiatics in their own markets, our inventors turned their minds to inventing a machine that would do the work of the coolie and

separate the fibres of the ramie which grows wild in many parts of America. After years of seemingly hopeless experimenting, success has at last crowned their efforts, and now a vegetable fibre finer than silk and much more durable, can be placed on the market at a price within reach of the poorest man. Again the American idea has triumphed, a new crop will henceforth be grown in our Southern States, for the separator bears the same relation to ramie that the gin does to cotton, and like the cotton gin, promises to create another industrial revolution.

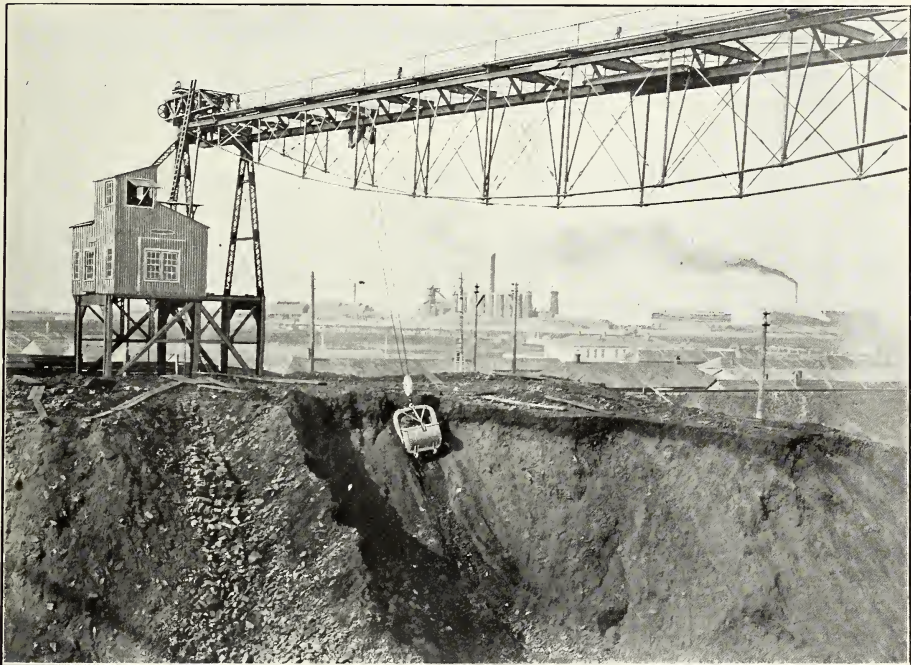
The American contractor has such complete confidence that the inventor will "find a way" that he often accepts contracts which at the time of signing, seem impossible of accomplishment. The digging of the Chicago Drainage Canal caused the invention of many improved dredges and rock-cutting machinery, so that it was not so strange after all, when foreign contractors and engineers refused to attempt the design of dredges powerful enough to remove the sandbars of the mighty Volga, that the Russian Government, after first sending its minister of rail and waterways to America to learn our methods, imported a young engineer from the banks of the Chicago River, commanding him to accomplish what Europe had declared impossible. It is not strange that his success, which was marked, caused the governments of India and Australia to rescind their determination not to spend another pound on dredges for their rivers, so that to-day American dredges are accomplishing results in Europe, Asia and Australia, which were despaired of by British mechanics. These



mighty dredges, patterned after, but much larger than those on the Mississippi, are as completely automatic in their working as the latest inventions in electricity and compressed air devices can make them.

In many American shops, to encourage the men to make improvements in the machinery, the inventor of any new

every important invention in the improvement of fireworks made in the last decade has been made by English employees in America, and the results tested here and then sent back to the parent company abroad. Similar reasons account for the fact that the men transplanted from Belfast and the Clyde are bringing American shipping



AMERICAN METHODS APPLIED TO EXCAVATING.

labor-saving device is allowed to draw the wages he has saved the firm, and the foreman encourages the man of ideas, because it reflects to the credit of his department. In conservative England and on the continent, suggestions from employees are looked upon as impertinence, while the foreman treats those who make them as aspiring rivals for his position—this is the reason given by one of the oldest employees of Paine's fireworks for the fact that

to a place where it will soon threaten the commerce of the world.

In spite of our advanced methods, however, we still do fear the pauper labor of other countries. When Japan built in her American equipped ship yards, several immense steamships to run across the Pacific and lower the freight rates on flour and all other commodities, we had a problem to solve, for in addition to the low cost of operating these vessels with coolie

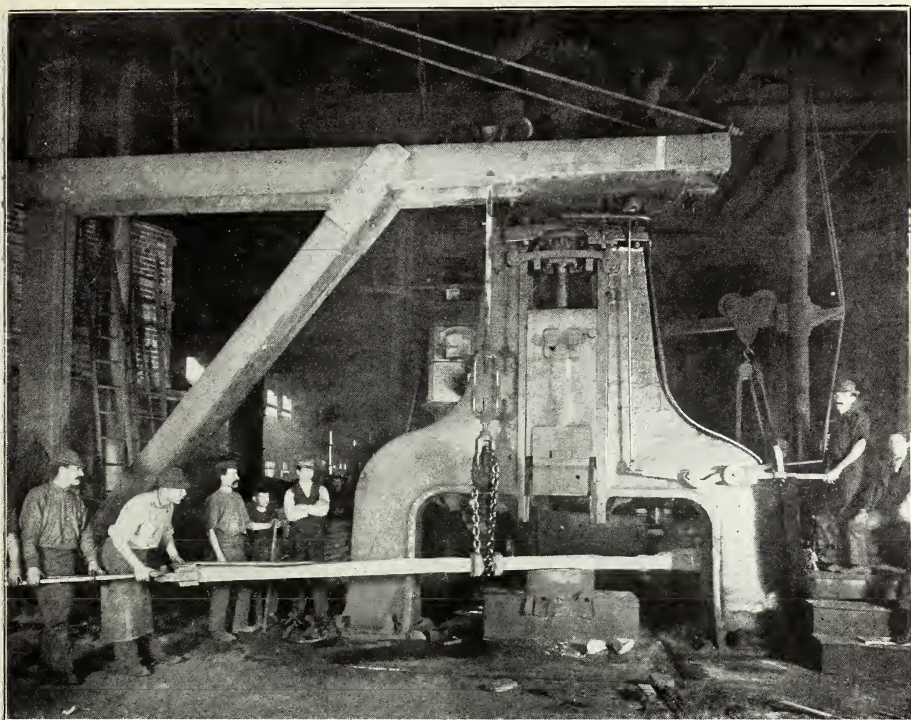


labor, every one of them receives a subsidy from the government—but quickly enough the American idea triumphed. The Great Northern Railway at once grappled with the situation, four of the largest steamships ever designed were ordered, and will be launched from a New England ship yard this fall. Each of these vessels is 26,000 tons burden, or nearly twice the carrying capacity of any steamship entering New York harbor, and over four times as large as the Japanese boats, so that they can carry freight in such bulk as to make the possibility of the small boats competing all but hopeless. This is one way our master workmen overcome the differential of the subsidy. To carry freight across the continent for these great leviathans, the same railway is constructing immense steel freight cars of three times the capacity hitherto known. Thus by maintaining steamships and freight cars of several times the carrying capacity of those operated by any other country, the handicap of distance is overcome and the way prepared for a further and more thorough application of the American idea at home and abroad.

New lines of steamships are to be established between American and Russian ports on both the Atlantic and Pacific, for despite our tariff war with the Czar's Government, Russia continues our great land of promise. In fact, immediately following Minister Witte's edict directed against American imports, we sent to Russia the three largest shipments of machinery that ever left one country for another. Twenty thousand tons of agricultural machinery for the *mujiks* in less than a month, and the demand increasing by

leaps and bounds, for the American harvesters, reapers, sowers and binders, each doing the work of scores of peasants, release myriads of men from the slavery of the soil to take their places in the workshops, which equipped with American machinery, are springing up everywhere in Russia.

But the American idea on foreign soil needs American brawn and brain to get the most perfect results; it is cheaper in the end to send our own active workmen abroad to put together locomotives and install Yankee plants. The Westinghouse people find it economy to place American workmen at the heads of departments of the great air brake works at St. Petersburg. And in England, the Maxim Works would gladly use only American workmen, the English Trades Unions having refused to permit its members to utilize more than a very limited amount of the labor-saving power of the magnificent American installation. In vain has Sir Hiram Maxim sought to introduce the American idea among his workmen. The representatives of the Trades Unions insist that dire laziness is at the root of the American idea, and that the restless American workman merely wears himself out inventing improvements, so that he may be enabled to loaf while still drawing wages, while the British workman's love of fair play forbids him doing more work than the weakest individual can accomplish. I know that this idea is carried out to such an extent, in fact, that many unions will not permit workmen in large factories to turn out more work on a machine of new invention than can be done as of old by hand, yet both the Germans and English now imitate our tools, even to the trade



DROP HAMMER FOR FORGING STEEL BILLETS.

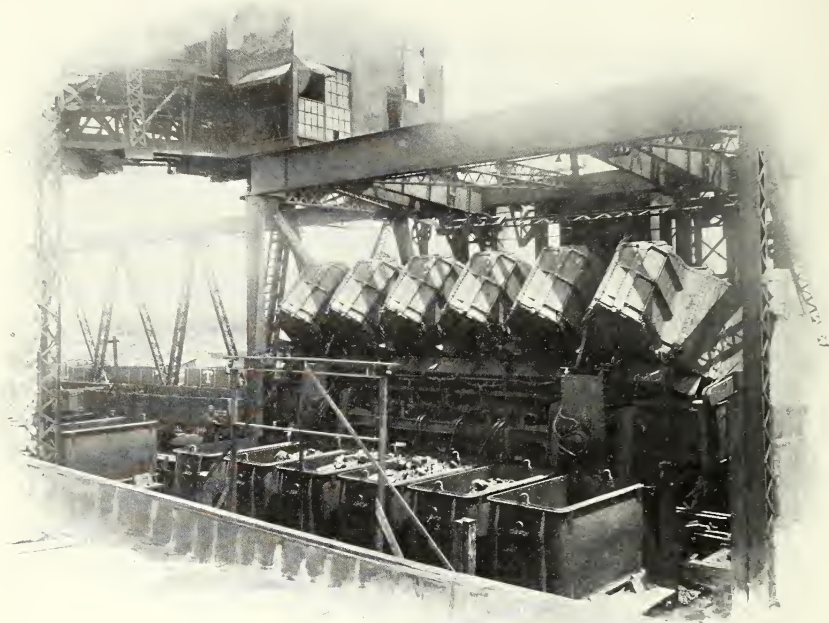
marks, and in canny Scotland the reputation of America for perfect workmanship stands so high that a Scotch firm makes an imitation of one of our Western stoves, advertising it broadcast as the *simon pure* imported article, and sweeps the field.

The value of the American workman and his ideas is demonstrated in many strange ways. In the Urals, with magnificent iron ore deposits close by, it costs the government with cheap native labor, twice as much to turn this ore into rails and bridge girders as it does to import the finished product direct from America. In Shanghai, we undersell the output of the great Shanghai cotton mills worked with pauper labor, and in Burmah we build bridges in half the time for half the price demanded for the same work

by British firms. In India, our locomotives are the cheapest and the best, our rails the most satisfactory, while in Calcutta the American idea of the skyscraper is being introduced by a shrewd Yankee, and the trolley line in Bombay is owned in New York. The American idea is making a triumphant sweep the world over, and protest as they may, the old-world nations realize the situation.

That American machinery of all kinds is the best in the world, there can be no longer any doubt. The exhibits at the Paris and Glasgow Expositions have convinced even the most skeptical manufacturers of Europe of this fact. But why is it so? Foreign visitors to our machine shops often ask why it is that a German, Frenchman, or Russian on American soil can





COAL CARS LOADED AUTOMATICALLY.

turn out better work, and that more rapidly, than he can elsewhere. There are those who attribute this fact to the effect of our wonderful exhilarating atmosphere, but the truth is that their speedy adoption of the American way of doing things is at the root of it all. In America, the workman to secure good wages, or even to hold his job, must show that he is a better craftsman than those about him, or when slack times come he will inevitably be dropped. Again piece work prevails, so that a powerful incentive exists to turn out as much work as it is possible to perform. Moreover, in America, one man learns to master the machine that turns out the cog wheel of a watch, another the making of a cycle sprocket, or the cylinder rod of a locomotive; this may be all he

knows about the making of a watch, cycle, or locomotive, but he knows it thoroughly and understands how to get the utmost work out of the machine he runs, whether it stamps out 100 watch wheels at a stroke or makes but a single cylinder rod in a day. The British workman might know how to create every part of the whole, but would scarcely become an expert in the making of any one part. As has been already stated, the American manufacturer offers his workmen every inducement to improve the equipment of his plant. In the making of spokes, for instance, the American manufacturer who purchased an English invention for his factory was disappointed with the amount of work it turned out, although four machines managed by one man turned out 3,500 spokes per day.

He worked with his men making improvement after improvement until the machine was so perfected that one man could turn out 18,000 spokes a day; still the American is not satisfied, and is offering his men substantial rewards for any new improvement they may suggest, while in England the old machines are still in use, and seem to give satisfaction.

It is the American idea, however, never to be satisfied. It is a fundamental belief of the Yankee that whatever is good is worth improving. As an illustration, nothing can exceed the care with which locomotives are built in England and on the continent of Europe; every part is designed in accord with the particular work required of that engine. Each workman consumes time inspecting his work and lovingly polishing the parts by hand, until months go by, and finally a magnificent and durable piece of work is turned out. How different in an American shop. The largest of our locomotive works, situated in Philadelphia, keeps 7,000 men employed all the time, working them in day and night shifts, the two shifts working in partnership, so that no time is lost in changing the men. Everything seems to be done automatically, the men merely guiding the great machines that really do the work; great electric or pneumatic cranes lift tons of metal as lightly as a child picks up a straw. Compressed air sends great pieces of machinery sailing along trolleys to distant parts of the vast shop. Powerful vises automatically seize uncouth masses of metal, feeds them to an immense milling machine that turns out the material fashioned in the desired shape for grinders to smooth the rough edges,

while the workman looks on at the several machines doing the work, ready when occasion demands to lend a helping hand. At the noon hour, he sits by his machines, eating his dinner while they go on earning wages for him. In many of the larger American plants, there are automatic machines for making nuts, screws, bolts, and various other necessary parts, that are merely fed with metal and do the work without any attention or direction from the man who watches over them, merely ringing a bell to call his attention when more raw material is needed.

Is it strange then that the American workman sent abroad to install a modern plant and introduce the American idea among foreigners, returned with the comment that he wondered how the German and English workmen kept awake with the tools running at the usual rate of speed in their workshops. Abroad, orders for locomotives must be given at least six months before delivery can be expected, while in America a machine shop recently received and accepted an order for nine locomotives to be delivered within fourteen days. Although no material was in stock, the order was taken, everything needed was ordered by telegraph and rushed on by express trains. At the end of ten days, the first two locomotives were ready for delivery, while the entire order was delivered within the time specified.

Nowadays the world moves more rapidly than ever before. Nations are willing to pay large prices for bridges, railways, and machine shops that can be delivered and erected quickly. Orders will continue to be placed with those who can turn out satisfactory work most rapidly. America has dem-

onstrated her ability to accomplish every kind of skilled work more speedily and more cheaply than any other nation. Her ideas are original, and while the fight for their recognition abroad still goes on, the fact remains that the world turns to America for almost every manufactured commodity known to commerce.

That part of this continent known as the United States has become the workshop of the world. What matters the protest of the old countries against the introduction of our system abroad? already thorough and complete—Mother Earth turns to us for the improvements that help her to go round the faster.

The vast and seemingly limitless re-

sources of America make her prominently the land of promise for all time, and when to this is added the intelligent, almost divinely inspired population we possess, always ready to keep both brawn and brain in perfect working condition by constant exercise from the moment our little men begin their march toward the public schools to the day they reluctantly lay down the tools of their chosen craft to enjoy eternal rest—can such a country produce any other than a race of master workmen? The superiority and finally world-wide triumph of the American idea is inevitable and must last until a younger and greater nation is born, grows, and attains its vigorous majority.

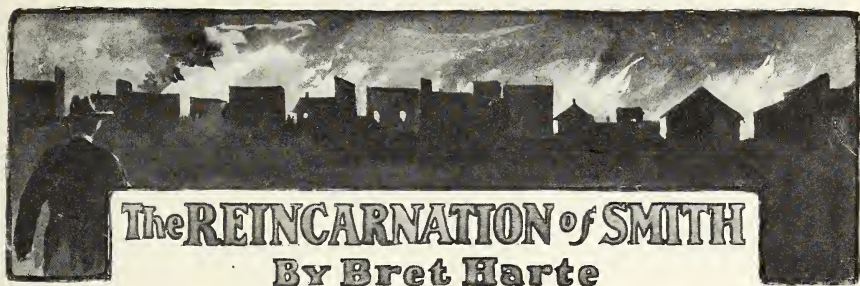
## Whippoorwills.

By Madison Cawein.

THE Evening hangs a sunset-woven cloth  
Of arras, wild with cloudland shapes of war,  
Along the west ; and in it, like a moth,  
A silvery flutter, clings one glimmering star.

Then from far ridges of the purple wood,  
Weird, as if Twilight cried among the hills,  
Voicing the mystery and the solitude,  
Moon-haunted, comes the call of whippoorwills.





**T**HE extravagant supper party by which Mr. James Farendell celebrated the last day of his bachelorhood was protracted so far into the night that the last guest who parted from him at the door of the principal Sacramento restaurant was for a moment impressed with the belief that a certain ruddy glow in the sky was already the dawn. But Mr. Farendell had kept his head clear enough to recognize it as the light of some burning building in a remote business district—a not infrequent occurrence in the dry season. When he had dismissed his guest he turned away in that direction for further information. His own counting-house was not in that immediate neighborhood, but Sacramento had been once before visited by a rapid and far-sweeping conflagration, and it behooved him to be on the alert even on this night of festivity.

Perhaps also a certain anxiety arose out of the occasion. He was to be married to-morrow to the widow of his late partner, and the marriage, besides being an attractive one, would settle many business difficulties. He had been a fortunate man, but, like many more fortunate men, was not blind to the

possibilities of a change of luck. The death of his partner in a successful business had at first seemed to betoken that change, but his successful, though hasty, courtship of the inexperienced widow had restored his chances without greatly shocking the decorum of a pioneer community. Nevertheless, he was not a contented man, and hardly a determined—although an energetic one.

A walk of a few moments brought him to the levee of the river—a favored district, where his counting house, with many others, was conveniently situated. In these early days only a few of these buildings could be said to be permanent; fire and flood perpetually threatened them; they were merely temporary structures of wood, or in the case of Mr. Farendell's office, a shell of corrugated iron, sheathing a one storied wooden frame, more or less elaborate in its interior decoration. By the time he had reached it, the distant fire had increased. On his way he had met and recognized many of his business acquaintances hurrying thither—some to save their own property or to assist the imperfectly equipped volunteer fire department in their unselfish labors. It was probably Mr. Faren-

dell's peculiar preoccupation on that particular night which had prevented his joining in their brotherly zeal.

He unlocked the iron door and lit the hanging lamp that was used in all-night sittings on steamer days. It revealed a smartly furnished office with a high desk for his clerks, and a smaller one for himself in one corner. In the center of the wall stood a large safe. This he also unlocked and took out a few important books, as well as a small drawer containing gold coin and dust to the amount of about \$500, the large balance having been deposited in bank on the previous day. The act was only precautionary, as he did not exhibit any haste in removing them to a place of safety, and remained meditatively absorbed in looking over a packet of papers taken from the same drawer. The closely shuttered building, almost hermetically sealed against light, and perhaps sound, prevented his observing the steadily increasing light of the conflagration, or hearing the nearer tumult of the firemen and the invasion of his quiet district by other equally solicitous tenants. The papers seemed also to possess some importance, for, the stillness being suddenly broken by the turning of the handle of the heavy door he had just closed, and its opening with difficulty, his first act was to conceal them hurriedly, without apparently paying a thought to the exposed gold before him. And his expression and attitude in facing round toward the door was quite as much of nervous secretiveness as of indignation at the interruption.

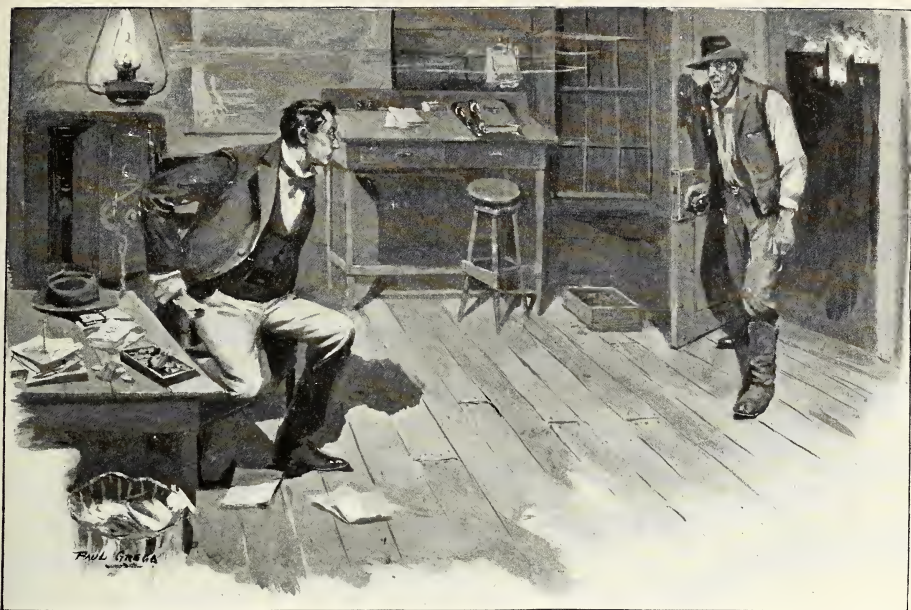
Yet the intruder appeared, though singular, by no means formidable. He was a man slightly past the middle age, with a thin face, hollowed at the cheeks

and temples as if by illness or asceticism, and a grayish beard that encircled his throat like a soiled worsted "comforter" below his clean shaven chin and mouth. His manner was slow and methodical, and even when he shot the bolt of the door behind him the act did not seem aggressive. Nevertheless, Mr. Farendell half rose with his hand on his pistol pocket, but the stranger merely lifted his own hand with a gesture of indifferent warning, and drawing a chair toward him dropped into it deliberately.

Mr. Farendell's angry stare changed suddenly to one of surprised recognition. "Josh Scranton," he said hesitatingly.

"I reckon," responded the stranger slowly. "That's the name I allus bore, and *you* called yourself Farendell. Well, we ain't seen each other sens the spring o' '50 when ye left me lying nigh petered out with chills and fever on the Stanislaus river, and sold the claim that me and Duffy worked, under our very feet and skedaddled for 'Frisco!"

"I only exercised my right as principal owner, and to secure my advances," began Mr. Farendell sharply; but again the thin hand was raised, this time with a slow, scornful waiving of any explanations. "It ain't that in partickler that I've kem to see ye for to-night," said the stranger slowly, "nor it ain't about your takin' the name o' 'Farendell'—that friend o' yours who died on the passage here with ye, and whose papers ye borrowed! Nor it ain't on account o' that wife of yours ye left behind in Missouri and whose letters you never answered. It's them things altogether—and suthin' else!"



Drawn by Paul Gregg.

"MR. FARENDELL'S ANGRY STARE CHANGED SUDDENLY TO ONE OF SURPRISED RECOGNITION."

"What the d—l do you want, then?" said Farendell with desperate directness that was, however, a tacit confession of the truth of these accusations.

"Yer allowin' that ye'll get married to-morrow?" said Scranton slowly.

"Yes, and be d—d to you," said Farendell fiercely.

"Yer *not*," returned Scranton. Not if *I* knows it. Yer goin' to climb down. Yer goin' to get up and get! Yer goin' to step down and out! Yer goin' to shut up your desk and your books and this hull consarn inside of an hour and vamose the ranch. Arter an hour from now thar won't be any Mr. Farendell and no weddin' to-morrow."

"If that's your game—perhaps you'd like to murder me at once?" said Farendell with a shifting eye as his hand moved toward his revolver.

But again the thin hand of the stranger was also lifted. "We ain't in

the business o' murderin' or bein' murdered, or we might hev kem here together, me and Duffy. Now if anything happens to me Duffy will be left, and *he's* got the proofs."

Farendell seemed to recognize the fact with the same directness. "That's it, is it?" he said bluntly. "Well, how much do you want? Only I warn you that I haven't much to give."

"Wotever ye've got, if it was millions, it ain't enough to buy us up, and ye ought to know that by this time," responded Scranton with a momentary flash in his eyes. But the next moment his previous passionless deliberation returned, and leaning his arm on the desk of the man beside him he picked up a paper weight carelessly and turned it over as he said slowly: "The fact is, Mr. Farendell, you've been making us, me and Duffy, tired. We've bin watchin' you and your doin's, lyin' low and sayin' nothin', till



we concluded that it was about time you handed in your checks and left the board. We ain't wanted nothin' of ye, we ain't begrudged ye nothin', but we've allowed that this yer thing must stop."

"And what if I refuse," said Farendell.

"Thar'll be some cussin' and a big row from *you*, I kalkilate—and maybe some fightin' all round," said Scranton dispassionately. "But it will be all the same in the end. The hull thing will come out, and you'll hev to slide just the same. Totherwise ef ye slide out *now* it's without a row."

"And do you suppose a business man like me can disappear without a fuss over it?" said Farendell angrily. "Are you mad?"

"I reckon the hole *you'll* make kin be filled up," said Scranton drily. "But ef ye go now, you won't be bothered by the fuss, while if you stay you'll have to face the music, and go too!"

Farendell was silent. Possibly the truth of this had long since been borne upon him. No one but himself knew the incessant strain of these years of evasion and concealment and how he often had been near to some such desperate culmination. The sacrifice offered to him was not, therefore, so great as it might have seemed. The knowledge of this might have given him a momentary superiority over his antagonist had Scranton's motive been a purely selfish or malignant one, but as it was not, and as he may have had some instinctive idea of Farendell's feeling also, it made his ultimatum appear the more passionless and fateful. And it was this quality which perhaps caused Farendell to burst out with desperate abruptness:

"What in H-ll ever put you up to this!"

Scranton folded his arms upon Farendell's desk, and slowly wiping his clean jaw with one hand, repeated deliberately: "Wall—I reckon I told ye that before! You've been making us—me and Duffy—tired!" He paused for a moment, and then, rising abruptly, with a careless gesture towards the uncovered tray of gold, said: "Come! ye kin take enuff o' that to get away with; the less ye take though the less likely you'll be to be followed!" He went to the door, unlocked and opened it. A strange light, as of a lurid storm interspersed by sheet-like lightning, filled the outer darkness, and the silence was now broken by dull crashes and nearer cries and shouting. A few figures were also dimly flitting around the neighboring empty offices—some of which, like Farendell's, had been entered by their now alarmed owners. "You've got a good chance now," continued Scranton; "ye couldn't hev a better. It's a big fire—a scorcher—and jest the time for a man to wipe himself out and not be missed. Make tracks where the crowd is thickest and whar ye're likely to be seen, ez ef ye were helpin'! Ther'll be other men missed to-morrow beside you," he added with grim significance; "but nobody'll know that you was one who really got away."

Where the imperturbable logic of the strange man might have failed, the noise, the tumult, the suggestion of swift-coming disaster and the necessity for some immediate action of any kind, was convincing. Farendell hastily stuffed his pockets with gold and the papers he had found, and moved to the door. Already he fancied he felt the

hot breath of the leaping conflagration beyond. "And you?" he said, turning suspiciously to Scranton.

"When you're shut of this and clean off, I'll fix things and leave, too—but not before! I reckon," he added grimly, with a glance at the sky now streaming with sparks like a meteoric shower, "thar won't be much left here in the morning." A few dull embers pattered on the iron roof of the low building and bounded off in ashes. Farendell cast a final glance around him, and then darted from the building. The iron door clanged behind him—he was gone.

Evidently not too soon, for the other buildings were already deserted by their would-be salvors, who had filled the streets with piles of books and valuables waiting to be carried away. Then occurred a terrible phenomenon which had once before in such disasters paralyzed the efforts of the firemen. A large wooden warehouse in the centre of the block of offices, many hundred feet from the scene of active conflagration—which had hitherto remained intact—suddenly became enveloped in clouds of smoke, and without warning burst as suddenly from roof and upper story into vivid flame. There were eye witnesses who declared that a stream of living fire seemed to leap upon it from the burning district and connected the space between them with an arch of luminous heat. In another instant the whole district was involved in a whirlwind of smoke and flame, out of whose seething vortex the corrugated iron buildings occasionally showed their shrivelling or glowing outlines. And then the fire swept on and away.

When the sun again rose over the

panic-stricken and devastated city, all personal incident and disaster was forgotten in the larger calamity. It was two or three days before the full particulars could be gathered—even while the dominant and resistless energy of the people was erecting new buildings upon the still smoking ruins. It was only on the third day afterwards that James Farendell, on the deck of a coasting steamer, creeping out through the fogs of the Golden Gate, read the latest news in a San Francisco paper brought by the pilot. As he hurriedly comprehended the magnitude of the loss, which was far beyond his previous conception, he experienced a certain satisfaction in finding his position no worse materially than that of many of his fellow workers. *They* were ruined like himself; *they* must begin their life afresh—but then! Ah! there was still that terrible difference. He drew his breath quickly and read on. Suddenly he stopped, transfixed by a later paragraph. For an instant he failed to grasp its full significance. Then he read it again, the words imprinting themselves on his senses with a slow deliberation that seemed to him as passionless as Scranton's utterances on that fateful night.

"The loss of life, it is now feared, is much greater than at first imagined. To the list that has been already published we must add the name of James Farendell, the energetic contractor so well known to our citizens, who was missing the morning after the fire. His calcined remains were found this afternoon in the warped and twisted iron shell of his counting house—the wooden frame having been reduced to charcoal in the intense heat. The unfortunate man seems to have gone there



to remove his books and papers—as was evidenced by the iron safe being found open—but to have been caught and imprisoned in the building through the heat causing the metal sheathing to hermetically seal the doors and windows. He was seen by some neighbors to enter the building while the fire was still distant, and his remains were identified by his keys which were found beneath him. A poignant interest is added to his untimely fate by the circumstance that he was to have been married on the following day to the widow of his late partner, and that he had, at the call of duty, that very evening, left a dinner party given to celebrate the last day of his bachelorhood—for, as it has indeed proved—of his earthly existence. Two families are thus placed in mourning, and it is a singular sequel that by this untoward calamity the well-known firm of Farendell & Cutler may be said to have ceased to exist.”

Mr. Farendell started to his feet. But a lurch of the schooner as she rose on the long swell of the Pacific sent him staggering dizzily back to his seat and checked his first wild impulse to return. He saw it all now—the fire had avenged him by wiping out his persecutor, Scranton, but in the eyes of his contemporaries it had only erased *him!* He might return to refute the story in his own person, but the dead man’s partner still lived with

his secret, and his own rehabilitation could only revive his former peril.”



“There were none to recognize.”

Four years elapsed before the late Mr. Farendell again set foot in the levee of Sacramento. The steamboat that brought him from San Francisco was a marvel to him in size, elegance, and comfort; so different from the little, crowded, tri-weekly packet he remembered, and it might, in a manner, have prepared him for the greater change in the city. But he was astounded to find nothing to remind him of the past; no landmark, nor even ruin, of the place he had known. Blocks of brick buildings, with thoroughfares having strange titles, occupied the district where his counting-house had stood, and even obliterated its site; equally strange names were upon the shops and warehouses. In his four years’ wanderings he had scarcely found a place as unfamiliar. He had trusted to the great change in his own appearance, the full beard that he wore and the tanning of a tropical sun to prevent recognition, but the precaution was unnecessary; there were none to recognize him in the new faces which were the only ones he saw in the transformed city. A cautious allusion to the past, which he had made on the boat to a fellow passenger, had brought only the surprised rejoinder: “Oh, that must have been

before the big fire," as if it was an historic epoch. There was something of pain even in this assured security of his loneliness. His obliteration was complete.

For the late Mr Farendell had suffered some change of mind with his other mutations. He had been singularly lucky. The schooner in which he had escaped brought him to Acapulco, where, as a returning Californian, and a presumably successful one, his services and experience were eagerly sought by an English party engaged in developing certain disused Mexican mines. As the post, however, was perilously near the route of regular emigration, as soon as he had gained a sufficient sum he embarked with some goods to Callao, where he presently established himself in business, resuming his *real* name—the unambitious but indistinctive one of "Smith." It is highly probable that this prudential act was also his first step towards rectitude. For whether the change was a question of moral ethics or merely a superstitious essay in luck, he was thereafter strictly honest in business. He became prosperous. He had been sustained in his flight by the intention that, if he were successful elsewhere, he would endeavor to communicate with his abandoned *fiancée*, and ask her to join him and share not his name, but fortune in exile. But, as he grew rich, the difficulties of carrying out this intention became more apparent; he was by no means certain of her loyalty surviving the deceit he had practised and the revelation he would have to make; he was doubtful of the success of any story which at other times he would have glibly invented to take the place of truth. Already several

months had elapsed since his supposed death; could he expect her to be less accessible to premature advances now than when she had been a widow? Perhaps this made him think of the wife he had deserted so long ago. He had been quite content to live without regret or affection, forgetting and forgotten, but in his present prosperity he felt there was some need of putting his domestic affairs into a more secure and legitimate shape to avert any catastrophe like the last. *Here* at least would be no difficulty; husbands had deserted their wives before this in Californian emigration, and had been heard of only after they had made their fortune; any plausible story would be accepted by *her* in the joy of his reappearance; or if, indeed, as he reflected with equal complacency, she was dead or divorced from him through his desertion—a sufficient cause in her own State—and remarried, he would at least be more secure. He began, without committing himself, by inquiry and anonymous correspondence. His wife, he learnt, had left Missouri for Sacramento only a month or two after his own disappearance from that place, and her address was unknown!

A complication so unlooked for disquieted him and yet whetted his curiosity. The only person she might meet in California who could possibly identify him with the late Mr. Farendell was Duffy; he had often wondered if that mysterious partner of Scranton's had been deceived with the others, or had even suspected that the body discovered in the counting-house was Scranton's. If not, he must have accepted the strange coincidence that Scranton had disappeared also the

same night. In the first six months of his exile he had searched the Californian papers thoroughly but had found no record of any doubt having been thrown on the accepted belief. It was these circumstances, and perhaps a vague fascination not unlike that which impels the malefactor to haunt the scene of his crime, that, at the end of four years, had brought him, a man of middle age and assured occupation and fortune, back to the city he had fled from.

A few days at one of the new hotels convinced him thoroughly that he was in no danger of recognition, and gave him the assurance to take rooms more in keeping with his circumstances and his own frankly avowed position as the head of a South American house. A cautious acquaintance—through the agency of his banker—with a few business men gave him some occupation, and the fact of his South American letters being addressed to Don Diego Smith gave a foreign flavor to his individuality which his tanned face and dark beard had materially helped. A stronger test convinced him how complete was the obliteration of his former identity. One day at the bank he was startled at being introduced by the manager to a man whom he at once recognized as a former business acquaintance. But the shock was his alone; the formal approach and unfamiliar manner of the man showed that he had failed to recognize even a resemblance. But would he equally escape detection by his wife if he met her as accidentally?—an encounter not to be thought of until he knew something more of her. He became more cautious in going to public places, but luckily for him the proportion of

women to men was still small in California, and they were more observed than observing.

A month elapsed; in that time he had thoroughly exhausted the local Directories in his cautious researches among the "Smiths," for in his fear of precipitating a premature disclosure he had given up his former anonymous advertising. And there was a certain occupation in this personal quest that filled his business time. He was in no hurry. He had a singular faith that he would eventually discover her whereabouts, be able to make all necessary inquiries into her conduct and habits, and perhaps even enjoy a brief season of unsuspected personal observation before revealing himself. And this faith was as singularly rewarded.

Having occasion to get his watch repaired one day he entered a large jeweller's shop, and while waiting its examination his attention was attracted by an ordinary old-fashioned daguerreotype case in the form of a heart-shaped locket lying on the counter with other articles left for repairs. Something in its appearance touched a chord in his memory; he lifted the half opened case and saw a much faded daguerreotype portrait of himself taken in Missouri before he left in the California emigration. He recognized it at once as the one he had given to his wife; the faded likeness was so little like his present self that he boldly examined it and asked the jeweller one or two questions. The man was communicative. Yes, it was an old-fashioned affair which had been left for repairs a few days ago by a lady whose name and address, written by herself, were on the card tied to it.

Mr. James Smith had by this time



fully controlled the emotion he felt as he recognized his wife's name and handwriting, and knew that at last the clue was found! He laid down the case carelessly, gave the final directions for the repairs of his watch and left the shop. The address, of which he had taken mental note, was, to his surprise, very near his own lodgings, but he went straight home. Here a few inquiries of his janitor elicited the information that the building indicated in the address was a large one of furnished apartments and offices like his own, and that the "Mrs. Smith" must be simply the housekeeper of the landlord, whose name appeared in the Directory, but not her own. Yet he waited until evening before he ventured to reconnoitre the premises; with the possession of his clue came a slight cooling of his ardor and extreme caution in his further proceedings. The house—a reconstructed wooden building—offered no external indication of the rooms she occupied in the uniformly curtained windows that front the street. Yet he felt an odd and pleasurable excitement in passing once or twice before those walls that hid the goal of his quest. As yet he had not seen her and there was naturally the added zest of expectation. He noticed that there was a new building opposite, with vacant offices to let. A project suddenly occurred to him which by morning he had fully matured. He hired a front room in the first floor of the new building, had it hurriedly furnished as a private office, and on the second morning of his discovery was installed behind his desk at the window commanding a full view of the opposite house. There was nothing strange in this South American capi-

talist selecting a private office in so popular a locality.

Two or three days elapsed without any result from his espionage. He came to know by sight the various tenants, the two Chinese servants, and the solitary Irish housemaid, but as yet had no glimpse of the housekeeper. She evidently led a secluded life among her duties; it occurred to him that perhaps she went out, possibly to market, earlier than he came or later, after he had left the office. In this belief he arrived one morning after an early walk in a smart spring shower, the lingering straggler of the winter rains. There were few people astir, yet he had been preceded for two or three blocks by a tall woman whose umbrella partly concealed her head and shoulders from view. He had noticed, however, even in his abstraction, that she walked well, and managed the lifting of her skirt over her trim ankles and well-booted feet with some grace and cleverness. Yet it was only on her unexpectedly turning the corner of his own street that he became interested. She continued on until within a few doors of his office, when she stopped to give an order to a tradesman who was just taking down his shutters. He heard her voice distinctly; in the quick emotion it gave him he brushed hurriedly past her without lifting his eyes. Gaining his own doorway he rushed upstairs to his office, has unlocked it, and ran to the window. The lady was already crossing the street. He saw her pause before the door of the opposite house, open it with a latchkey, and caught a full view of her profile in the single moment that she turned to furl her umbrella and enter. It was his wife's voice he had heard;

it was his wife's face that he had seen in profile.

Yet she was changed from the lanky young school-girl he had wedded ten years ago, or, at least, compared to what his recollection of her had been. Had he ever seen her as she really was? Surely somewhere in that timid, freckled, half grown bride he had known in the first year of their marriage the germ of this self-possessed, matured woman was hidden. There was the tone of her voice; he had never recalled it before as a lover might, yet now it touched him; her profile he certainly remembered, but not with the feeling it now produced in him. Would he have ever abandoned her had she been like that? Or had *he* changed, and was this no longer his old self?—perhaps even a self *she* would never recognize again? James Smith had the superstitions of a gambler, and that vague idea of Fate that comes to weak men; a sudden fright seized him, and he half withdrew from the window lest she should observe him, recognize him, and by some act precipitate that Fate.

By lingering beyond the usual hour for his departure he saw her again, and had even a full view of her face as she crossed the street. The years had certainly improved her; he wondered with a certain nervousness if she would think they had done the same



*Drawn by Paul Gregg*

"IT WAS HIS WIFE'S FACE."

for him. The complacency with which he had at first contemplated her probable joy at recovering him had become seriously shaken since he had seen her; a woman as well-preserved and good-looking as that, holding a certain responsible and, no doubt, lucrative position, must have many admirers and be independent. He longed to tell her now of his fortune, and yet shrank from the test its exposure implied. He waited for her return until darkness had gathered, and then went back to his lodgings a little chagrined and ill



at ease. It was rather late for her to be out alone! After all, what did he know of her habits or associations? He recalled the freedom of Californian life, and the old scandals relating to the lapses of many women who had previously led blameless lives in the Atlantic States; clearly it behooved him to be cautious. Yet he walked late that night before the house again, eager to see if she had returned and with *whom*? He was restricted in his eagerness by the fear of detection, but he gathered very little knowledge of her habits; singularly enough nobody seemed to care. A little piqued at this he began to wonder if he were not thinking too much of this woman to whom he still hesitated to reveal himself. Nevertheless, he found himself that night again wandering around the house, and even watching with some anxiety the shadow which he believed to be hers on the window-blind of the room where he had by discreet inquiry located her. Whether his memory was stimulated by his quest he never knew, but presently he was able to recall step by step and incident by incident his early courtship of her and the brief days of their married life. He even remembered the day she accepted him, and even dwelt upon it with a sentimental thrill that he probably never felt at the time, and it was a distinct feature of his extraordinary state of mind and its concentration upon this particular subject that he presently began to look upon *himself* as the abandoned and deserted conjugal partner, and to nurse a feeling of deep injury at her hands! The fact that he was thinking of her, and she, probably, contented with her lot was undisturbed by any memory of him,

seemed to him a logical deduction of his superior affection. It was, therefore, quite as much in the attitude of a reproachful and avenging husband as of a merely curious one that, one afternoon, seeing her issue from her house at an early hour, he slipped down the stairs and began to follow her at a secure distance. She turned into the principal thoroughfare, and presently made one of the crowd who were entering a popular place of amusement where there was an afternoon performance. So complete was his selfish hallucination that he smiled bitterly at this proof of heartless indifference, and even so far overcame his previous caution as to actually brush by her somewhat rudely as he entered the building at the same moment. He was conscious that she lifted her eyes a little impatiently to the face of the awkward stranger—he was equally, but more bitterly, conscious that she had not recognized him! He dropped into a seat behind her; she did not look at him again with even a sense of disturbance; the momentary contact had evidently left no impression upon her. She glanced casually at her neighbors on either side, and presently became absorbed in the performance. When it was over she rose, and on her way out recognized and exchanged a few words with one or two acquaintances. Again he heard her familiar voice, almost at his elbow, raised with no more consciousness of her contiguity to him than if he were a mere ghost. The thought struck him for the first time with a hideous and appalling significance. What was he but a ghost to her—to every one! A man dead, buried and forgotten! His vanity and self-complacency vanished before this

crushing realization of the hopelessness of his existence. Dazed and bewildered he mingled blindly and blunderingly with the departing crowd, tossed here and there as if he were an invisible presence, stumbling over the impeding skirts of women with a vague apology they heeded not, and which seemed in his frightened ears as hollow as a voice from the grave. When he at last reached the street he did not look back, but wandered abstractedly through bye streets in the falling rain, scarcely realizing where he was, until he found himself drenched through, with his closed umbrella in his tremulous hand, standing as the half submerged levee beside the overflowed river. Here again he realized how completely he had been absorbed and concentrated in his search for his wife during the last three weeks; he had never been on the levee since his arrival. He had taken no note of the excitement of the citizens over the alarming reports of terrible floods in the mountains, and the daily and hourly fear that they experienced of disastrous inundation from the surcharged river. He had never thought of it, yet he had read of it, and even talked, and yet now for the first time in his selfish, blind absorption was certain of it. He stood still for some time watching doggedly the enormous yellow stream laboring with its burden and drift from many a mountain town and camp, moving steadily and fatefully toward the distant bay, and still more distant and inevitable ocean. For a few moments it vaguely fascinated and diverted him; then it as vaguely lent itself to his one dominant, haunting thought. Yes, it was pointing him the only way out—the path to

the distant ocean and utter forgetfulness again!

The chill of his saturated clothing brought him to himself once more; he turned and hurried home. He went to his bed room, and while changing his garments there came a knock at the door. It was the porter to say that a lady had called, and was waiting for him in the sitting room. She had not given her name.

The closed door prevented the servant from seeing the extraordinary effect produced by this simple announcement upon the tenant. For one instant James Smith remained spell-bound in his chair. It was characteristic of his weak nature and singular prepossession that he passed in an instant from the extreme of doubt to the extreme of certainty and conviction. It was his wife! She had recognized him in that moment of encounter at the entertainment; had found his address, and had followed him here! He dressed himself with feverish haste, not, however, without a certain care of his appearance and some selection of apparel, and quickly forecast the forthcoming interview in his mind. For the pendulum had swung back; Mr. James Smith was once more the self-satisfied, self-complacent, and discreetly cautious husband that he had been at the beginning of his quest, perhaps with a certain sense of grievance superadded. He should require the fullest explanations and guarantees before committing himself—indeed, her present call might be an advance that it would be necessary for him to check. He even pictured her pleading at his feet: a very little stronger effort of his Alnaschar imagination would have made

him reject her like the fatuous Persian glass pedlar.

He opened the door of the sitting room deliberately, and walked in with a certain formal precision. But the figure of a woman arose from the sofa, and with a slight outcry, half playful, half hysterical, threw herself upon his breast with the single exclamation, "Jim!" He started back from the double shock. For the woman was *not* his wife! A woman extravagantly dressed, still young, but bearing even through her artificially heightened color, a face worn with excitement, excess, and premature age. Yet a face that as he disengaged himself from her arms grew upon him with a terrible recognition—a face that he had once thought pretty, inexperienced and innocent—the face of the widow of his former partner, Cutler—the woman he was to have married on the day he fled. The bitter revulsion of feeling and astonishment was evidently visible in his face, for she, too, drew back for a moment as they separated. But she had evidently been prepared, if not pathetically inured to such experiences. She dropped into a chair again with a dry laugh, and a hard metallic voice, as she said:

"Well, it's *you*, anyway—and you can't get out of it."

As he still stared at her, in her inconsistent finery, draggled and wet by the storm, at her limp ribbons and ostentatious jewelry, she continued in the same hard voice:

"I thought I spotted you, once or twice before; but you took no notice of me, and I reckoned I was mistaken. But this afternoon, at the Temple of Music ——"

"Where?" said James Smith, harshly.

"At the Temple—the San Francisco Troupe performance—where you brushed by me, and I heard your voice saying, 'Beg pardon!' I says, that's Jim Farendell."

"Farendell!" burst out James Smith, half in simulated astonishment, half in real alarm.

"Well! Smith, then, if you like better," said the woman, impatiently; "though it's about the sickest and most played out dodge of a name you could have pitched upon. James Smith, Don Diego Smith," she repeated, with a hysteric laugh, "why it beats the nigger minstrels all hollow! Well, when I saw you there, I said, 'that's Jim Farendell, or his twin brother'; I didn't say 'his ghost' mind you; for, from the beginning, even before I knew it all, I never took any stock in that fool yarn about your burnt bones being found in your office."

"Knew all, knew what?" demanded the man, with a bravado which he nevertheless felt was hopeless.

She rose, crossed the room, and, standing before him, placed one hand upon her hip as she looked at him with half-pitying effrontery. "Look here, Jim," she began slowly, "do you know what you're doing? Well, you're making me tired!" In spite of himself, a half superstitious thrill went through him as her words and attitude recalled the dead Scranton. "Do you suppose that I don't know that you ran away the night of the fire? Do you suppose that I don't know that you were next to ruined that night, and that you took that opportunity of ske-daddling out of the country with all



the money you had left, and leaving folks to imagine you were burnt up with the books you had falsified and the accounts you had doctored! It was a mean thing for you to do to me, Jim, for I loved you then, and would have been fool enough to run off with you if you'd told me all, and not left me to find out that you had lost *my* money—every cent Cutler had left me in the business—with the rest."

With the fatuousness of a weak man cornered he clung to unimportant details. "But the body was believed to be mine by everyone," he stammered angrily. "My papers and books were burnt—there was no evidence."

"And why was there not?" she said, witheringly, staring doggedly in his face. "Because *I* stopped it. Because when I knew those bones and rags shut up in that office weren't yours, and was beginning to make a row about it, a strange man came to me and said they were the remains of a friend of his who knew of your bankruptcy and had come that night to warn you—a man whom you had half ruined once—a man who had probably lost his life in helping you away. He said if I went on making a fuss he'd come out with the whole truth—how you were a thief and a forger, and"—she stopped.

"And what else?" he asked desperately, dreading to hear his wife's name next fall from her lips.

"And that—as it could be proved that his friend knew your secrets," she went on in a frightened, embarrassed voice—"you might be accused of making away with him."

For a moment James Smith was appalled; he had never thought of

this. As in all his past villainy he was too cowardly to contemplate murder, he was frightened at the mere accusation of it. "But," he stammered, forgetful of all save this new terror, "he *knew* I wouldn't be such a fool, for the man himself told me Duffy had the papers, and killing him wouldn't have helped me."

Mrs. Cutler stared at him for a moment searchingly, and then turned wearily away. "Well," she said, sinking into her chair again, "he said if I'd shut my mouth he'd shut his—and—I did. And this," she added, throwing her hands from her lap, a gesture half of reproach and half of contempt, "this is what I get for it."

More frightened than touched by the woman's desperation, James Smith stammered a vague apologetic disclaimer, even while he was loathing with a revulsion new to him, her draggled finery, her still more faded beauty, and the half-distinct consciousness of guilt that linked her to him. But she waved it away with a weary gesture that again reminded him of the dead Scranton.

"Of course I ain't what I was, but who's to blame for it? When you left me alone without a cent, face to face with a lie, I had to do something. I wasn't brought up to work, I like good clothes, and you know it better than anybody. I ain't one of your stage heroines that go out as dependants and governesses and die of consumption, but I thought—" she went on with a shrill hysterical laugh, more painful than the weariness which inevitably followed it—"I thought I might train myself to do it, *on the stage!* and I joined Barker's Company. They said I had a face and



figure for the stage—that face and figure wore out before I had anything more to show, and I wasn't big enough to make better terms with the manager. They kept me nearly a year doing chambermaids and fairy queens the other side of the footlights, where I saw you to-day. Then I kicked! I suppose I might have married some fool for his money—but I was soft enough to think you might be sending for me when you were safe. You seem to be mighty comfortable here," she continued, with a bitter glance around his handsomely furnished room, "as 'Don Diego Smith.' I reckon skedaddling pays better than staying behind."

"I have only been here a few weeks," he said hurriedly. "I never knew what had become of you, or that you were still here ——"

"Or you wouldn't have come," she interrupted, with a bitter laugh. "Speak out, Jim."

"If there—is anything—I can do—for you," he stammered; "I'm sure——"

"Anything you can do?" she repeated slowly and scornfully. "Anything you can do *now*. Yes!" she screamed, suddenly rising, crossing the room and grasping his arms convulsively. "Yes! Take me away from here—anywhere—at once! Look, Jim," she went feverishly, "let bygones be bygones—I won't peach! I won't tell on you—though I had it in my heart when you gave me the go-by just now! I'll do anything you say—go to your furthest hiding-place—work for you—only take me out of this cursed place."

Her passionate pleading stung even through his selfishness and loathing.

He thought of his wife's indifference! Yes, he might be driven to this, and at least he must secure the only witness against his previous misconduct. "We will see," he said soothingly, gently loosening her hands. "We must talk it over." He stopped as his old suspiciousness returned. "But you must have some friends," he said searchingly. "Someone who has helped you?"

"None! Only one—he helped me at first," she hesitated—"Duffy."

"Duffy!" said James Smith, recoiling.

"Yes, when he had to tell me all," she said in half frightened tones, "he was sorry for me. Listen, Jim! He was a square man—for all he was devoted to his partner—and you can't blame him for that. I think he helped me because I was alone; for nothing else, Jim, I swear it! He helped me from time to time. Maybe he might have wanted to marry me if he had not been waiting for another woman that he loved—a married woman that had been deserted years ago by her husband—just as you might have deserted me if we'd been married that day. He helped her and paid for her journey here to seek her husband and set her up in business."

"What are you talking about—what woman?" stammered James Smith, with a strange presentiment creeping over him.

"A Mrs. Smith. Yes," she said quickly as he started, "not a sham name like yours, but really and truly *Smith*—that was her husband's name! I'm not lying, Jim," she went on, evidently mistaking the cause of the sudden contraction of the man's face. "I didn't invent her nor her name; there

is such a woman, and Duffy loves her—and *her* only, and he never, *never* was anything more than a friend to me. I swear it!"

The room seemed to swim around him. She was staring at him, but he could see in her vacant eyes that she had no conception of his secret nor knew the extent of her revelation. Duffy had not dared to tell all! He burst into a coarse laugh. "What matters Duffy or the silly woman he'd try to steal away from other men."

"But he didn't try to steal her, and she's only silly because she wants to be true to her husband while he lives. She told Duffy she'd never marry him until she saw her husband's dead face. More fool she," she added bitterly.

"Until she saw her husband's dead face" was all that James Smith heard of this speech. His wife's faithfulness through years of desertion, her long waiting and truthfulness, even the bitter commentary of the equally injured woman before him, were to him as nothing to what that single sentence conjured up. He laughed again, but this time strangely and vacantly. "Enough of this Duffy and his intrusion in my affairs until I'm able to settle my account with him. Come," he added brusquely, "if we are going to cut out of this at once I've got much to do. Come here again to-morrow, early. This Duffy—does he live here?"

"No. In Marysville."

"Good! Come early to-morrow."

As she seemed to hesitate he opened a drawer of his table and took out a handful of gold, and handed it to her. She glanced at it for a moment with a strange expression, put it mechanically in her pocket, and then looking up at

him, said, with a forced laugh, "I suppose that means I am to clear out."

"Until to-morrow," he said shortly.

"If the Sacramento don't sweep us away before then," she interrupted, with a reckless laugh; "the river's broken through the levee—a clear sweep in two places. Where I live the water's up to the doorstep. They say it's going to be the biggest flood yet. You're all right here; you're on higher ground."

She seemed to utter these sentences abstractedly, disconnectedly—as if to gain time. He made an impatient gesture.

"All right, I'm going," she said, compressing her lips slowly to keep from trembling. "You haven't forgotten anything?" As he turned half angrily toward her she added, hurriedly and bitterly, "anything—for to-morrow?"

"No!"

She opened the door and passed out. He listened until the trail of her wet skirt had descended the stairs, and the street-door had closed behind her. Then he went back to his table and began collecting his papers and putting them away in his trunks, which he packed feverishly, yet with a set and determined face. He wrote one or two letters, which he sealed, and left upon his table. He then went to his bed room, and deliberately shaved off his disguising beard. Had he not been so preoccupied in one thought, he might have been conscious of loud voices in the street, and a hurrying of feet on the wet sidewalk. But he was possessed by only one idea. He must see his wife that evening! How, he knew not yet, but the way would appear when he had reached his office

in the building opposite hers. Three hours had elapsed before he had finished his preparations. On going down stairs he stopped to give some directions to the porter, but his room was empty; passing into the street he was surprised to find it quite deserted, and the shops closed; even a drinking saloon on the corner was quite empty. He turned the corner of the street, and began the slight descent toward his office. To his amazement the lower end of the street, which was crossed by the thoroughfare which was his destination, was blocked by a crowd of people. As he hurried forward to join them he suddenly saw, moving down that thoroughfare, what appeared to his startled eyes to be the smoke stacks of some small flat-bottomed steamer. He rubbed his eyes; it was no illusion, for the next moment he had reached the crowd, who were standing half a block away from the thoroughfare, and on the edge of a lagoon of yellow water, whose main current was the thoroughfare he was seeking, and between whose houses, submerged to their first stories, a steamboat was really paddling. Other boats and rafts were adrift on its sluggish waters, and a boatman had just landed a passenger in the back-water of the lower half of the street on which he stood with the crowd.

Possessed of his one idea he fought his way desperately to the water edge and the boat, and demanded a passage to his office. The boatman hesitated, but James Smith promptly offered him double the value of his craft. The act was not deemed singular in that extravagant epoch, and the sympathizing crowd cheered his solitary departure, as he declined even the services of the

boatman. The next moment he was off in mid-stream of the thoroughfare, paddling his boat with a desperate but inexperienced hand, until he reached his office, which he entered by the window. The building, which was new and of brick, showed very little damage from the flood, but in far different case was the one opposite, on which his eyes were eagerly bent, and whose cheap and insecure foundations he could see the flood was already undermining. There were boats around the house and men hurriedly removing trunks and valuables, but the one figure he expected to see was not there. He tied his own boat to the window; there was evidently no chance of an interview now, but if she were leaving there would be still the chance of following her and knowing her destination. As he gazed she suddenly appeared at a window, and was helped by a boatman into a flat-bottomed barge containing trunks and furniture. She was evidently the last to leave; the other boats put off at once, and none too soon. For there was a warning cry, a quick swerving of the barge, and the end of the dwelling slowly dropped into the flood, seeming to sink on its knees like a stricken ox. A great undulation of yellow water swept across the street, inundating his office through the open window and half swamping his boat beside it. At the same time he could see that the current had changed and increased in volume and ferocity, and from the cries and warning of the boatmen he knew that the river had burst its banks at its upper bend. He had barely time to leap into his boat and cast it off before there was a foot of water on his floor.



But the new current was carrying the boats away from the higher level, which they had been eagerly seeking, and toward the channel of the swollen river. The barge was first to feel its influence, and was hurried toward the river against the strongest efforts of its boatmen. One by one the other and smaller boats contrived to get into the slack water of crossing streets, and one was swamped before his eyes. But James Smith kept only the barge in view. His difficulty in following it was increased by his inexperience in managing a boat and the quantity of drift which now charged the current. Trees torn by their roots from some upland bank; sheds, logs, timber, and the bloated carcasses of cattle choked the stream. All the ruin worked by the flood seemed to be compressed in this disastrous current. Once or twice he narrowly escaped collision with a heavy beam or the bed of some farmer's wagon. Once he was swamped by a tree, and righted his frail boat while clinging to its branches.

And then those who watched him from the barge and shore said afterward that a great apathy seemed to fall upon him. He no longer attempted to guide the boat or struggle with the drift, but sat in the stern with intent forward gaze and motionless paddles. Once they strove to warn him, called to him to make an effort to reach the barge, and did what they could, in

spite of their own peril, to alter their course and help him. But he neither answered nor heeded them. And then suddenly a great log that they had just escaped seemed to rise up under the keel of his boat and it was gone. After a moment his face and head appeared above the current and so close to the stern of the barge that there was a slight cry from the woman in it, but the next moment, and before the boatman could reach him, he was drawn under it and disappeared. They lay on their oars eagerly watching, but the body of James Smith was sucked under the barge, and, in the mid-channel of the great river, was carried out toward the distant sea.

\* \* \* \* \*

There was a strange meeting that night on the deck of a relief boat which had been sent out in search of the missing barge, between Mrs. Smith and a grave and anxious passenger who had chartered it. When he had comforted her, and pointed out, as, indeed, he had many times before, the loneliness and insecurity of her unprotected life, she yielded to his arguments. But it was not until many months after their marriage that she confessed to him on that eventful night she thought she had seen in a moment of great peril the vision of the dead face of her husband uplifted to her through the water.



# “Poet, Wakeful at the Dawn.”

By Russell Hillard Loines.

POET, wakeful at the dawn,  
Kindles in thy inward eyes  
What new light? Thou dost arise,  
Sensitive as mountain-fawn  
To the far-caught forest cries,  
With what new surmise?

Sleepers weary wait thy mood,  
Leaving thine the heavenly care,  
Trust of vision, and the share  
In the infinite golden brood  
Ranging in the morning air—  
Poet, what is there?

All the glorying scene goes 'round,  
All that earth and sea contain,  
Subtly changing in thy brain,  
Issue out as things new-found,  
Coursed by an immortal vein,  
Purified of stain.

Poet wakeful at the dawn,  
Though men sleep, yet must they heed;  
Though they scorn, yet shall they need  
All thy wondrous wisdom drawn  
Out of memory and earth's breed.  
Wake unto thy deed!

# Maximite: the United States Government's New Explosive.

By Hudson Maxim.

**M**AXIMITE, the new high explosive which has been adopted by the United States Government, is about fifty per cent. more powerful than ordinary dynamite. It is considerably more powerful than pure nitroglycerin, and is only equalled in violence among commercial high explosives by nitro-gelatin and pure picric acid; and yet Maximite is so insensitive that it cannot be exploded by flame or by piercing it with a white hot iron.

Even molten iron has been poured upon a mass of it without causing an explosion. When heated in an open vessel, its temperature cannot be raised to the explosion point, for it will first melt, and then evaporate like water, until it is all gone. In order to explode it, it must be confined very strongly, the same as when employed as a bursting charge for projectiles, and then to be set off it requires a very powerful detonator. This quality of great insensitiveness, coupled with its very high explosive power, better adapts Maximite for use in armor-piercing projectiles than any other explosive.

In speaking of the recent admirable work of the Ordnance Board at Sandy Hook in the tests of high explosives, the *Scientific American* says:

"General A. R. Buffington, the Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance, undertook the thorough investigation of the subject of high ex-

plosives nearly three years ago, and accordingly, the Ordnance Board, with headquarters at Sandy Hook Proving Ground, New Jersey, were assigned this duty. The board was composed of some of the ablest engineers and scientific men among the officers of the United States Army, and men admirably adapted to this work. The members of the board are: Major Rogers Birnie, president; Captain Crozier, well known as one of the inventors of the Buffington-Crozier disappearing gun mount; Captain O. B. Mitcham, inspector of explosives; Captain D. W. Dunn, Government expert on fuses and high explosives at Frankfort arsenal, inventor of a new shrapnel which outclasses anything before done in this line, also inventor of the new Government detonating fuse used with such successful results in the recent high explosive tests at Sandy Hook; and Captain E. B. Babbitt, commanding officer at Sandy Hook.

"It was determined to thoroughly investigate the subject of high explosives, including well-known explosive compounds, as well as any new explosive compounds which might be submitted by different inventors and manufacturers, provided they appeared to offer sufficient merit to warrant investigation.

"It was determined to prosecute this work unceasingly, until the best compound that science could produce should be obtained for the service. At the beginning of these tests, had the board outlined what it would have considered an ideal explosive as a bursting charge for projectiles, the requirements for its qualities would, we imagine, have been about as follows: Perfect chemical stability or keeping qualities, very great explosive power, high specific gravity, giving it as much force as possible per unit of volume, great insensitiveness, so great as to make it incapable of detonation from shock.

rendering it not only safe for projection from guns at high velocities, but capable of withstanding the far greater shock of penetration of armor plate as thick as the strongest armor-piercing projectiles themselves can pass through. It should be comparatively inexpensive of manufacture. It should be capable of being melted at a comparatively low temperature, and it should be incapable of explosion from ignition, enabling it to be melted over an open fire, as occasion might require, and without any danger for filling projectiles. It should be incapable of detonation from overheating, but should boil away like water on the rise of temperature beyond a certain point. It should solidify in the projectiles, forming a dense and solid mass, incapable of shifting even on striking armor-plate. Such, we imagine, to be about as high a standard of excellence for a high explosive as the most sanguine could have hoped for. From what we have learned of Maximite, it appears to possess all these qualities in a high degree.

and the United States Government is to be congratulated upon the efficient manner in which these tests have been conducted, resulting in the obtainment for the service of such a valuable high explosive."

At the beginning of these experiments, the service high explosive was wet compressed guncotton, which when containing a moderate percentage of water could be thrown from guns with safety; but it could not be fired through armor-plate unless the

percentage of water was so great as to render the complete detonation of the charge impossible, or at least, uncertain. Sometimes only a small portion of the explosive would be detonated by the most powerful fuse.

Furthermore, guncotton possesses the disadvantage that it becomes dangerous from loss of moisture, and there is also difficulty in filling projectiles with compressed guncotton.

Lastly, although a powerful high explosive, guncotton is fifty per cent. less powerful than Maximite, while its expense is nearly double that of the latter explosive.

Until recently, common black powder had many advocates as a bursting charge for projectiles, for the reason mainly, that it was a good old standby, hav-



HUDSON MAXIM.

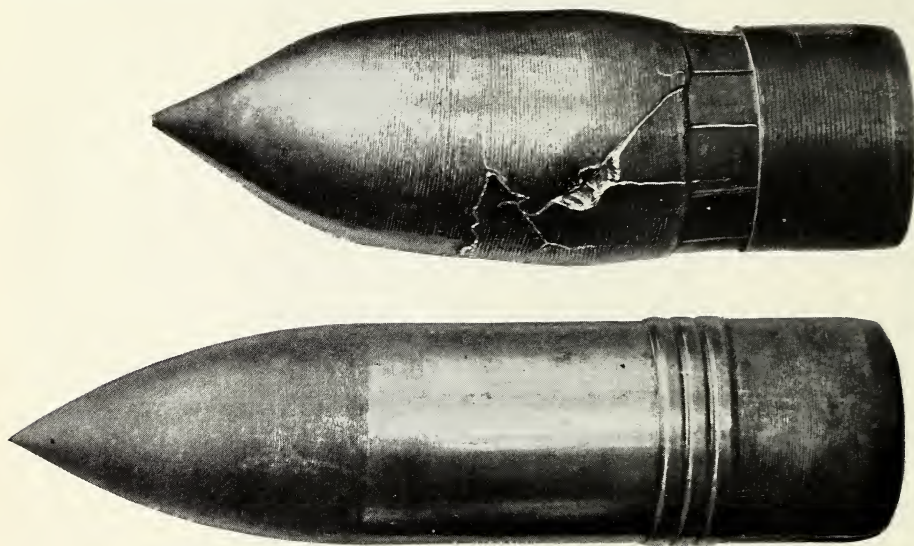
ing been known to be in use since the time of Moses. Besides, it makes a lot of smoke, and sets fire to the woodwork of war vessels, but—and there are several buts—it does not stand the shock of penetrating armor plate, being too sensitive, and it does not possess explosive power enough to break up an armor-piercing projectile more than to blow out the base plug, or at most to break the projectile into



several pieces; while Maximite breaks the same shell into many thousand pieces.

The abandonment of woodwork on all fighting vessels, leaving nothing to burn, removes the last and chief reason for the advocacy of black powder as a bursting charge for shells. Upon the conclusion of the tests of Maximite at Sandy Hook, there was no reason for searching further or making further investigations with a view to obtaining something still better, because

plemented by what is known as the heat test, where a quantity of the material is heated and maintained for fifteen minutes at an elevated temperature in the presence of a piece of test paper, treated chemically in such a manner as to render it exceedingly sensitive to any products of decomposition. Maximite stood this test for two hours without showing any signs of change. The next test was to place a small quantity of the explosive in a confined space and subject it to the



COMPRESSION OF A PROJECTILE, IN WHICH THE MAXIMITE REMAINED INACTIVE.

there was nothing further to be desired, and no requirement which this explosive does not fulfill.

The first test to which the high explosives were submitted during these experiments at Sandy Hook was one for chemical stability—that is to say, keeping qualities, for, failing in this, any explosive would be worthless, regardless of its character in other respects. The stability test of an explosive consists in a thorough investigation into its chemical composition, sup-

plemented by what is known as the shock of a falling weight, which is successively raised and dropped at varying heights until sufficient altitude is reached to cause an explosion. Maximite stood this test in a most remarkable manner, withstanding a much greater drop than any other high explosive.

A twelve-inch forged steel armor-piercing projectile was then filled with Maximite, buried deep in sand, and exploded with a powerful detonator. On sifting the sand, about 7,000 fragments



A 12-IN. PROJECTILE BEFORE AND AFTER THE EXPLOSION OF A CHARGE OF MAXIMITE.

were recovered, and it is estimated that if all the small pieces which were lost or escaped attention had been secured and counted, there would have been at least 10,000. This projectile, together with the recovered fragments—7,000 in number—is shown in one of the accompanying illustrations.

The next test was to fill a five-inch projectile with Maximite, and fire it without a fuse through a nickel steel plate, three and one-half inches in thickness. The shell was afterwards recovered intact from the butt behind the plate, and then buried in sand and exploded. Eight hundred and fifty fragments of the shell were recovered.

About a dozen seven-inch projectiles were then filled with Maximite, armed with the service detonating fuse to effect their explosion, and fired from a howitzer through a wooden screen, the fragments going into the sea. All of the shells exploded on passing the screen, and so violent was the detonation that a deep furrow was

blown in the earth under the shot and the effect upon the water where the fragments struck was like a volley of musketry.

Several of these projectiles were then fired into a wall of masonry, producing the most astoundingly destructive effects.

Following this test, a number of six-pound projectiles were filled with Maximite in competition with a like number of the same shells filled with pure picric acid, melted and cast into the projectiles in the same manner as was the Maximite, and all were fired without a fuse, as this was a test for insensitiveness only. All of the picric acid projectiles exploded on impact without penetrating a steel plate one-and-a-half inches in thickness, which the Maximite shells passed through unaffected. A number of six-pound projectiles, similarly charged with Maximite, were fired into a three-inch Harveyized nickel steel plate. One of the projectiles passed through the





UNEXPLODED 6-POUNDERS EMBEDDED IN A  
3-IN. PLATE.

plate, another nearly through, remaining stuck in the plate, the third about half way through, also remaining in the plate, while a fourth, on striking the plate, entered about half its length, but yielded under the impact, shortened nearly two inches, swelling out at the sides until it burst open and the Maximite was forced through the aperture. This projectile did not stick in the plate, but rebounded about two hundred feet, striking in front of the gun from which it was thrown, and all without exploding.

This is certainly the most remarkable result ever attained with any high explosive, and it demonstrated beyond peradventure that Maximite is capable of standing a greater shock without exploding than can armor-piercing projectiles themselves withstand. When we consider that this explosive is fifty per cent. more powerful than ordinary dynamite, that it is even more powerful than pure nitroglycerin, and that it will stand such treatment as this without being set off, no one can deny that there is something unusual about it.

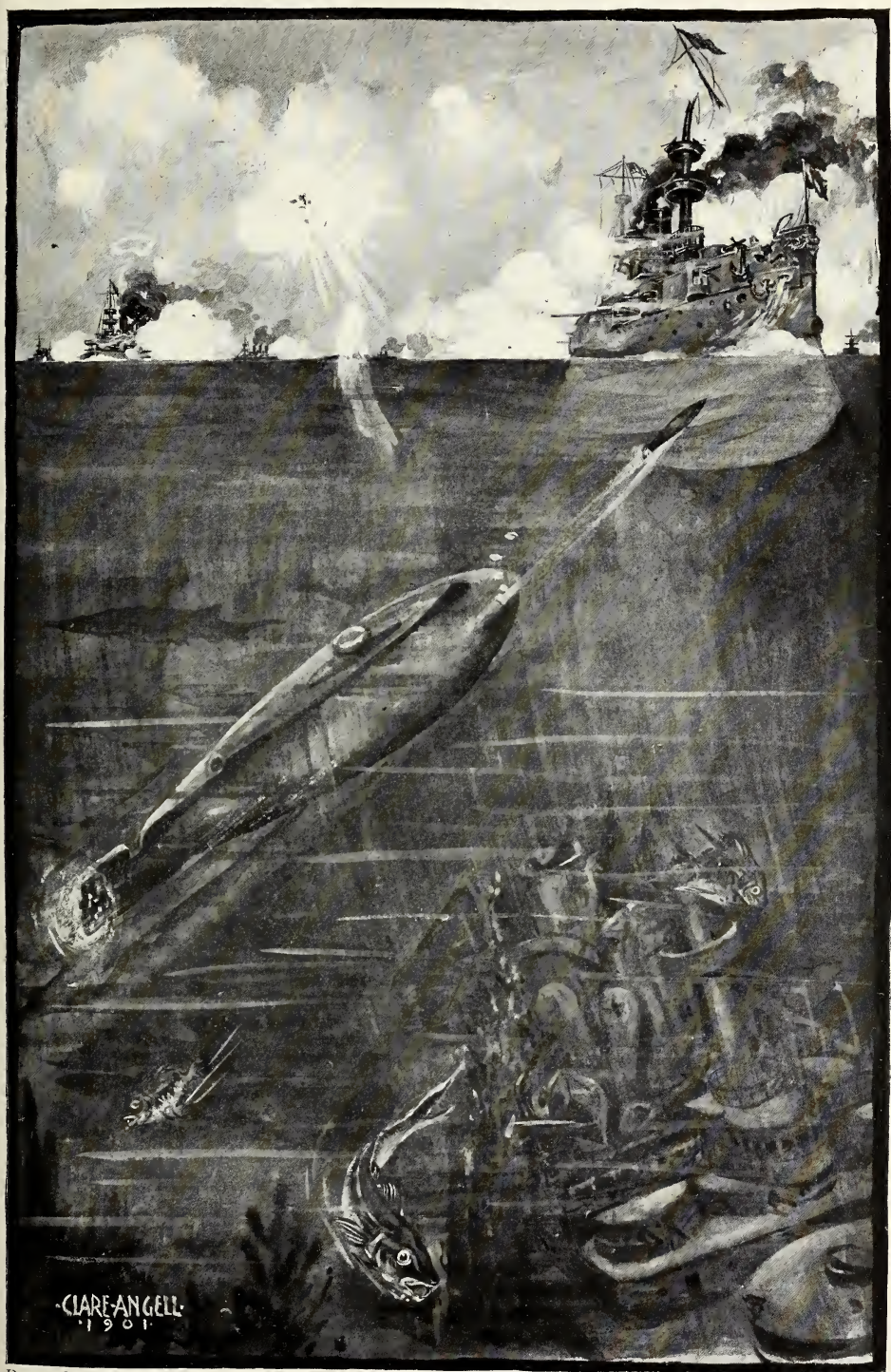
In one of the accompanying illustrations is shown the plate here referred

to, with the Maximite shells just sticking through, and in another of the illustrations is shown the distorted projectile which rebounded from the plate.

The next test was one to demonstrate that Maximite was sufficiently insensitive to stand the shock of penetrating armor plate when used in twelve-inch armor-piercing projectiles, where the column of explosive is very long. One of these projectiles, charged with seventy pounds of Maximite was fired without a fuse through a 7-inch Harveyized nickel steel plate and the projectile was recovered intact from the sand abutment behind the plate. This thickness of plate is as great as this particular projectile is made to pass through, so that the Maximite in a long column proved itself capable of withstanding the shock of penetrating as thick armor plate as the shell was made to stand. A Harveyized nickel steel plate,  $5\frac{3}{4}$  inches in thickness, was then erected and supported by a structure shown in the accompanying illustration, and a 12-inch armor-piercing projectile charged with 70 pounds of Maximite, and armed with a detonating fuse, was fired at it. The fuse acted so as to explode the projectile when it was about two-thirds through the plate. The detonation was something terrific, and the plate was shattered to fragments, and some huge pieces were hurled several hundred feet, while the structure supporting this piece of armor was entirely demolished.

The principal fragments of this plate were recovered, readjusted as nearly as possible in their original position, and photographed as shown elsewhere in this article. The violence of the explosion was well illustrated, not only





Drawn by Clare Angell.

THE MOST FORMIDABLE WAR VESSEL OF THE FUTURE.



A 5 3-4-IN. PLATE AND THE FRAGMENTS OF THE PROJECTILE AFTER EXPLODING.

by the breaking up of the plate, but by the character of the ragged ring of metal about the seat of the explosion, also by the scoring of the intensely hard face of the plate by the fragments of the shell.

A Harveyized nickel steel plate, twelve inches in thickness, and weighing thirty tons, was then erected, and supported by heavy timbers, backed up by a huge sand butt. A 12-inch armor-piercing shot, containing twenty-three pounds of Maximite was fired through this plate, and recovered intact from the sand butt.

Another twelve-inch armor-piercing shot, also containing twenty-three pounds of Maximite, and armed with a fuse, was fired at the same plate. The fuse acted to explode the projectile when about half-way through the plate. Although the quantity of Maximite

was but twenty-three pounds, the plate was broken into many pieces, and one fragment weighing several tons, was hurled to the top of the abutment, and not a piece of the plate remained standing.

It is difficult so to time the detonating fuse that it will go off at exactly the right instant. It requires only about the one-thousandth of a second for a projectile to pass through the plate. The fuse used in these experiments is the invention of a government officer and its construction, together with the detonative material employed, is kept a secret. The fuse is a most remarkable one, and has been proven not only capable of safely resisting the shock of the discharge of the gun, but it has been repeatedly fired through the heaviest plate, and when relieved of its striker, it successfully withstands this



shock without exploding. It is obviously a matter requiring nice adjustment so to time its action that it shall always act to explode the shell at exactly the right instant. The writer has designed a controlling device for fuses, which may be adapted to any type of fuse, and which will act always to explode the projectile at exactly the right instant, and when it has passed through

Maximite at Sandy Hook were with the twelve-inch mortar torpedo shell. This shell is about five feet in length, and holds 143 pounds of Maximite. Two of these torpedo shells, each containing the above quantity of Maximite, in a column four feet long, were fired from a twelve-inch sea-coast rifle, with a full service charge of 500 pounds of brown prismatic gunpow-



A 12-IN. PLATE DESTROYED BY MAXIMITE.

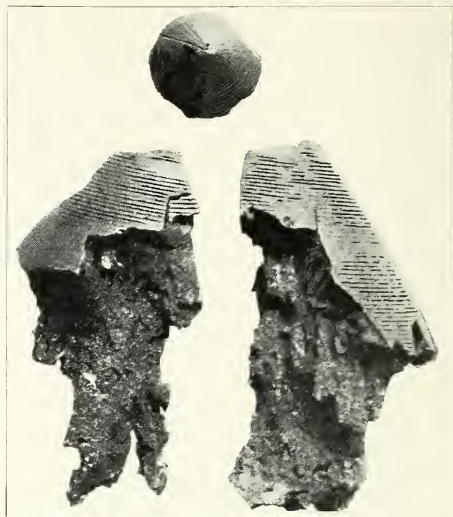
an obstruction, whether it be a two-inch plank or an armor-plate twelve inches thick. It has therefore been fully established that Maximite can be fired through the thickest armor-plate to explode inside a warship where it will produce the greatest effect, and that a fuse has been developed which will cause a detonation at exactly the right instant.

The last tests that were made with

der, developing a pressure of about 35,000 pounds to the square inch, and giving a velocity of about 2,200 feet per second to the projectile. These projectiles were armed with a fuse and fired through sand cribs six feet in thickness, and faced with heavy timbers. One of the projectiles exploded before it was quite through the sand crib—the other, just as it had passed through. The results of the explosion



of both these shots were eminently satisfactory. In the first place, it broke all records in the quantity and length of column of high explosive ever fired from a powder gun under service conditions, while the effect of the explosion of the shells was something astounding. The projectile, which exploded after it had passed the sand crib, excavated a deep crater in the earth underneath the explosion. On going to the scene of the explosion, a dead ground sparrow was found in the crater, and a crow, with its wing broken, was also lying near by. These birds had been struck upon the wing by the flying fragments and brought down out of the sky, the sacrifice of their lives illustrating admirably the enormous range covered by the flying missiles. The numerous ragged fragments, as they sped through the air, both in their ascent and descent, produced a weird and ominous sound in-



FRAGMENTS OF A SHELL.

deed, and the time that intervened before these sounds ceased, told of the enormous height to which the pieces must have been hurled. As one of the private soldiers who was present facetiously put it, "the fragments seemed to be coming down for about half a day."

The great naval powers have been putting their trust in the steel wall which they have placed about ponderous battleships. The enormous cost, coupled with the desire that they should prove invincible and invulnerable has been the father to the belief that they were so, while vast vested interests which will be sadly injured by their abandonment for a more practical type of fighting craft have stood ready to strike down any innovation which might promise to surmount the barrier afforded by these costly and unwieldy structures. So long as armor could be penetrated with only solid shot, or at most with projectiles carrying no explosive charge whatever, the modern battleship was well adapted to face the most powerful guns. Now,



A SHATTERED SHELL IN WHICH THE MAXIMITE REMAINED INACTIVE.

however, when armor-piercing projectiles, charged with a high explosive, can be sent through the thickest and hardest tempered steel plate, to explode within the very vitals of the battleship, the matter wears another aspect.

It is not enough to foresee that the present type of heavy armored battleship must soon become obsolete, but it concerns us to look a little more deeply into the future, and attempt to foreview the coming navy and witness what will be the probable successor of the battleship. No man can have prophetic power beyond what is based on his knowledge of past events and present developments and their tendencies. Taking these developments as they now stand, what are their tendencies? To-day, the battleship is, by all odds, the arm on which most reliance is placed. Torpedo boats of all kinds, inclusive of torpedo-boat destroyers and submarine boats, are but satellites which revolve about the huge ironclad monster. All these have been developed for the purpose of either attacking or defending the great steel-ribbed Leviathan.

The ordinary torpedo-boat and torpedo-boat destroyers are constructed on principles the exact opposite of those on which the battleship is built. In the battleship speed and mobility are sacrificed for armored protection and for size, to give the necessary displacement to float the armor and the armament. In the torpedo-boat and torpedo-boat destroyer, all attempt at protection is sacrificed for speed and mobility, but the range of the automobile torpedo is so short that the torpedo boat must run right through the zone of fire of the battleship in order

to get near enough to bring the torpedoes within range, and no amount of speed and mobility possible of attainment can prevent the torpedo boat from being completely riddled by the quick-firing guns of the battleship when attacking in daylight, unless a large number attack at once and seek safety in their very numbers and the consequent dispersion of the fire of the battleship, exactly in the same manner that troops do when rushing upon a fortification. The large number of torpedo boats which can be constructed for the cost of one battleship evidently places the advantage with the torpedo boats.

The submarine boat has reached such a degree of perfection and has become such a menace to the battleship that no fleet of these ironsides could now approach a hostile port without the almost certain destruction of some of their number by these submarine terrors. It is obvious, however, that there is room for much improvement in the present form of submarine boat, and these improvements will come on the lines of increased speed and increased rapidity and facility in diving or in assuming a submerged or semi-submerged position, and of again emerging above the water.

A torpedo boat should be constructed so as to be adapted to travel upon the surface of the water at a very high speed under normal conditions, exactly as the ordinary torpedo boats now do, and when going into action, it should assume a semi-submerged position. It is doubtful if a fully submerged position is necessary, as the above water portion need not be a vital part of the boat and need not be conspicuous as a target when attacking a

battleship at full speed. It would be almost impossible to hit such an object with the heavier guns, and the lookout tower of the torpedo boat could be made of sufficient armored strength to resist the shots of from one to three pounders.

The writer believes that the real successor of the battleship, and the most formidable war vessel of the future will be one of sufficient size to afford the necessary fuel capacity for a long voyage and provided with engines and boilers of such dimensions as to give it a very high speed. It will not, however, even approach the battleship in size or cost. It will be practically unarmored, with the exception of a turret or turrets carrying quick-firing guns and aerial torpedo throwers. These turrets will have armor only thick enough to resist quick-firing guns. The main protection will consist in its ability to assume a semi-submerged position

when going into action, so that nothing will appear above the surface of the water except the turrets and a superstructure for flotation purposes only, and which may be entirely shot away without vitally injuring the vessel. The function of this vessel will be the destruction of other vessels of its kind and of coast fortifications. It will carry a powerful armament of automobile torpedoes, charged with Maximite. It will be impossible to prevent the destruction of the coming war vessels, and, as a consequence, they will be made relatively inexpensive as compared with the present heavy battleship, and their mission will be to destroy as much as possible while themselves being destroyed. Sea-fighting of the future will be done in skirmishing order, the same as troops now fight on land, and there will be much reconnoitring and long range duelling.

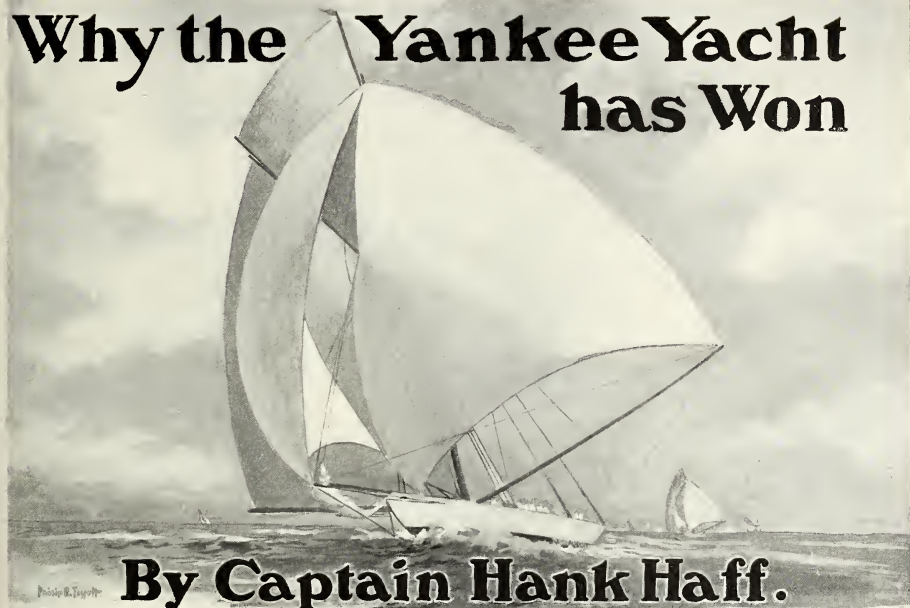
## September.

By Charles Hanson Towne.

NOW at the grave of Summer stands  
A priest, in purple vestments stoled,  
And through the hills, his lifted hands,  
There runs a rosary of gold.



# Why the Yankee Yacht has Won



**By Captain Hank Haff.**

**I**T cannot be otherwise than flattering to an old sailor that his views on international yacht racing should be asked for, especially when yachting experts who wield prolific and fluent pens are so plentiful. My readers must pardon whatever crudeness in style they may come across; they should bear in mind that I am out of my element when dabbling in the inkpot and that the tarpot and the tiller are much more in my line. What I have to say is practical rather than theoretical.

First of all, I should like to indulge in a modest growl against the critics of the superb racing machines, which in recent years have fought for the mastery of the sea. I am willing to grant that their lives are short; that

when they have fulfilled their mission, they are useless as cruisers; and that their deep draught unfits them for pleasure sailing on Long Island Sound. In a word, I will gladly concede every argument that has been arrayed against their usefulness for aught except cup challenging or cup defending. There is only one other sport that compares with yacht racing, and that is the turf. Did you ever hear a sportsman regret that the winner of the foremost battles of the turf, after his career as a thoroughbred was over, could not be made available for the shafts of a farmer's wagon or suitable to draw a plough through a field? Or that the light and gracefully built King or Queen of the trotters in old age could not become a dray horse?

These critics condemn the 90-footers not only on account of their uselessness after seasons of racing, but also because of their enormous cost. Against this it may plausibly be urged that the expense of building and running them comes not out of the pockets of the critics and therefore concerns them not at all. So long as wealthy men on both sides of the Atlantic are willing to bear the financial burden of these great races and afford such grand spectacular pageants to a maritime people, why should critics growl?

But to come back to the starting line, I think I am safe in saying that the contests for the America's Cup have proved the marked superiority of the American yacht over all comers, and yet the stock argument of the British authorities that the two types have converged until there is little or no difference between them is approximately true. This is due to the faculty our opponents across the sea have of appreciating a good thing when it is presented to them. This is no vain-glorious boast, but simple truth, as I shall endeavor to prove.

The reasons why the Yankee yacht has always won every contest for the America's Cup are four. Briefly stated, they may be summarized thus:

First, because of the audacity of her design.

Second, superior mechanical skill in her construction.

Third, more effective spar plan, sail plan, and rig.

Fourth, the thorough manner in which she has been tuned up for racing and her crew drilled and disciplined.

These are, in my opinion, the causes

which have resulted in the perennial defeat of John Bull. These arguments I shall endeavor to present in as logical a manner as I can. If I fail to convince, it will be because of my own lack of ability to perform my task and not because my case lacks strength.

The schooner *America* was the first representative yacht from the United States to sail an international race. She was a bold and original departure from the usual type of pleasure craft at that time prevalent in America and Great Britain. Her powerful mid-section, the high bilge with the quick and easy turn, the beautiful curves of her buttock lines, and her clear run, gave her not only unusual stability but also rare speed. Her hull was a marvel; after her phenomenal racing experience at Cowes in 1851, the English builders tried to imitate her with but small success. In attempting to reproduce her long, graceful, and exquisite hollow bow (which they wrongfully imagined was the sole secret of her speed) they built a number of abortions and "contraptions," which were woefully disappointing.

The well cut and admirably fitting sails of the *America* were as great a revelation to our British cousins as the shape of her under-body. Made of a machine-spun cotton duck, the staysail, foresail, and mainsail being laced to their booms, they set well and had the proper flatness. In marked contrast with the baggy sails sported by the British yachts, which were made of hand-made flax, they permitted the Yankee boat to lie close to the wind and sail faster. Every inch of duck pulled. When once hoisted, the sails stayed set. Aboard the fleet of yachts which the *America* outsailed at Cowes.

men were kept busy drenching with water the luffs of their slouching, loose-footed mainsails and ill-cut headsails to give them the semblance of flatness. The British were not so quick to imitate the *America's* canvas as they were in their vain efforts to reproduce her hull, but to-day every English racer has sails of cotton duck and all mainsails are laced to the booms—the sincerest kind of flattery to two sterling American “institutions”! It is only fair to add that no fault can now be found with the set of the English sails.

The yarn of the actual race for the Royal Yacht Squadron Cup, valued at \$500, has been told so often and at the slightest provocation, that it would be unfair to repeat it at length. Some leading characteristics of the contest deserve comment. The race was around the Isle of Wight. It is a course to be dreaded by those possessing no local knowledge. A man well acquainted with the tides and the tricks of the wind, though his boat be slow, can usually beat a stranger, no matter how smart that strange craft may be. Commodore Stevens was ignorant of the course, while Dick Brown, his sturdy sailing master, was enjoying his first visit to the British yacuting centre. So far as experience in these waters was concerned, all hands on the Yankee craft were novices.

It must be remembered that the fourteen yachts which the *America* was sailing against were all keen competitors. The start was from anchor and the Yankee was slow to get under way, but in spite of the blanketting and the sea-jockeying she encountered, she worked her way to the van of the fleet. An incident occurred off Sandown Bay which demonstrated the smartness of her crew. A squall struck her and knocked off the flying jib boom. In a jiffy the wreck was cleared away. Such lightning-like work was new to the Britishers. Off Ventnor, the *America* was a mile in the lead. In all the subsequent experiences of the day, calms, squalls, fog, running, reaching, and windward work, the New York boat kept ahead. Her biggest opponent was the *Brilliant*, a



CAPTAIN "HANK" HAFF.

three-masted schooner of 392 tons. Her length and big sail spread availed her nothing. W. J. Weld's great cutter *Alarm*, measuring 193 tons to the *America's* 170, was powerless to retrieve the fortune of the day. The *America* completed the course, beating the whole fleet, at 8:34 P. M., the cutter *Aurora*, the second boat in, finishing at 8:58 P. M.

One convincing circumstance which goes to show how well the *America* was handled, may be mentioned. Her owners sold her to Lord de Blaquiere, and under an English sailing master



and crew, her racing career was ignominious. However, on her return to this country many years later, the splendid old boat proved that she had not lost her speed, but that John Bull did not know how to sail her.

The superior model of the *America* over the apple-bowed craft of England in 1851—three or four beams to length—when combined with the well sitting and well setting Yankee sails, did the business.

The smart handling, as exemplified in clearing away the wreck of the flying jib boom, in setting and trimming sails to the exigencies of the various moods of the wind on the eventful day of the race was, of course, an important element. Skill in design, in construction of hull and spars, in cut of canvas, and the superior seamanship of the yacht's company were the potent factors that gained the victory.

Sir Edward Sullivan, an English yachtsman of eminence and experience, was asked to write the introduction to the volume on yachting in the Badminton Library of Sports and Pastimes. He writes of the schooner *America* on page 12, Vol. I: "I remember the first time the *America* sailed at Cowes, in 1851. I could not believe my eyes. It was blowing a stiff breeze, and whilst all the other schooners were laying over ten or twelve degrees, she was sailing perfectly upright and going five knots to their four. It was a revelation. 'How does she do it?' was in everybody's mouth."

It would be hard to give a typical example of a representative British yacht in 1851. There was in fact no recognized type. Various builders turned out boats to suit themselves.

Big boats were sailed against little boats with no time allowance whatever; of course, the big craft won. This state of affairs prevailed until 1854, when the British woke up and instituted a new system of measurement and also of time allowance. Perhaps the performance of the *America* was not without its influence!

The Royal Squadron Cup which the *America* won, was presented in 1857 by the owners of the famous schooner to the New York Yacht Club as a perpetual international challenge trophy for the encouragement and greater glory of the sport. Every foreign yacht club of standing was informed of this circumstance by means of a circular, but so hopeless did the chance of winning back the cup appear to the British, that thirteen years elapsed before any effort was made in that direction.

In 1867 the Messrs. Poillon, of South Brooklyn, built the schooner *Sappho* on speculation. The fine passage of fourteen days from New York to Falmouth induced the skipper of the *Sappho* to race her. He entered her for a race around the Isle of Wight and the *Cambria* beat her by nearly an hour and a half. *Sappho* was at that time considered our fastest schooner, and the victory of the *Cambria* caused her owner to feel confident that the Cup was his to win back. His challenge followed, and in 1870 he sailed against seventeen schooners of the New York Yacht Club, coming in tenth and being beaten by the little schooner *Magic* by 39 minutes 12.7 seconds. Rather unsportsmanlike, it may be urged, to enter a fleet of seventeen against a single challenger, and

to-day it appears unfair, but it should be borne in mind that it was the custom which then prevailed, and that the schooner *America*, when she won the Cup, sailed against fourteen schooners and cutters and beat them all.

The *Magic* was a wonder. Built in 1857 in Philadelphia by Byerly & Son, she was a centreboard "skimming dish" 91 feet over all, 78.11 feet on the waterline, with a beam of 20.9 feet and a draught with centreboard housed of 6.3 feet. The history of the New York Yacht Club abounds with her victories. She was excellent at beating to windward. With sheets free, she could sail faster than many boats of twice her length. On the occasion of her race against the *Cambria*, the weather just suited her—a good southeasterly sailing breeze and smooth water. The feature of the day was that the *Magic* under the conditions that prevailed, beat much bigger schooners, such as the *Idler*, *Dauntless*, *Fleetwing*, *Madelin*, etc. *America*, the winner of the Cup, was sailed by man-of-wars men under the command of a naval officer. She beat the *Cambria* 13 minutes 47 seconds. The *Cambria* was tenth in the fleet, which shows that there were nine schooners faster than she. It was not deemed necessary to build a boat especially to meet her. This opinion was well borne out, for the old craft competed with her successfully. Comment is unnecessary. The *Cambria* was a good ocean cruiser. As a racer she was outclassed. Again Yankee genius enabled us to retain the trophy. The only regret was that an abler vessel to tackle was not sent across the sea.

Nothing daunted, Mr. Ashbury

built the *Livonia*, an inferior craft to the *Cambria*, and sailed for the Cup again in 1871. The New York Yacht Club arranged to enter only one yacht against the *Livonia*, but reserved the right to name their champion on the morning of each race. This was an artful move, for in the event of a hard blow, they would name a heavy weather craft, and in a gentle breeze they would select a boat that was swift in light airs. Five races were sailed. The schooner *Columbia* won the first two. In the third race, the *Columbia* was disabled and *Livonia* won by 15 minutes 10 seconds. *Sappho* won the fourth and fifth races. Thus ended Mr. Ashbury's final challenge.

The general verdict was that pretty nearly any schooner in the fleet of the New York Yacht Club would have been good enough to meet the *Livonia*. The American boats, except when the *Columbia* was disabled, were handled more smartly than Mr. Ashbury's yacht. On this occasion, *Columbia's* regular skipper had met with an accident and was not in charge. Mr. Franklin Osgood, her owner, was also unable to sail on the boat, hence the probable cause of this mishap.

The schooner *Columbia* was built in 1871 at Chester, Pa. A centreboard craft of 107.11 feet over all, 96 feet on the waterline, with 25 feet beam and 8.3 feet depth, under the ownership of Mr. Franklin Osgood, she sailed some admirable races. There was not a single point of sailing in which she did not surpass the challenger. As a matter of fact, the centreboard type of that period had the advantage over the coarse and crude keel boats turned out by the British. With the "board"

down, they had a grip on the water that the keel yachts could not approach, and while the *Livonia* was drifting to leeward the *Columbia* was eating her way out to windward in remarkable fashion. When it came to a reach or a run with the "board" hoisted up, the centreboard yacht slipped much faster through the water than her British opponent. Yankee muslin also told, and the nimbleness of Yankee sailors was not without good effect.

Mr. Ashbury could not claim that either in 1870 or in 1871 he was beaten by an unseaworthy centreboard racing machine that could not cross the Atlantic, for both the *America* and the *Dauntless*, ocean cruisers of renown, beat the *Cambria* in 1870 (though both were beaten by the *Magic*) and in 1871, the *Sappho*, a deep water craft of famous history, forced him to lower his colors. These incidents are interesting features of the story of the America's Cup. They show that with the shallow kind of craft as well as the deeper variety, America has always been victorious. Of course, the British clamor concerning the unseaworthiness of the centreboard type is vain and fatuous. Our centreboard schooners carry coal along the Atlantic coast in winter, while the famous *Vigilant* crossed the Atlantic in almost record time.

The challenges of the Canadian yachts, the schooners *Countess of Dufferin* and the sloop *Atlanta* in 1876 and 1881 respectively, call for no comment, the challenging vessels being vanquished with ease by the schooner *Madeleine* and the sloop *Mischief*, neither of which was built for a cup defender. This must not be viewed in

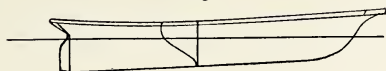
the light of any disparagement of Canadian pluck or enterprise. As a matter of fact, the Canadian boats were quite as good as the *Cambria* and *Livonia*.

Meanwhile, the British had made great advances in yacht designing, in construction, and also in sail making. The long, deep, and lofty craft turned out to cheat the rule which heavily penalized beam, sailed like witches. They were "diving bells" from Jack Tar's point of view, but their shape made them easy to drive through the water. In a strong breeze, like dolphins, they came to the surface to blow at stated intervals, but although they were very wet craft they were quite seaworthy, making trips to the Mediterranean and laughing at that Devil's Caldron, the Bay of Biscay. One of them, a little Scotch cutter, called *The Madge*, came across on the deck of an ocean steamship in 1881, and played great havoc with our "skimming dishes" and "splashers." She created in this country what has been termed the "cutter craze," now happily obsolete. Her performance and that of her imported sisters, as well as a number of the same kind built here, again made the English indulge in the visionary recapture of the America's Cup, so Sir Richard Sutton built the *Genesta*, a cutter of pronounced type, 90 feet long over all, 81 feet on the water line, 15 feet beam with 13 feet 6 inches draught of water.

Here was a formidable challenger that had achieved wonders in her first racing season of 1884, but once more Yankee genius was on deck with a new and original design to knock out the British knife board. His name was Edward Burgess, and he hailed from

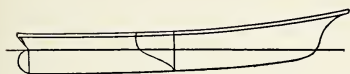


1851

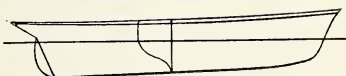


AMERICA.

1870

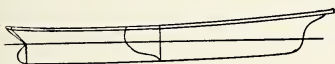


MAGIC.

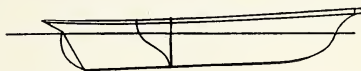


CAMBRIA.

1871



COLUMBIA.



LIVONIA.

1876

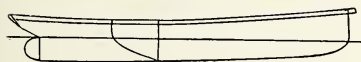


MADELEINE.

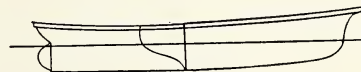


COUNTESS OF DUFFERIN.

1881

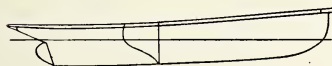


MISCHIEF.

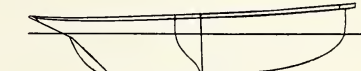


ATLANTA.

1885

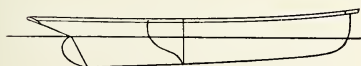


PURITAN.

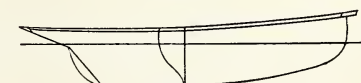


GENESTA.

1886

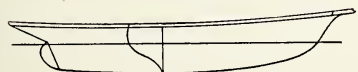


MAYFLOWER.

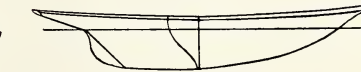


GALATEA.

1887

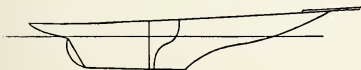


VOLUNTEER.

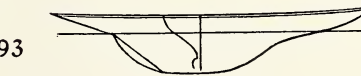


THISTLE.

1893

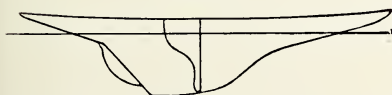


VIGILANT.

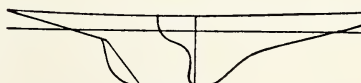


VALKYRIE II.

1895



DEFENDER.

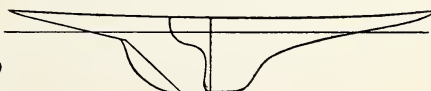


VALKYRIE III.

1899



COLUMBIA.



SHAMROCK I.

Boston. Mr. Burgess designed the *Puritan*, a craft as bold, as novel, and as daring as the schooner *America* herself, though there is little doubt that the *Priscilla*, built at the same time, could have safely defended the cup, had there been no *Puritan*. To the beam of the representative Yankee sloop which gives her so much initial stability and sail-carrying power, Mr. Burgess added outside lead. Not content with this, he cut a slot in the keel, through which a centreboard of the usual proportion worked. The *Puritan* was the first boat that was ever fitted with a lead keel and a centreboard, and for the skillful and successful adaptation of these two powerful factors the fame of Mr. Burgess will endure in the annals of eminent naval architects. Prophets of evil at home and abroad predicted dire failure. They declared that the lead keel would drop off in the first tumble of a sea that the yacht encountered. It is always unsafe to prophesy, as the critics of the *Puritan* will perhaps at this late date admit, for the saucy craft is very much alive to-day, staunch and fit as a fiddle. Many a gallant and heavy thresh to windward has she boldly accomplished. Incidentally, she fulfilled the object for which she was built, killed the cutter "craze" by beating the *Genesta* in fair weather and foul, and was the fore-runner of the *Mayflower*, which beat the *Galatea* in 1886, and of the *Volunteer*, which defeated the *Thistle* in 1887, and of a fleet of sloops and schooners fast and able, which still remain a tribute to the memory and genius of Edward Burgess.

The *Thistle* was Mr. C. L. Watson's maiden effort at capturing the cup. The Yacht Racing Association of

Great Britain, disgusted at the disappointing doings of the long and narrow-beamed cutters *Genesta* and *Galatea* in American waters, took the ban off beam, taking only length on the water-line and sail. Thus the *Thistle* came out with a beam of a little more than 30 feet—five feet more than *Galatea's*. But Mr. Watson blundered badly in designing this boat, as he has admitted in print. He cut her away too much forward, and not having enough lateral plane, she sagged off to leeward, while the *Volunteer* fetched where she pointed, beating the *Thistle* on a whole sail breeze on the occasion of their second race, by 11 minutes 48 seconds. In the beat to windward of 20 miles, she rounded the weather mark 14 minutes ahead of the Scotch craft. The *Thistle* could run quite fast, but working to windward is the true test of a yacht.

After the third Burgess victory, a long interval elapsed before the British mustered up courage enough to issue another challenge. Successive and signal defeats are so very disheartening. In 1891 yachting received a severe blow in the death of Mr. Edward Burgess, but meanwhile a new wizard made his appearance—Mr. Nat Herreshoff, designer of the celebrated *Shadow*, a remarkably fast sloop, 37 feet over all, launched in 1872, and the 46-footer *Gloriana*, the prototype of the modern cup defenders and cup challengers. She was a keel craft, and although only 45 feet 3 inches on the water-line, over all she measured 70 feet. The extraordinary length of her overhangs was not her chief feature. The fulness of the bilge was continued to the extremity of both bow and stern, and when heeled to a commanding

breeze she wonderfully increased her waterline length and consequently her speed; the lines of the hull emerged when the boat was on an even keel, being long and easy. Her spoon-like bow was sneered at and jeered at, but it had the most effective quality of entering the water with but little fuss.

Like the *Puritan*, the advent of the *Gloriana* evoked ridicule. The critics sang a different tune when she sailed her first race. She showed abnormal sail-carrying power. She won eight first prizes in eight starts during her first season, and revolutionized yacht designing here and abroad. The *Gloriana* had her imitators in Great Britain, and the form of this Herreshoff marvel was copied with more or less success. In 1891, Nat Herreshoff invented the fin keel. He sent two little specimens of this type, the *Wee Winn* and the *Wenona*, to England. *Wenona*, out of twenty starts, won seventeen first, two second, and one third prize. The *Wee Winn* carried off twenty first and one second prize out of twenty-one starts. Here was food for thought. The British tried to combine the good qualities of both the *Gloriana* and the fin keel. The *Valkyrie*, Lord Dunraven's cup challenger of 1893, was a clever adaptation by Mr. Watson of the remarkable qualities of both types.

It was deemed advisable to meet the *Valkyrie* with a centreboard craft, and the *Vigilant*, the ablest, fastest, and most seaworthy example of the centreboard type, had no difficulty in defeating the British champion. The *Vigilant*, with centreboard down, has plenty of lateral plane to spare. At beating to windward she is excellent.

Lord Dunraven's second challenge

with another *Valkyrie* induced Mr. Herreshoff to play a practical joke on Mr. Watson, who had designed the new boat in the steadfast belief that he would be confronted with an improved centreboard craft of the general type of the *Vigilant*. Much to his surprise the *Defender* proved to have a keel. Herreshoff met Watson on his own field and vanquished him. He gave his *Defender* less beam than the *Valkyrie*; he also gave her an underbody of rare beauty with a fineness of form hitherto unsurpassed in any racing yacht ever built. It is unnecessary to make any comment on Lord Dunraven's methods or the subsequent semi-judicial inquiry held by the New York Yacht Club, in which the honor of all connected with the *Defender* was splendidly vindicated.

The *Columbia* is a further development of the *Defender*. Mr. Fife's *Shamrock I.*, able though she is, has not the refinement of form necessary for the most perfect work. As for the *Constitution*, she will, in all probability prove fast enough for the work cut out for her to do.

Perhaps I may be permitted the remark that the only "legs" in any contest yet waged for the cup were won by accident. The *Livonia* was victorious by a fluke when the *Columbia* was disabled in a squall. *Valkyrie III.* came in ahead by a narrow margin of less than a minute after running into the *Defender* and carrying away her topmast backstay.

The lightening of weight aloft has been the cause of many accidents. For instance, the *Defender's* gaff carried away just when the Goelet Cup of 1895 seemed within her grasp. The *Vigilant*, far astern, overhauled her op-



ponent and captured the trophy, to the great chagrin of all hands aboard the *Defender*. The *Columbia's* steel lower mast collapsed during a trial spin off Newport under circumstances very similar to those which caused a like mishap to the *Constitution*. All remember how *Shamrock I.* lost her topmast when racing against the *Columbia*, and the dismasting of *Shamrock II.* with the King of England on deck was quite a dramatic event.

It is perhaps worth recalling that the first big sloop to fly the burgee of the New York Yacht Club was dismasted in a squall off Hoboken in June, 1848. The craft was the wonderful *Maria*, Commodore John C. Stevens' flagship, which at that time, before she was lengthened, was about 92 feet on deck. The masthead snapped short off and a big chunk narrowly missed the steward and his wife, who were making chowder in the galley for a party of forty guests who were all on deck at the time. There seems always to be a little cherub aloft who looks after poor Jack and his shipmates when spars topple and fall and the air is full of flying blocks and splinters. In these accidents the people aboard generally escape injury, and this to the marvel of all beholders.

I mention the dismasting of the *Maria* for the benefit of certain "old timers," who are under the delusion that such catastrophes never occurred to the grand boats of bygone days, but are possible only to the modern racing machines.

Victory comes generally to the smartest yacht, if well handled. The ablest ship's company cannot guard against dismasting. The spars and rigging are supplied by the builder. All

that the crew can do is to keep the standing rigging, and the running gear and the sails, in perfect order. For this work, none can beat the native American sailor, no matter whether he hails from Maine, Cape Cod, Long Island, or New Jersey. Locality has no influence on a seaman's capacity. A man born of foreign parents in this country, no matter how stupid they may be, seems to defy the laws of heredity. There is something in the spirit of American freedom and energy that smartens him up. After a few weeks of licking into shape, the American coasting seaman becomes as alert and skillful in his work on a yacht as a foreigner who has served all his life in pleasure craft alone.

The success which America has met in cup defending has been due largely to the manner in which the crews have been drilled. For shifting balloon sails smartly and for quickness of movement about the decks when a mark is being rounded, the Yankee sailor cannot be surpassed. The personnel of a yacht's company is of the highest consequence, if cups are to be captured.

To sum up, it is my conviction that victory will again be ours, and that it will be owing to the superiority of model, the greater ingenuity displayed in rig, the larger pulling power of sails; and last, not least, the greater ability of the Yankee yacht sailors.

Yachtsmen admire the pluck, the generosity, and the even temper of Sir Thomas. Since Lieutenant Henn there has not been so sportsmanlike or so gentle an opponent. Should he prove victorious we shall surrender the old trophy with less reluctance to him than to any other man who ever challenged.

# Gordon's Daughter

By Frances Wilson.

HAD anyone suggested to Paul Gordon on his wedding day that it is when Fate gives us what we ask that we should beware of her, he would have scoffed at the idea. Had some cynical person gone further and insinuated that possibly five years of life with the lithe creature who stood beside him, looking so gracious and tender in her bridal robes, would change his eager confidence in life into bitter distrust, his resentment would probably have taken a more active form.

She was a charming bride, with her masses of shining brown hair, delicate features and slender grace, and Gordon felt very solemn and humble as he looked down upon her. His vision suddenly became indistinct and no more fervent prayer ever went up from a full heart than ascended from his as he knelt at the chancel rail beside her, lifting his heart dumbly to his Maker.

In a sort of beatified vision he saw their life together stretching away from the little West Newton church—going on and on like a long, sunny, peaceful road until it was lost in a happy blur. With the inspiration of her presence forever beside him, he would live up to his best—he would achieve great things!

Matrimony shatters a good many illusions. Five years from his wedding day, the genial, great-hearted Gordon was a disappointed, cynical man whose

attitude towards his wife was one of contemptuous toleration, though he was not without a certain grim appreciation of the humor of his destiny.

Sometimes in the solitude of his library he indulged in a hard, mirthless laugh as he thought of the difference between his dreams and the reality. He was a rising man in his profession—that part of his dreams, at least, had come true—but there was no heart-to-heart companion to share the delights of achievement with him, to spur him on when he was weary and disillusioned.

And yet, he had married a girl whom any man might have been proud to win. It was the instance of *The Ugly Duckling*—reversed! Helen Stuart was not only beautiful, but there was a certain spirituelle quality about her beauty which touched the imagination. At a time when a college training for women was thought to be scarcely a desirable thing, she had taught school and taken herself through college, as her father refused to listen to any such nonsense.

How Gordon had gloried in her intellect and energy. Other girls might be as fair as she, but where was there one who combined beauty, grace and intellect with so much womanly charm? In the days of their courtship they had planned to study together, and it had never struck him that it was simply his enthusiasm which had carried her along—that the plans were

more his than hers. She was to keep him in touch with literature, to keep him from growing one-sided mentally, as professional men are apt to do.

And indeed, they had made a beginning, as a very respectable display of French and German books which lined the library shelves—to which Gordon's eyes sometimes turned with a bitter sneer—attested. Then imperceptibly some inherited languor of the little bride's, which had until then lain dormant, began to assert itself. She never openly opposed his wishes, but there was always some excellent excuse for putting off the work they had planned to do together. The first year of their married life passed and Gordon began to realize that he was pursuing a will-o'-the-wisp—realized it with a dull pain, a deep, inward hurt which rankled the more that it was hidden beneath a calm manner.

He did not confide his plans to her now, for he had discovered that it only wearied her, though she listened to him in a patient, uncomplaining way. Then hope awakened once more in his heart. It would all be different when the baby came! He took all the blame for the sordid failure of their married life upon himself. He was a brute and he rated himself soundly for the irritation that had grown up in his breast against her.

The baby, of course, would be a boy. In the indomitable strength of his desire he never once doubted that—never admitted the possibility that it could be otherwise. He was happy once more and his imagination ran away with him. Long before the little stranger appeared, he had gone with him step by step through his babyhood, bought him a pony and taught him to ride and

shared all his boyish joys and sorrows. He even went further and fancied him a great lad to whom his heart went out with a mighty tenderness as he pointed out to him his own mistakes and tried to shield him from similar ones. And then came the stupefying intelligence that his child was a girl!

At this new disappointment, a wild, unreasoning bitterness against mother and child surged through him. His heart-hunger was turned back upon itself once more. He was one of those pronounced masculine creatures to whom the society of his own sex is indispensable. He had had one desolating glimpse of how divine a thing the companionship of woman may be—one glimpse which had vanished and left him lonely forevermore. It was this great, aching emptiness in his life that the boy was to fill.

Wrath and repulsion filled his soul as he thought of the woman creature who could prove so alluring and so delusive!

"A girl!" he exclaimed, bitterly. "What use have I for a girl! She will grow up and gossip and flirt and"—in the wild turmoil of his disappointment he said it aloud with brutal emphasis—"disappoint some other man as her mother has disappointed me!"

From that time, Gordon was a changed man. He devoted himself with restless ardor to his profession, treated his wife with open disdain and did not scruple to show his scorn for the pettiness of her interests. Her time was pretty evenly divided between shopping and watching the occupants of the opposite houses with a morbid curiosity about their goings and comings.



Poor little Mrs. Gordon! Through some fatal inheritance a sudden numbness fell upon her higher nature with marriage. As Mrs. Gordon, she felt that all reason for strenuousness was removed. The exquisite, soulful quality of her beauty gradually disappeared, leaving a pretty woman with a face whose plumpness was rapidly becoming fat and whose calmness would soon be called phlegmatic.

Mindful of her vow to love, honor and obey, she grew daily more punctilious about details as she neglected essentials. It was all nonsense now that they were married—that idea of Paul's about her studying! She would not, could not, study and read, but she bore his taunts in silence and to do her justice, really thought him the finest man in the world and was convinced that it was his right to be disagreeable to her if he chose.

She would not study German or keep up her music, but she never failed to see that his linen was laid out and that the buttons were in his cuffs. She always ordered dinner with direct reference to his tastes and never complained if it was kept waiting until cold—though the cook usually made up for the forbearance of her mistress in this matter.

Her very humility increased his bitterness toward her. She was so willing to do everything for him, except the one thing that he cared for! Her mild, obtuse manner maddened him at times until he could have struck her. But being a gentleman, he said cutting things instead, which she heard in silence, and resented only by an occasional flush.

As the years went by, they saw less and less of each other. Gordon usually

ate his meals in silence and excused himself as soon as he had finished. But his wife never complained. There were times when he looked at her with the savage desire to rise and slay burning in his heart, she put him so deeply in the wrong. An observer, he knew, would have said, "What a brute of a man Gordon is and what a sweet little wife he has!" There were grim lines about his mouth which marked the hours that he had spent musing upon the power of sweet little women to wreck a man's faith and hope!

No other child came to them, and the offending daughter flourished and expanded into a full-fledged young lady before he had ceased to regard her as an interloper. She had been kept out of his way as much as possible and regarded him with a mixture of awe and pride, for middle-age had brought him an added brusqueness of manner and something very like fame in his profession, while it had returned to Mrs. Gordon in flesh whatever it had filched from her in spirit.

There was too much abstract justice in Gordon's make-up for him to ignore the fact that his behavior to his family was outrageous. If his wife had stood up and resented it, he sometimes told himself, had shown some spirit, some independence, he would have respected her and might, in time, have become reconciled to his disappointment. But to his arrogant, out-spoken nature, her humility was nauseating.

As for the child—she had grown up on the same plan, he supposed! How could he know that, though she loved her mother in a tender, protecting way, she worshipped her stern, forbidding father as one might worship a god—

with fear and trembling? Didn't she always address him in a half-frightened manner and was not her attitude a reflection of her mother's in every way? He smiled cynically as he pictured them, these two meek women, acting so absurdly as if they lived only by his gracious permission!

The son that he had dreamed of was like a dear, long lost child! Life had brought him fame and wealth—and only denied him his dearest wish. Why, then, should he complain?

Thus he argued with himself in bitter scorn—argued against the loneliness of a lifetime which, at fifty, was becoming tragic. He was growing weak—asinine, he told himself, but he could not strangle the longing for the affection of his own flesh and blood.

He sometimes lingered over dinner in these days indulging in awkward pleasantries while his wife and daughter grew flushed and pleased and a trifle nervous in their eagerness to show their appreciation of his attentions. Then he would be unusually churlish for days, from a queer shame at his own self-consciousness in their presence.

His daughter, he noticed, resembled him. It was the day after this fact fixed his attention that he invited her to go to the theatre with him. There was a ripple of subdued excitement in the house at this which roiled him almost beyond endurance. He would have liked them to act as if he had been a model father from her infancy upward.

He was beginning to feel a shy interest in her, an interest which he was not yet ready to admit to himself and which it went against his pride to have them notice. After all, she was his

child—his daughter. Once he repeated the words softly to himself, and a queer, happy thrill went through him.

And then, one day, just as he was beginning to understand that there might, after all, be some happiness left for him in the possession of this neglected daughter, just as he had begun to feel a new pleasure in existing, there was a rap at his door, and the maid announced "Mr. Langley." Gordon suddenly remembered to have seen him at the house often of late, and a quick presentiment shot through his mind.

He should not have her! All the fierce, impetuous will power of his youth leapt up in him once more. There was no possible objection to be made to this suitor, as he knew; but he would positively refuse his consent—so easy it is for a just man to become an autocrat at times!

So Mr. Langley was dismissed, and there followed a stormy interview with his wife, the storm being upon his side and the tears and submission upon hers.

"She shall never marry him, and the sooner you tell her my wishes in the matter the better," he finished curtly, as he ended the interview and retired to the library.

Pauline was strangely quiet when her mother told her. She did not burst into tears, though for a moment her face grew very pale.

"Is my father in the library?" she asked in a low, cool voice which made her mother vaguely uneasy.

"Yes, dear," she fluttered, "but there is no use of pleading with him. You know how decided he is. I have never gone against his wishes——"

(She spoke in perfect good faith!)  
"and of course, he knows best."

The girl looked at her mother for a moment and something very like pity flitted across her face.

"Don't worry, mamma," she said quietly; "I am not going to plead with him," and she left the room without further remark.

A gruff "come in" answered her rap at the library door. Her father was writing and did not look up. She waited patiently until a sharp, inquiring "Well?" signified that he was ready to listen to her. Her face flushed painfully at the contempt in his tone, and for the first time in her life she felt that things should not be thus between father and child. Her indignation was at white heat. Before she could speak, he addressed her peremptorily.

"I have nothing to add to what I have just said to your mother. I suppose that is what you wish to see me about."

He sat back in his chair and looked at her with just a gleam of curiosity in his deep eyes. He was wondering what she would do—but of course she would retire submissively! The gleam deepened into real interest as she began to speak.

"Have you any objection to Ralph—Mr. Langley's character?" she asked, her voice gaining steadiness as she proceeded.

"None whatever," he replied with bland conciseness. "I simply do not choose that he should marry my daughter." And he turned to his desk as if the incident were closed.

"One moment!"

Her voice fairly rang out, and she seemed to grow taller as she spoke.

All trace of timidity and embarrassment had vanished, and Gordon felt a queer tingling of the nerves as he watched her. Her blue eyes blazed into his with an expression as determined and indomitable as his own, but her voice was perfectly level, as she said:

"I have simply come to tell you that I shall marry whom I choose. That is a question that no human being has a right to decide for me, much less a father who has never in my life shown the slightest interest in me."

She did not move, but stood looking at him with a steady, inflexible gaze in which he recognized—himself! There was no bravado in her manner, but there was something that stirred his heart as it had not been stirred for years. For a long moment they looked at each other; then the girl's lip quivered. But it was with wounded affection, not fear. For the life of him her father could not have spoken. He rose, and with a profound bow opened the door and held it for her to pass out.

When it was closed once more and he was safe in the solitude of the library, an exultant smile rested on his lips.

"She has some spirit!" he murmured half aloud; "some pluck!" Then, after a reminiscent pause: "Why, it's almost as interesting as having a boy to deal with! Why hasn't she shown that side of her character before?" With fine inconsistency he forgot that he had never given her an opportunity.

Meantime, trembling from the reaction of her revolt, his daughter had gone to her room. She laughed hysterically as she pictured her mother's consternation at what she had done.



From what she knew of her father's character, she felt sure that the rupture was final. He would never forgive her, and she would never retract! She, too, was a Gordon! At least, there would be one more dinner in this strange home of hers—and she laughed a little bitterly and began to dress.

Her father's eyes sought hers with a satirical light in their depths as she entered the dining room that night, but hers leaped to meet them unflinchingly. She never knew that had they avoided his by so much as a hair's-breadth, she would have lost what came to be to her in after years one of the great joys of her life—her father's loving companionship.

So she did not repent! There was a wild, triumphant joy in Gordon's heart, for he had feared that she might—that at dinner she would appear as a suppliant for his forgiveness. Here at

last was a foeman worthy of his steel!

He greeted her with exaggerated politeness and held a slip of paper toward her. She took it wonderingly, looked at it for a moment, then at him, in bewilderment. It was a check for one thousand dollars!

"Since you are going to marry when and whom you please," he explained suavely, "it seems well that you should have a little extra money."

His tone was mocking, but by some subtle instinct, Pauline knew that she had pleased him better than she had ever done in her life before.

"Papa!" she exclaimed in a doubtful, questioning tone—"Papa!"—and then her eyes looked wistfully but fearlessly into his, and something of his nature was revealed to her—she understood! With a quick, impetuous movement she was at his side and her arms were around his neck.



# What the Cities are doing for the Children of the Poor

• By Charles Loring Brace •



VOLUMES could be filled in dealing with this comprehensive subject. One brief article can describe only the spirit and aim of the work that is so ripe in fruitful results, and so charged with human interest. There has been so much progress in charitable endeavor along this particular line, such remarkable development in organization, so great growth in popular sympathy, and such an awakening of the public to a sense of its responsibilities, that the time must one day come when the various forces of the problem will be turned into a roadway that is at once straight, and free from the impediments of ignorance.

Every large city in the Union is studying this problem of bettering the environment of the children of the

poor. At the last annual National Conference of Charities and Corrections nearly every state in the Union was represented. Every delegate had his or her story to tell, and the stories were all of progress, development, and additional knowledge. Without exception the children enlisted the greatest attention, for among them alone is hopeful work to be done; with them alone is the one great opportunity for organized charity to block the wheels of crime.

It is interesting to reflect upon the wonderful progress that has been made in the good work done among the children of the poor since the first institution in their behalf was founded in New York in the year 1824—the institution for the Reform of Juveniles. The work was directed rather toward

the punishment of crime than toward its prevention. At that time four acres of land situated between Fifth and Madison avenues, and extending from Twenty-third to Twenty-sixth streets, was transferred to the society which was to take the delinquents in charge. The institution opened with six girls and three boys. Boston followed New York in the work of juvenile reform, and a similar institution was opened in that city in 1826.

Looking back to the year 1853 when the Children's Aid Society of New York was established, it is interesting to quote from the circular issued at that time: "In one ward alone of the city, the Eleventh, there were in 1852, out of 12,000 children, only 7,000 who attended school. The warden of the city prison reported that one-fourth of the commitments, and nearly one-half of those charged with petty offences had not attained the age of 21 years."

The principal method of work of the society was for years bitterly contested, but now it is recognized as a settled method in the science of charity. It is known as emigration work, and consists in placing out the children in country homes of adoption. It is based on the principle that individual influence and home life are better than institutional life for child development; that lessons of industry and self-help are better than alms; that entire change of circumstance is the best cure for the defects of the children of the lowest poor.

It is toward this end that the Children's Aid Society places the dependent child temporarily in an institution, and then seeks for him a home by adoption. Last year 581 children were placed in permanent homes in the va-

rious States. The society has placed in all 22,121 children in permanent homes, usually in the West, and a careful analysis of the records show that eighty-seven per cent. of the children have turned out well. Among them two have become governors of states, one a member of Congress, and many others have made their mark in the professional, commercial, and political world. It is an interesting fact that the children who have been most successful in their after careers, were not the well trained children from institutions as one might suppose, but were mostly boys who had received their early training on the streets, and were removed to a better environment before they were twelve years old. On the other hand, the very small number who were arrested for crime or sent to reform schools, were in most cases children who came from institutions. The petty crimes they committed were largely due to want of worldly experience—a difficulty in distinguishing right from wrong. However, when we consider that but 60 children out of 22,000, so far as we know, committed petty crimes, whether they came to us from institutions or from the streets, we feel that our experience proves that when children are removed in time to good environment they are saved to lives of usefulness.

At the request of the commissioner in charge of the sociological exhibits at the Paris Exposition, we sent reports and photographs descriptive of our work. The facts relative to our emigration department were especially interesting to the Jury of Awards, and the Grand Prix, the highest award, was given us.

The summer charities of the Chil-



dren's Aid Society are many, and new features develop with every recurring summer. Thousands enjoy the Summer Home at Bath Beach. There is a Health Home at Coney Island, where thousands of mothers and babies go for a week at a time and sometimes longer. There is the Sick Children's Mission in the crowded East Side, where the needs of the poor during the

work wonders for the impressionable street boy, who in spite of his ability to take care of himself, is still very young for his age. The change that even so short a period as a month of this happy, healthy, family life will make in a boy must be observed to be understood. It can scarcely be imagined.

At the Brace Memorial Farm the



*From a photograph by Byron.*

THE KINDERGARTEN IN THE NEW YORK FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.

hot weather are supplied; and there is the Brace Memorial Farm School at Kensico in Westchester County, where homeless boys are sent to get strong and healthy and be civilized before being placed in permanent homes of adoption. In the summer city boys are given a week in the country. The family life on the farm, and the treatment of laziness as one of the deadly sins,

cottage system in which the boys are divided in small families is the one in use. Each household is presided over by two caretakers, a man and wife, and the influence on the boys is incalculable. They are taught the etiquette of the home in all its branches. The table linen is a feature with which all are familiar, and every boy has a napkin by his plate at table, and knows



*From a photograph by Byron.*

#### DINING-ROOM IN THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.

how to use it. The grass that grows about the Brace Memorial Farm is not mowed so frequently as some of the charitable institutions; the lawns are less attractive perhaps, but the table service is more civilizing. We have a motherly woman at the head of the table, and the element of family living predominates. The expense *per capita* amounts to a little over two dollars a week. But even if it amounted to eight dollars a week, as is the case in Boston, the investment of the public moneys would be far wiser than to devote it to what is known as prison reform.

The Children's Aid Society has nineteen day schools and evening schools scattered about in the various sections of New York City in the poorest districts. These schools in no wise compete with the public schools, and

only children who are non-attendants are hunted up. The teachers are missionaries, and through the medium of the child, the family is reached in a natural and wholesome manner productive of the best results. An important feature of every one of these schools is the kindergarten. It is a fairy-land to the child, and the teacher is the fairy mother. There are 14,000 children enrolled in these schools, and there is a daily attendance of 7,000.

The School for Cripples is the newest and one of the most interesting of the many branches of Children's Aid Society work. We have now four of these schools for crippled children. The first school of this kind was opened in London under the direction of Mrs. Humphrey Ward, and our schools are patterned after it. The poor little creatures, many of whom

had never been outside the walls of one room in a tenement house, have sunshine brought into their unfortunate lives, and many of them have demonstrated a capacity for development that was not thought possible. There is an average attendance of forty pupils in each of the four schools. Every morning the wagonette, with attendant and nurse, calls for the child, and he or she is carried down to the vehicle, carried to the schoolroom, and carried back again at the close of the session.

The change wrought in the little creature whose heritage seems to have been only misfortune is wonderful. At first it was thought to put cots in the schoolroom for those not able to sit up. All were invalids. Nothing had ever been expected of them. On the latter account, it was deemed wise to test the pluck and endurance of the individual, and also to test the power of the contagion of health. The idea met with wonderful results. Every child tries to be well, to be better physically than any one else. No longer are the sufferings and hospital experiences the thing to talk about. Work is the thing. So one little girl with only one hand learns to sew, and a boy who cannot walk learns to use the typewriter, and other examples of manual training combined with book lessons have awakened little dormant mental faculties whose existence was not suspected. It is from this class, when neglected, that the most disgusting street beggars develop, and it is easy to see how the school for crippled children will, in time, tend to do away with this species of mendicant.

The other works of the Children's Aid Society are comprehended in the five lodging houses for both boys and

girls, and also in the boy's clubs, of which every lodging house has one, as well as a probation department, lately organized to co-operate with the courts.

The Board of Education in establishing its summer schools, its public playgrounds, its gymnasiums, which are a feature of the playgrounds, its kindergartens on the recreation piers, and more recently its circulating libraries, has undertaken the education of the heart as the open sesame to the education of the head. The swimming baths under the direction of the School Board are not to be overlooked as a special mark of progress along the lines of improving the condition of the children of the poor. At the baths are employed professional teachers of swimming, just as expert athletes are employed as teachers at the out-door gymnasiums. A grand tournament closes the season of games, and diplomas and medals are presented as a reward of excellence.

It is not possible in a limited space to mention all the good works and the good workers who now unite in uplifting the children in many sections of the greater city where the poor live. Every charitable organization, whether private, sectarian, or municipal, has its children's department, and regards it as of the greatest importance. The Out-Door and Recreation League does a great summer work, and St. John's Guild takes thousands of mothers and babies every day to the ocean in its floating hospital. The Society for the Improvement of the Poor makes a trip three times a week to its home at the beach. Several newspapers conduct Fresh Air work, which consists in sending children to the country for a





FLOATING HOSPITAL OF THE ST. JOHN'S GUILD, NEW YORK.

fortnight's outing. The Little Mothers' Aid Society sends the daughter, who is the mother's helper, to an outing in the country for a day or a week as the case requires, and pays for the daily care of the little ones at a day nursery during her absence.

During the winter this association conducts classes in sewing and cooking, and contributes to the comfort of its charges in various ways. The Kitchen Garden method of imparting knowledge of domestic science, the invention of Miss Huntingdon who still carries on the work in New York, is one of the most admirable features of manual training.

The Neighborhood Settlement work in all the cities is also productive of great results. The "Bibliography of Settlements," issued last year, reports the work of 104 of these associations. The boys' and girls' clubs are the most important feature of this Neighbor-

hood Settlement work. There are gymnasiums, circulating libraries, savings' banks, classes in manual training for boys, and in cooking and sewing for both sexes, and co-operative benefits in various directions.

The courts and the Commissioner of Charity of New York City commit dependent children to institutions, and the city contributes \$104 *per capita per annum* for their support. The Foundling Asylum of New York is one of the most interesting of the many institutions for the relief and care of the children. Since it was established thirty years ago by the Sisters of Charity, 33,000 babies, most of them motherless, all of them fatherless, have found a home within its hospitable walls. Very little red tape is connected with entering a baby into the snug and comfortable fold. Even the mother, no matter what the circumstances are, if she has no home and wishes to remain

with her offspring, is welcome to a home there for a year. In cases where the maternal love is merely a spark, the sisters essay to fan that spark into a flame, believing that such a course is the surest means of reclaiming the mother to a more useful life. More than 5,000 mothers have yielded to the gentle allurements of this logic of love.

priests of some remote parish, the little people are spoken for in advance, and are thus placed in homes where they are legally adopted, and life really begins in earnest for them.

It is a pathetic sight, this departure of the eager little crowd, helpless as kittens, trusting as the darlings of any private nursery, wholesome and fair to



SCENE ON DECK OF A FLOATING HOSPITAL.

The Home protects the little inmates for three years, during which the mother contributes what she can toward the support of her own child, whom she is privileged to claim at any time. Three years closes the probationary life of the asylum, and if possible homes are then obtained for the little ones, preferably in the far West. Four times a year agents conduct a small colony of the foundlings to future homes of adoption. Through the

look upon, but bereft of all natural equipment of parental affection, starting so early to make their own way in the world, with the guilelessness of a child's love as their only weapon with which to forge a way into some unknown human heart.

But the institution, large as it is, is not spacious enough to house all its little wards. Only about 800 of them live within its walls. More than 1,300 of the tiny babies are boarded out in



private homes where women are qualified to nourish them. Once every month this great army of foster mothers bearing their little charges in their arms, visit the asylum to report on the health of the child, to submit it to medical inspection, and to receive the fee of ten dollars which is paid them for their services to the little helpless wards for whose board the city annually pays more than \$150,000.

When homes are not found for the children by the time they are three years of age, they continue to reside at the asylum for three years more, when they are passed on to another institution. It is intended that homes shall be obtained for them thus early in order that they may retain no lasting memory of their lives at the asylum. The little tots march out two by two, each clasping the hand of a little companion, some of them in tears at the thought of leaving familiar scenes and friendly faces, with instinctive knowledge that they are passing through some crisis, the nature of which they do not understand—the nature of which they are spared from comprehending.

The Gerry Society of New York, whose vigilant agents patrol every section of the city, is wide reaching and absolute in its power, and in its efforts

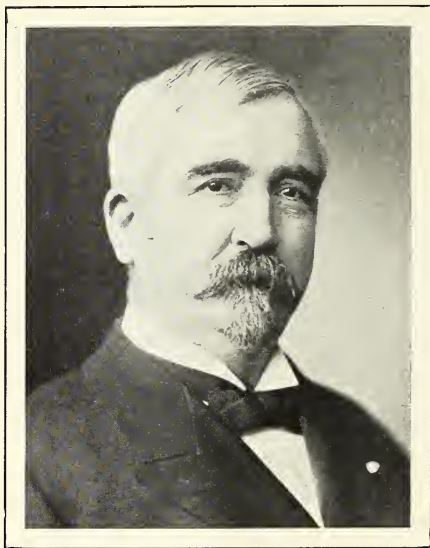
to relieve the wrongs of the children. With zealous agents from all societies interested in the fate of the children, it is impossible for a homeless child to exist in the streets of the city for more than twenty-four hours.

The Juvenile Court, established more than a year ago in Chicago, is a feature of work among the children of the poor that has attracted more attention than any other recent departure. The idea is by no means a

new one, but Chicago is the first city to put its practicability to the test. So successful has it proved to be in every particular, that the attention of church workers in all parts of the world has been attracted to it, and agents have visited it from many foreign countries to inquire into its workings. The main undertaking is that no boy or girl shall be re-

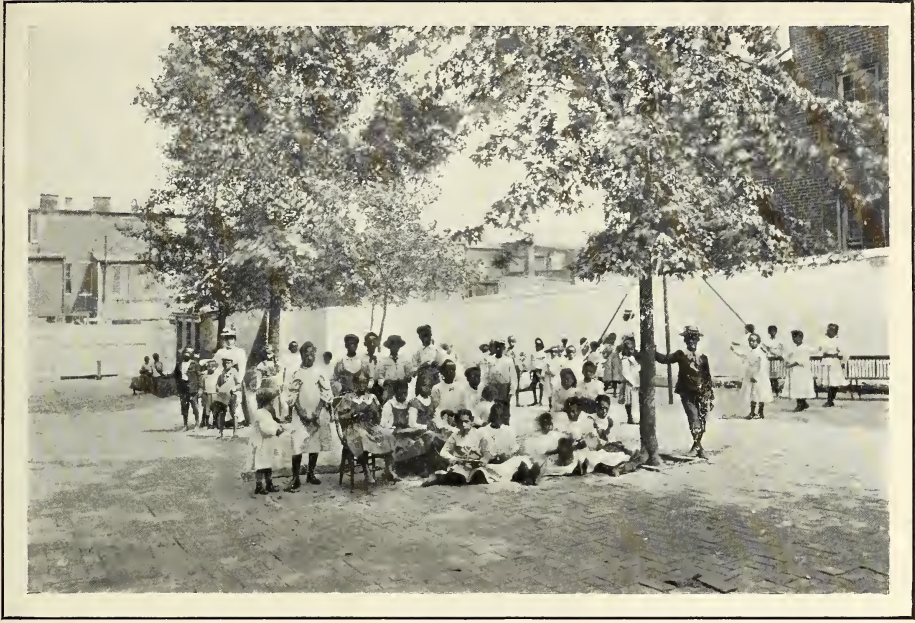
garded a criminal, and shall not be placed in a police station. From the fourteen judges of the Circuit Court one was elected to preside over the Juvenile Court, which holds session three times a week. Judge Richard S. Tuthill was the magistrate selected for the office, and he has proved himself admirably qualified to deal with the juvenile delinquent.

It sounds almost incredible, but it is true, that in two years but twenty boys



HON. RICHARD S. TUTHILL, JUDGE OF THE  
CHICAGO JUVENILE COURT.





PLAYGROUND FOR COLORED CHILDREN AT BALTIMORE.

have passed through the city jail in Chicago, as against 1,705 the two years previous. When a boy is placed under arrest for any cause whatever, he and his parents or guardians appear in court, and each tells his story. The boy is regarded as a rebellious youngster and not as a criminal. The judge treats the case just as a parent would do. If the boy is returned to his parents he is placed also under the care of a probation officer, to whom he reports every week or two as the case may be. The boy is thus brought in contact with some one who believes in him and encourages him, and the chances are that he is anxious to be a good boy, and ultimately becomes one. If it is found necessary to send him to the John Worthy School, as the reformatory is called, he is there trained in some kind of manual work so that

he will be self-supporting when he is released.

Buffalo has already established a Children's Court, and Baltimore is planning for a similar measure. Several of the States have during the past winter adopted some parts or the whole of the law just as it stands in Illinois. It illustrates sentiment applied to law just as it is applied to charity organization work. New York is to have a Juvenile Court after January next.

In Boston, the Municipal Camp is one of the interesting features of charitable work under the immediate direction of the city. Hundreds of city boys are taken to the camp for a week's sojourn all through the summer months. The camp is located on Long Island, in a beautiful spot about thirty minutes' sail down Boston harbor.



THE BOSTON MUNICIPAL CAMP.

Credentials of good behavior entitle every applicant to a week's entertainment, and there he lends himself to the discipline and delights of camp life. The benefits from a moral and physical standpoint are incalculable.

Boston has many other advanced ideas in charitable work. It has a Parental School, and it is also worthy of mention that in the House of Reformation, an institution similar to New York's House of Refuge, the cottage system of living for the younger boys is a successful feature. The younger boys are divided into small families living in cottages, and in this way enjoy the effects of family life such as is impossible in a large institution where all are under one roof. It is proposed to change the name of the House of Reformation to that of Suffolk School. This idea is also along the line of sentiment, and it is believed that this simple change in the name may improve the chances in the after life of the boys

who have been committed there. However, the maintenance expense of \$8.50 per week *per capita* is so excessive as compared with the expenses of New York institutions that the cottage system of Boston, admirable as the plan is, must be modified before New York can afford to adopt it.

The Farm School at Thompson's Island is another of Boston's interesting charities. This institution was established in the year 1814. All branches of farming are taught and a complete municipality is a feature of interest to the boys, who elect each other to the office and study from object lessons the science of government. The fact, however, that only boys under twelve and of good moral character are admitted, compels one to ask why such a costly effort is needed for them when family homes may be so easily obtained, through the admirable boarding-out plan of the Boston Children's Aid Society.

The most interesting charitable work in behalf of the children of the poor is not among the dependent and delinquent classes by any means. The little ones who are born of shiftless or drunken parents to the battle with poverty in a crowded and squalid environment should be gathered as soon as possible into the kindergartens, mission schools, industrial schools and boys' and girls' clubs, and through these agencies lifted to a higher moral plane. Much as is done in this uplifting work among the crowded tenements of New York, vastly more remains to be done. Every block of the great rookeries should have its kindergarten and industrial school, its boys' and girls' clubs, a mission worker and school visitor. The census returns show that more than 40,000 children in Brooklyn and 50,000 children in New York under nine years of age cannot attend school or kindergarten for lack

of room. This dangerous condition is due not to the carelessness of school authorities, but to the extraordinary increase of the population, due in part to the fact that whole districts of small houses have lately given place to great double-decked tenements, and in part to the enormous immigration from Italy and Eastern Europe.

The children of these people must not be neglected, and while we recognize that the hand of charity and love being held out to those in need all over the land speaks loudly for the warm hearted development of the race, yet as the population of our cities grows in density and as the tide of immigration to our shores grows stronger, the problem of the poor grows greater, and it is only through a constant and rapid increase in good works that the problem may be met. Work among the children leads to the only possible solution—the prevention of misery and crime.

## The American Girl

By Charlotte Becker

SHE has a way of looking many things—  
Reserved or tender, sorrowful or gay,  
The morrow's promise, or the yesterday  
Of ancient wisdom. Old-world romance clings  
About the new-world need for questionings  
Wherewith she qualifies her keen survey  
Of life in earnest or of life at play;  
And subtle charm swift comprehension brings,  
Lies in her clear response to word or glance.  
Half ruled by impulse, wholly sensitive  
To others' moods—she holds in eye and lip  
The sorcery which conquers time and chance,  
And pledges as the best earth has to give,  
The privilege of her true comradeship.



# Washington-Greene Correspondence

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A large collection of original letters written by General Washington and General Greene has come into the editor's possession. It is our intention to reproduce in fac-simile those of the letters which present the most interesting details and side lights on the great events of the period covered, even though some of the letters may have been previously published.

The reproduction of these letters in chronological order will be continued through the following eleven issues. In the first of the two here reproduced are indicated the trying conditions under which the officers of the Continental army labored, and in his reply to General Greene some of the details of the personal hardships and discomforts experienced by General Washington are set forth. Printed copies of these letters appear on page 80.—EDITOR.

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Morristown January 25. 1780

Nothing could mark my folly in  
George's column than to be guilty of either want of respect  
or attention to General Washington; nor can I upon a review  
of my past conduct, think my self justly chargeable with  
either the one or the other. Your Excellency's reply of here-  
fore this morning, gave me the most sensible pain.

When I first came to this place, after Head Quarters  
was agreed on. I gave Col Baldwin and Capt Brevier directions  
to select out a proper number of hands and to hold in reserve  
a sufficient quantity of Boards to do every thing for Head Quarters  
the family might think proper to order. I did not suppose  
that your Excellency either over-looked or desired me to take par-  
ticular direction of the Business. Such materials as were  
necessary to execute the work, and not upon the ground. There  
is an all pains in my power to procure; but the severity of the  
weather, and the scarcity of the articles has rendered it impos-  
sible to be got in.

The number of Carpenters that we have had have been  
small, the most of them being left behind at West Point and  
Kings ferry: the whole number did not exceed five and thirty.  
As these had their hands to build and the Hospitals to prepare to  
receive the sick that were daily falling down; Few were  
left for other purposes; and out of these agreed part was sent to  
Head Quarters. Whether they have been as faithful as they ought  
to have been, is difficult for me to say. But such is the desec-  
tion prevailing in the Corps, and the injustice that has been done  
them in point of pay; that industry and attention is hardly to be  
expected to such a degree as we should have a right to demand  
were they employed in these points.

With this handful of men, I had Quarters and accomoda-  
tion to provide for almost all the Officers. My inability to answer  
this

their demands has been no small source of discontent. Baron  
Stuben supports the neglect to be so great that he was almost ready  
to <sup>enter a formal complaint</sup> ~~general a complaint~~; altho he has more attention paid  
him, than all the other Generals beside. I only mention this  
to show the disagreeable situation I am placed in, by not having  
it in my power to comply with the wishes of every one. Each  
feels the inconvenience peculiar to his own situation, and in his  
particularity urgent for a position. And what has served here  
for my ~~situation~~ <sup>condition</sup> the more humiliating and embarrassing has  
been the accommodation of the inhabitants to accommodate the of-  
ficers. Few of which have had very little done for them as yet.

General Knox <sup>it must be confessed</sup> is amply provided for, but this he has done  
with the Artificers of the Park who are not at my command  
It is true I have got a kitchen for my self, which has been  
erected with great despatch; and is the only accommodation I  
have attempted for my own family: all the part of them are obliged  
to lodge out in different houses, and the rest have been cram-  
med together in a mess, which decency of feel almost forbids me  
nothing but my private sentiments should have induced me to have done this  
I have been faulty on this, yet not on account of a love for my fault.  
I am obliged to my own accommodation  
I am still in want of an office to do business in, and have not had  
a place to retire to, till within a few days upon any occasion what-  
ever. Mr Marshall taking other lodging, affords me an office  
room. ~~Nothing but my private sentiments should have induced me to have done this~~  
~~indeed me I have paid the least attention to my own convenience~~  
~~nor can I suppose my accommodations better than other officers of~~  
~~this time. And if they were not the case, the service~~  
~~Glories I am under, will apologize for the difference.~~

The duties of my office are peculiarly disagreeable  
and now augmenting daily increasing. Thus I am obliged to  
struggle with as long as I continue in office. (But I need  
not to be thought waiting either in respect or attention to General  
Washington. And as I don't find any ground in any degree chargeable  
I thought the report altogether unwarranted.)



Head L<sup>th</sup> Jan<sup>y</sup>. 22<sup>d</sup> 1780.

Dear Sir,

Appearances & Facts  
must speak for themselves — To these  
I appeal — I have been at my pre-  
sent quarters since the first day of  
Dec<sup>r</sup> & have no a Kitcher to cook  
a dinner in, altho' the dogs have  
been put together some considera-  
ble time by my own Guard — there  
is there a place at this moment in  
which a servant can lodge, with  
the smallest degree of comfort —  
Eighteen belonging to my family, &  
all M<sup>rs</sup> Fords are crowded together  
in her Kitcher, & hardly one of  
them able to speak for the colds they  
have caught. —

I have repeatedly taken  
notice of this inconvenience to Mr.  
Gibbs, & have as often been told that  
boards were not to be had. — I ac-  
quiesced — and believe you will do  
me the justice to acknowledge, that  
it never has been my practice  
to involve the public in any expense  
I

I could possibly avoid, or derive  
benefits which would be inconve-  
nient, or prejudicial to others —  
To share a common lot — & partici-  
pate the inconveniences which  
the army (from the peculiarity  
of our circumstances are obliged  
to undergo) has, with me, been a  
fundamental principle; and while  
I conceived this to be the case —  
universally — I was perfectly con-  
tent — That it is not so, I appeal  
to your own observation, tho' I  
never intended to make the remark  
nor should I have done it, but for  
the question which involuntarily  
drew from me the answer, which  
has been the subject of your letter.

Equally opposed is it to ~~my~~  
my wishes & expectation, that you  
should be troubled in matters res-  
pecting my accommodation, further  
than to give the necessary orders,  
& furnish materials; without  
which, orders are nugatory —

From what you have said,  
I am fully satisfied that the person  
to whom you entrusted the execution  
of

of my work, are alone to blame; for certain I am they might, by attention, have obtained (equally with others) as many boards as would have answered my purposes, long ere this. —

Far, very far is it from me, to censure any measures you have adopted for your own accommodation, or for the more immediate convenience of M<sup>rs</sup> Greene — at all times I think you are entitled to as good, as circumstances will afford; and in the present condition of your lady, conceive that no delay could be admitted — I should therefore with great willingness have made my convenience yield to hers, if the point had lain there, being very sincerely

Y<sup>r</sup> obed<sup>t</sup> & affect Serv<sup>t</sup>

E. W. Weymouth

May<sup>r</sup> Gen<sup>l</sup> Greene.



## Gen. Greene to Gen. Washington.

MORRISTOWN, January 21, 1780.

SIR:—Nothing could mark my folly in stronger colours than to be guilty of either want of respect or attention to General Washington; nor can I, upon a review of my past conduct, think myself justly chargeable with—either the one or the other. Your Excellency's reproof, therefore, this morning, gave me the most sensible pain.

When I first came to this place, after Head Quarters was agreed on, I gave Col. Baldwin and Capt. Brevoir directions to select out a proper number of hands, and to hold in reserve a sufficient Quantity of Boards to do every thing for Head Quarters the family might think proper to order. I did not suppose that your Excellency either wished or desired me to take particular direction of the business. Such materials as were necessary to execute the work; and not upon the ground; I have taken all the pains in my power to procure; but the severity of the weather, and the scarcity of the Articles, has rendered supplies difficult to be got.

The number of Carpenters that we have had here have been small, the most of them being left behind at West point and Kings ferry: the whole number did not exceed five and thirty—As they had their huts to build, and the Hospitals to prepare to receive the sick with the Army; Few were left for other purposes; and out of these a great part was sent to Head Quarters. Whether they have been as faithful as they ought to have been; is difficult for me to say. But such is the discontent prevailing in the Corps, and the injustice that has been done them in point of pay; that industry and attention is hardly to be expected to such a degree as we should have right to demand were they satisfied in these points.

With this handful of men, I had Quarters and accommodation to provide for almost all the Officers. My inability to answer their demands has been no small power of discontent. Baron Steuben supposed the neglect to be so great that he was almost ready to enter a formal complaint; altho he had more attention paid him, than all the other Generals beside. I only mention this to show the disagreeable situation I am placed in, by not having it in my power to comply with the wishes of every one. Each feels the inconveniency peculiar to his own situation, and is proportionately urgent for assistance. And what has served to render my condition the more humiliating and distressing has been the disinclination of the Inhabitants to accommodate the officers, Few of which have had very little done for them as yet.

General Knox, it must be confessed, is amply provided for; but this he has done with the artificers of the Park, who are not at my command. It is true I have got a Kitchen for myself, which has been erected with great difficulty; and is the only accommodation I have attempted for my own family: Altho part of them are obliged to lodge out in different houses, and the rest have been crammed together in a way which decency itself almost forbids. Nothing but Mrs. Greene's peculiar situation would have induced me to have paid the least attention to my own accommodation. If I have been faulty in this, let my affection atone for my fault. I am still in want of an Office to do business in, and have not had a place to retire to, till within a few days, upon any occasion whatever. Mr. ——— taking other lodgings affords me a spare room.

The duties of my office are peculiarly disagreeable and new difficulties daily increasing. These I am willing to struggle with as long as I continue in Office. But I wish not to be thought wanting either in respect or attention to General Washington. And as I don't feel myself in any degree chargeable, I thought the reproof is altogether unmerited.

## Gen. Washington to Gen. Greene.

HEAD QTS., Jan'y 22d, 1780.

DEAR SIR:—Appearances and facts must speak for themselves—to these I appeal—I have been at my present quarters since the first day of Dec. and have not had a kitchen to cook a dinner in, altho' the logs have been put together some considerable time by my own Guard—Nor is there a place at this moment in which a servant can lodge, with the smallest degree of comfort. Eighteen belonging to my family, and all Mrs. Ford's are crowded together in her kitchen, and hardly one of them able to speak for the colds they have caught.

I have repeatedly taken notice of this inconvenience to Major Gibbs, and have as often been told that boards were not to be had. I acquiesced—and believe you will do me the justice to acknowledge, that it never has been my practice to involve the public in any expense I could possibly avoid, or derive a benefit which would be inconvenient, or prejudicial to others. To share a common lot—and participate the inconveniences which the army (from the peculiarity of circumstances are obliged to undergo) has, with me, been a fundamental principle; and while I conceived this to be the case—universally—I was perfectly content. That it is not so, I appeal to your own observation; tho' I never intended to make the remark, nor should I have done it, but for the question which involuntarily drew from me the answer, which has been the subject of your letter.

Equally opposed is it to my wishes and expectation, that you should be troubled in matters respecting my accommodation, further than to give the necessary orders, and furnish materials; without which, orders are nugatory.

From what you have said, I am fully satisfied that the persons to whom you entrusted the execution of my work, are alone to blame; for certain I am they might, by attention, have obtained (equally with others) as many boards as would have answered my purposes, long ere this.

Far, very far is it from me, to censure any measures you have adopted for your own accommodation, or for the mere immediate convenience of Mrs. Greene—at all times I think you are entitled to as good, as circumstances will afford; and in the present condition of your lady, conceive that no delay could be admitted—I should therefore with great willingness have made my convenience yield to hers. if the point had lain there, being very sincerely,

Yr. obd. and affect. Gen.,

(Signed)

Maj -Gen Greene.  
Original letter.

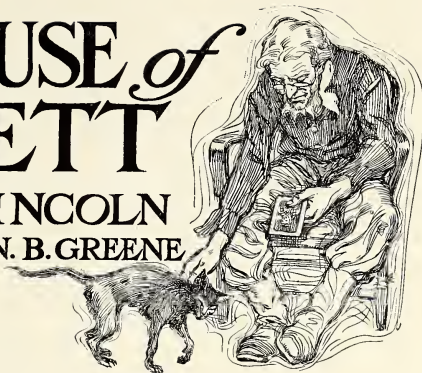
G. WASHINGTON.



# The HOUSE of MOFFETT

By JOE LINCOLN

Illustrations by N. B. GREENE



THE crippled buckboard limped away on its three remaining wheels, its rear axle bumping along the sandy road.

Andy, the driver, whose uniform—that of an English coachman—was an ill match for his unmistakable Yankee features, sat on the seat and hurled uncomplimentary remarks at the bay horse whose shying had caused all the trouble. Mrs. Perkins C. Bunby, with a frown on her handsome features and with her blonde hair somewhat disarranged, stood watching the horse and battered equipage go over the low hill out of sight. The circle of dirty faced children and anxious dogs that surrounded her breathed heavily and stared in silence, and the three frowsy women, each standing in a door of a tumble-down shanty, wiped their red

arms on their aprons and also stared. A runaway does not come to “Woodchuck’s Misery” every day in the week.

Mrs. Bunby did not mind being stared at; she was used to it. Away back in the old days she had waited at table in her father’s hotel. He had come there and stared at her and she had not wished to resent His gaze. Later on, in New York, the people had stared at her, both because of her beauty and because she was his wife. In the divorce court and the other court they had stared at her, and the newspapers printed her picture for less favored ones to stare at. The great and celebrated Perkins C. Bunby, discoverer and compounder of “Bunby’s Salvation Specifics, the Invalid’s Balm of Gilead,” had come and stared at her and had laid himself and his millions at her feet. And now the guests at the Mattacusetts House stared at her and whispered behind her back.

She had come to Cape Cod merely

because of a whim. The winter in Florida had been tiresome enough. New York in the spring is even more tiresome. The enterprising proprietor of the Mattacussett sent out his circulars early in the season and she read of the "finest and most exclusive hotel on the Massachusetts coast. Come and find health and rest by the Orham beaches." So she came, and found the Orham beaches more tiresome than Key West or Fifth Avenue.

She could have had plenty of company had she desired it. The single men at the hotel would have crowded about her had she permitted them, and the married ones also—many of them—if they dared. She knew the women envied her her face and figure, her gowns and jewels, so when they coldly turned away she smiled scornfully and did not follow. But once in a while a dart would pierce her armor, and it had so happened that morning.

Merely a little thing and one that she might not have minded at another time. A young girl, a new arrival at the hotel, had made her acquaintance the night before and had enthusiastically invited her to join a fishing party which was to sail the next day. But watchful mammas may learn a great deal in an hour's gossip, and, when morning came, the young lady had but a very frigid nod to bestow upon her friend of the previous evening and the fishing trip was not mentioned again.

She had received similar slights before, but had never minded them as she did this one. All day she brooded over it, and when Andy came round with the buckboard to take her for her usual afternoon drive, the tide of her resentment was at flood. She hated the hotel and everybody in it, herself included,

and determined to go back to New York the next day. She hated the great and celebrated Perkins C., who was now in his city office turning sugar and water into little round pills and the little round pills into big round dollars for her to spend. But more than all she hated Him.

If it had not been for Him she might never have known these women who slighted her. If it had not been for Him she would doubtless have married some honest country fellow and have kept the hotel after her father died. She mentally reviewed the five miserable years of life as His wife, ending with the day when she sat in court and laughed as the judge said that He should be taken to the state prison and there confined for twenty-five years at hard labor. Hard labor for *Him*! She laughed again as she thought of it, but hated Him more than ever.

The broken buckboard had disappeared. She shook the sand from her silken skirts and turned to face the realities of "Woodchuck's Misery." She looked at the gloomy sky, the half covered sand flats, the cranberry swamps, the lobster pots and dories on the beach, and the desolate clump of houses. She must spend an hour and a half in this spot; Andy said it would take at least that long to go to the hotel and return with a new rig.

"Do all you children live in those four little houses?" she asked, for the sake of hearing a human voice.

Most of the members of the juvenile circle looked at each other out of the corners of their eyes, grinned sheepishly and said nothing. Two or three nodded their heads. Only one ventured to speak; he was a little older than the rest and had flaming red hair.



"Yes-um," he said; "in three of 'em,"

"Oh, in three?"

"Yes-um. The Manuellos live in the middle one. They're Portygees. He's one of 'em, and so's he, and her, and her, and him and her." Each Manu-ello face, being pointed at, was at once bisected by a mighty smile.

It seemed that the Burgesses lived in the nearest house. These were the Burgesses. The Raffertys occupied the palatial residence beyond. The speaker was a Rafferty, and so were these fortunate ones. The Rafferty hair would have been sufficient identification.

"Old man Moffett lives in the littlest house there on the p'int. He—"

"Who?"

"Old man Moffett. Tom Moffett."

"*Tom Moffett!*"

Mrs. Bunby repeated the name slowly and in an undertone. Her associates had ever been those who believed in luck a great deal more devoutly than they believed in the Bible. Nothing was too strange for luck to bring about. For a moment she had visions of broken prison bars and escaped convicts. Tom Moffett had been His name. Not the name by which He was known in the metropolis and beyond, nor the name which was written beside hers on the marriage register, but His real name, as she discovered a year after she married Him.

"Tom Moffett! What sort of a man is he? How does he look? How long has he lived here?"

"Been here four er five years now," answered Mr. Rafferty, disdainfully. "Come from Gloucester, Ma says. He's old and shaky and he's got rheumatiz."

She should have known it was not

the same. There were hundreds of Tom Moffetts in the country, no doubt. She swung her parasol in an uncertain manner; turned to walk up the road; halted, turned again, and began to walk towards the little house on the point. The name was a queer coincidence, nevertheless.

The house looked neater than its neighbors. There was a small chicken yard close by, and some nasturtiums were growing by the back window. Mrs. Bunby and the volunteer escort of children and dogs passed around the corner toward the front door and saw an old man sitting on an overturned keg, smoking a pipe and gazing at the sea. He started when he saw the delegation and rose, with some difficulty, to his feet.

"Is this Mr. Moffett?" inquired Mrs. Bunby, politely.

"Yes, marm." The old man fumbled in one pocket after another until he produced a pair of brass-rimmed spectacles. These he wiped with a red cotton handkerchief and adjusted to his nose.

"Yes, marm," he said, after this ceremony, "I'm Mr. Moffett."

Mrs. Bunby hesitated, trying to invent a plausible excuse for her visit. But the children, whose bashfulness was growing beautifully less, burst into a many-tongued account of the shying of the bay horse and the consequence thereof.

"Ss-sh! ss-sh! One at a time, for the land's sake!" exclaimed Mr. Moffett. "Now then, Iggy, what is it?"

Iggy, otherwise Ignatius Rafferty, was more than willing to furnish the information.

"She," pointing to Mrs. Bunby, "is stoppin' up ter the Mattascussett and



"SIT RIGHT DOWN, MARM."

Andy Baker he was drivin' her down ter the p'int with Simmons's skittish hoss, and the hoss he see Bile Burgess's skeercrow and fetched a jump and she got hove outer the wagon, and——"

"For the land's sake!" exclaimed Mr. Moffett. "Let me git yer a chair, marm. Don't cal'late there's any bones broken, do yer? No? Well, that's good."

He hobbled into the house and hurried out with an old armchair whose various fractures were spliced and mended with string in unmistakable sailor fashion.

"Set right down, marm," he insisted. "Yer can't never tell about things. Sometimes yer think yer ain't

hurt at all and it turns out yer've sprained yer spine er somethin'. Dear, dear, dear! And me settin' here all the time like a wooden image and not knowin' nothin' about it. I must be gittin' deefer'n deefer. There, that's it. Set right there and rest. Iggy, you and your tribe run along and let the lady rest a spell."

Neither the tribe nor its chief seemed over anxious to obey this order until Mrs. Bundy opened her purse, and, producing a half dollar, hinted that candy was a possible purchase. Then they descended upon the coin with grateful whoops and vanished like the morning mist, though not so quietly.

"Sayin' candy to a young one is like

sayin' 'run' ter some men," commented the old man. "Yer don't have ter say it twice." Then he added, gazing anxiously through his spectacles at his visitor, "Feelin' all right now? That's good, that's good!"

He took out the red cotton handkerchief and wiped his face in an abstracted way. It was a battered old face, sun scorched and toil worn, with shaggy white brows and a wisp of throat whisker, and the numberless puckered wrinkles about the eyes that come with long watching of tumbling waves and flat horizons. Mrs. Bunby scanned it closely. The coincidence of name still troubled her.

Suddenly the old man started and seemed to be listening. "You didn't think you heard a cat meowin' then, did yer, marm?" he asked, eagerly. "No? Well, I guess 'twan't nothin' but a hen. Yer see my cat's run away er got stole er somethin', and I was kinder hopin' it might be him come back. I cal'late 'twould seem foolish ter you if I should tell yer how much I thought of that cat. Had him ever sence I come ter the Cape, and he seems like a human, almost. Smart! why, that critter knew purty much everything but how ter talk. His name was Nicerdemus. Redic'lous name, wasn't it? he, he, he! He used ter go clammin' with me and tease fer the biggest clams, and he gin'rally got 'em tew; he, he, he! Used ter sleep at the foot of my bed nights. I s'pose this sounds dreadful silly ter you, marm, hey?"

"Oh, no, indeed."

"Well, it's kind of yer ter say so. Yer see I'm kinder alone in the world now and Nick, he was—why, I swan if he wan't like a chum ter me. He's

been gone two days now, and I'm 'fraid he's lost fer good. I know it's foolish, but somehow er 'nother it seem's if I had bad luck when he wan't here. Once afore he was lost fer a day, and my catboat run ashore in a gale and got all stove ter pieces. And now——. But there; you don't want ter hear my troubles. Where did yer say yer home was, marm? In New York, hey? I want ter know! Why, I had a son in New York. Mebbe yer knew him; his name was same as mine—Thomas—Thomas Elijah Moffett."

The wife of the great Perkins C. Bunby looked across the yellow sand flats and out to the steel gray sea beyond. She was thinking of the day when she found, lying in one of the drawers of His bureau a cheap little Testament, with this inscription on the fly-leaf: "Thomas Elijah Moffett. From his loving mother." He had laughed when she showed it to him, and said he had kept it because it was bad luck to destroy a Bible.

"I did know a Mr. Moffett at one time," she said, after a pause; "but it seems hardly possible that he could have been your son."

"Well now, mebbe he was! You jest wait a minute. I've got his picter in the house; I'll go fetch it."

His rheumatism seemingly forgotten, he hurried into the shanty and returned with an old style card photograph. This he put into her hand, saying proudly:

"There! that's my boy. Took when he was nineteen, up ter Boston. I don't think he ever had none took later. Anyways I never see 'em if he did."

It was His face. The brutal lines were not so apparent as they became



later, but the eyes were thoroughly bad, and the cheap tie and loud suit showed the tendency toward flashy smartness even then. She gazed at the picture, and, to her fancy, the lips seemed to curl in the old cruel sneer.

"Was it him yer knew?" asked the old man anxiously.

"Yes."

"Yer don't tell me! Well, well, well! This world ain't sech a very big place, after all; now, is it? Was yer, as yer might say, well acquainted with him?"

"Yes; I think I may say that I was."

The silver was entirely gone from Mrs. Bunby's voice now, and she was gazing at the picture with her lips set in a thin, straight line.

"He was a good deal better lookin' when he got older, don't yer think so, marm? Last time I see him I asked him why he didn't have some more picters took. He said he would, poor feller, and said he'd send me one, but he never got the chance. That very night he was lost."

"Lost?"

She had not heard the first part of the old man's speech. Her brain was dimly seeking to realize the amazing wonder that Fate, Luck, or whatever its name, might be, had brought to pass. That she should be face to face with—of all persons in the world—His father. But she caught the last sentence and repeated the word sharply:

"Lost?"

"Why, yes'm; on the Surf City, yer know."

"Surf City?"

"Yes'm; the steamer that was sunk with all on board four year ago this winter. He was a passenger; of course yer knew that."

Mrs. Bunby said crisply that she had not heard of it. Mr. Moffett seemed somewhat surprised at this, but, not noticing the sarcasm in her tone, went on to explain.

"Yer don't tell me! Yes'm, he was aboard of her, poor feller. Seems 's if it 'twas a special Providence, as yer might say, my goin' ter New York that time and seein' him. I'd never been there afore, yer understand. Tom had been in business there for quite a spell. Bless yer soul, Boston wan't big enough fer him; he wanted a place where he could git ter *be* somebody. Ambitious! he was the most ambitious boy that ever lived. I reckon. Well, he'd been in New York quite a spell, as I said, and was doin' fine. He was allers a poor hand at writin', and I hadn't heard from him fer much as four year. I used ter write him reg'lar, and I will own up that his not writin' me hurt me some, and I even went so fur as ter feel a little mite put out with him. Ah, hum! I've been sorry enough fer it sense, I tell yer.

"Well, it come about that the skipper of a coaster who was a friend of mine was in Boston same time as I was. I'd been up ter the Banks and was aboard the Sary Taylor. I met this skipper on the wharf, and he tells me he's short handed and is bound fer New York. So I thinks of Tom and what do I do but ship along with this feller and come on.

"Fust thing I done when I get there was ter hunt up the boardin' house where Tom used ter stop, and the folks there said they hadn't no idee where he was; said he hadn't been there fer a long spell. So I was up stump and feelin' dreadful. They



"SHE GAZED AT THE PICTURE."

says look in the d'rectory, and I done it, but his name wan't there; plenty of Tom Moffetts, yer understand, but no Tom Elijah. I was mighty tired—I'd walked way up from the dock, and I went in and sot down on one er them benches in Central Park. There was a heap of swell hosses and kerridges goin' by and I set a-watchin' of 'em, and feelin' mighty blue. Pretty soon

along comes a turnout with a feller drivin' and a stunnin' lookin' woman 'longside of him. I looked at the feller and I come jest as nigh yellin' right out in meetin' as ever I done in my life; 'twas Tom—nobody else but him.

"Fust off I couldn't b'lieve I was so lucky, but when I made sure I was right I was goin' ter run out in the

road and speak, but I looked at him—plug hat, swell clothes and all—and then down at my old duds, then up at the harnsome gal with him, and thinks I, 'I won't disgrace him here 'fore everybody.' I figgered I could manage ter hunt him up now somehow and git a chance ter talk with him alone. I see how fur up in the world he'd got, and I thought and thought till I got so proud I couldn't hold myself in. There was a p'liceman standin' clus at hand, and I went up and asked him if he noticed the couple that had jest gone by. He said he had, after I described 'em, and I says, bold as could be:

"'Well, mebbe yer won't b'lieve it, but that feller's my son.'

"That p'liceman he looked at me fer a spell in a queer kind of way; didn't b'lieve me, I s'pose. Then says he:

"'He is, hey? Well, yer ought ter be proud of him.'

"'I be,' says I, and I sartinly was."

The old man paused, evidently expecting some comment from his visitor, but he was disappointed. Mrs. Bunby was thinking of some of those drives through the Park. If He was in one his sullen humors he would make no remark during the entire trip, beyond swearing at the horse. If he was pleased to be jocose his favorite amusement was narrating in fluent detail some rascally experience of himself and his boon companions. He knew it angered and disgusted her, but that was why he told it; it was his idea of a joke.

"Well," continued Mr. Moffett, "I kep' on thinkin' how much I wanted ter see Tom and speak ter him till bimeby I begun ter b'lieve I'd made a mistake in not hailin' him. I was

walkin' alongside of the road and thinkin' about it, when I looked up and here he comes drivin' back, and alone, too. I waited till he got about opposite me and then I steps out and says I:

"'Hello, Tom Moffett!'

"'He was the most s'prised feller ever you see, marm. He hauled that hoss back like he was shot and leaned way for'd and looked at me.

"'Well, I'm blamed if it ain't the old man!' says he, after a spell."

Mrs. Bunby laughed vindictively. "I should like to have seen his face," she said.

"'Twas a sight, that's right, marm. He was turrible glad ter see me. Told me he'd ask me in and give me a ride only the kerridge had a hot axle and he was takin' it down ter the wheelwright's. Told me he was gettin' along fine. Said that was his wife that was with him. She was one of the aristocrats, and I hadn't no idee, he said, how fond him and her was of one another."

The member of the "aristocrat family" smiled scornfully. This was another of his "jokes." To tell an unsophisticated old man, even though the latter was his own father, a series of outrageous falsehoods would to him have been the cream of humor.

"Told me he was makin' money fast," went on the proud parent. "Said he was goin' ter send me a check purty soon. Said he was runnin' a bank. Jest think of that!"

She knew the bank. The paper in which it dealt was of the sort known as "Satan's picture books," and its depositors were invariably addressed as "gentlemen" and urged to "make their bets."



"Tom and me had quite a chat, and he wanted me ter come up ter the house and see his wife dreadful, but as luck would have it he'd got ter go South on the Surf City that night and wan't goin' home agin. Said he'd write me when he got back and have me come on and make a visit. Said his wife was goin' ter meet him down town and he must be goin'. So off he drove, and I little thought that was the last time I'd ever see him.

"I never heard no p'ticlars more'n was in the papers, marm. I used ter watch 'em every day hopin' his body might be found, but it wan't. His wife never wrote me a word. I try not ter think hard of her, but sometimes I can't help it. I knew she was rich and proud, and I ain't nothin' but a 'longshoreman, but seems 's if she might have wrote jest a line or two. He must have told her about me more'n once, and she knew where I was. Sometimes I've thought that she might have been the reason of his not writin' me oftener afore. She looked kinder high and mighty when I see her in the kerridge that time."

As we have hinted, Mrs. Bunby's disposition was not of the sort which "suffers long and is kind." Mr. Moffett's story had brought back the memory of her wrongs more vividly than ever, and now to hear herself blamed while the man whom she hated, who had deceived and abused her, was lauded as a paragon of virtue was more than she could stand. She turned swiftly, her face aflame. The words were hot on her lips that would have told her companion that his son was a coward, a gambler and a counterfeiter and that the story of his death was a lie, like all the rest of him. But be-

fore she could speak the old man went on.

"Only child Marthy 'n' me ever had, he was. Summer that he was born I had ter be away ter the Banks. Hated ter go dreadful, but Marthy she says, 'Tom,' says she, 'I know yer think yer ought ter go on account of the money and I think so too. You go,' says she, 'and don't yer worry a mite.' So I went, but I didn't spend many easy minutes, I tell yer. Got home the day after the baby was born. We was livin' in Gloucester then. I 'member I set side of the bed holdin' her hand and the boy was asleep side of her. 'Do yer reelize, Tom,' says she, 'that we've got a son?' I tried ter reelize it, but I couldn't. You're married, ain't yer, marm?"

She answered yes.

"Ever had any children? No? Then I'm 'fraid I couldn't make yer see how proud we was of that baby. I used ter wheel it out every Sunday jest ter let folks know I was its dad. Used ter tell Marthy the youngster'd be Pres'dent some day. Lord, yes, yes! 'Member the fust time he said 'Popper.' Marthy she larned him, and when I come home at night—I didn't go fishin' that season, tried farmin'—she had him s'prise me with it. I ain't never heard a word afore ner sence that sounded sweet as that did ter me.

"He was a smart boy. *Yes, sir!* he was smart. I never see a youngster his age that could come up ter him. Folks didn't git ahead of *him* much. One time I see Ben Sanders, that lived next door ter us, givin' his boy a turrible thrashin'. 'Twas fer stealin' apples, he told me. I never thought no more about it, but it come out after

a spell that he was stealin' 'em fer my Tom. Seems Tom had told him if he didn't go steal 'em he'd lick him, and after he *had* stole 'em, Tom said he'd lick him if he told. So the Sanders cub, little puny, good-fer-nothin' he was, didn't dast ter tell even when his dad thrashed him. Pretty sharp trick fer a boy ter play, wan't it? Marthy she was some worried about it, said she was afraid it showed deceit in Tom, but I says, 'Sho! boys will be boys, Marthy,' and I had ter laff every time I thought of it.

"I couldn't make farmin' go, so I had ter go back ter coddin' agin. Every trip I'd git back from I'd see how that boy had growed and what a fine feller he was gittin ter be. He was fifteen when Marthy died. She hadn't been well fer most a year, and I'd seen what was comin', but I'd kinder shet my eyes, yer understand, and wouldn't b'lieve it. Seems 's if it couldn't be, jest *couldn't*. But it was, and towards fall I had ter stay home and be with her. Last time I talked with her she says, 'Tom,' says she ter me, 'I know it's dreadful hard for yer, but yer've got the boy left. He's a good boy,' she says, 'and he'll grow up and be a good man and a smart man and yer'll be awful proud of him. You'll have ter be father'n mother both ter him now,' she says. I tried ter tell her not ter talk that way, 'cause she was goin' ter git well, but she knew better and so did I. She died 'fore mornin'."

The grizzled chin trembled a little and the brass-rimmed spectacles received a thorough polishing with the red cotton handkerchief before the old man went on.

"Well, Tommie and me got along somehow fer a couple of year more.

I give up fishin' fer that time and done odd jobs round town. Tommie was a good boy, never was a better. Some of the neighbors—jealous they was, that's all—used ter come and tell me he was gittin' kinder fast and wild, but I knew better. Land! he wan't. Jest a little skittish, same as any young chap that's got any gumption in him. Bimeby he wanted ter go up ter Boston and go ter work and I let him go. Second year he was there he sent that picter ter me."

He took the photograph from his visitor's hand and looked at it longingly.

"Nice, stylish-lookin' boy, I call him," he said. "Excuse me fer praisin' up my own son so, but *he was* stylish. Look at them clothes, and him gittin' only eight dollars a week. Some of the neighbors—the same ones that thought he was fast—used ter tell me they couldn't see how he dressed so well on his wages, but I *shet* 'em up. 'It's managin', says I, 'that's what it is. Tom's a nateral-born manager, and that's more'n yer can say of some older folks.'

"Well, I went ter fishin' agin and he went ter New York, and you know the rest. When I see about the loss of that boat in the papers I was purty nigh wild fer a spell, and fer a long time I kep' hopin' he might not have been on her—not seein' his name in the list of passengers, yer know. But at last I give up hopin' and moved down here, where I couldn't see the old places, ner the streets, ner the house where we three was so happy. I had a few dollars and bought a cat-boat and went off bluefishin' and cod-din' most every day in the summer, and managed ter keep alive that way.

Then Nicerdemus he come along, a little ha'f starved kitten, and him and me's kep' house tergether ever sence. But my catboat got stove up as I told yer, and then I was took with this rheumatiz, so I couldn't go fishin' no more. And now Nick's lost er dead er somethin', and, yesterday, Cap'n Rogers, the feller that owns this house, come down and told me he'd sold the shanty and a long stretch of the p'int ter a city man that wants ter put up a skate factory—one er them places where they ketch skates, them big, three-cornered fish, yer know, and grind 'em up fer fertilizer."

"But where will you go?" said Mrs. Bunby anxiously. The silver was back in her voice again.

"Why, I dunno. I'll fetch up somewheres. It's hard ter git rid of a bad penny, yer know. There's the poor-house, if wust comes ter wust, though I swan I do hate ter go there! However, there ain't no use crossin' a bridge till yer git to it. If Tom was alive, why—but there, I oughter be thankful he lived long enough ter show that he was a good man and a smart man jest as Marthy said he would be. If he'd gone ter the bad, same as some boys do, I cal'late 'twould have finished me. It must be a dreadful thing ter know yer son is a rascal, hey, marm?"

"Yes," she said, rather hurriedly.

"So I've got a whole lot ter be thankful fer. I——"

A long-drawn yell came up from the road behind the shanty.

"Mrs. Bunby-y-y!" wailed a voice. "Mrs. Bunby-y-y-y!"

"Oh, there's Andy calling me!" exclaimed the lady, rising. Her eyes were moist—from the wind, of course.

No one, not even the celebrated Perkins C., had ever seen Mrs. Bunby cry. "Good-by, Mr. Moffett," she said, holding out her hand, "I am very glad I met you. It—I—your story has—has interested me greatly."

"'Fraid I've talked yer purty nigh ter death, marm. Hope yer won't feel no bad effects from yer upset."

"Oh, I shall be all right, I'm sure. Why! what's this?"

Around the corner came a disheveled yellow object limping on three legs and holding up a badly damaged paw for inspection. Standing in a wet swamp for two days with one's foot in a musk-rat trap is not the most delightful experience in the world, and Nicodemus wanted sympathy.

"P-r-r-r-m-row!" said the yellow object.

"Land of love! *Nick!*" cried Mr. Moffett. In another moment the yellow head was rubbing ecstatically against the old man's cheek and a prodigal was receiving the traditional welcome.

"Good-by once more, Mr. Moffett," cried Mrs. Bunby, and her smile hadn't a trace of its usual sarcasm. "Don't worry. You see your luck has come back."

The next day she left Cape Cod by the afternoon train.

\* \* \* \* \*

A week from that afternoon Mr. Moffett, Senior, sat in the battered armchair, with Nicodemus on his knee, reading aloud a letter that had come on the noon mail. It was postmarked New York, and ran as follows:

"*Dear Mr. Moffett:* I have ascertained that your son died as you supposed. But I find that he left a will in which you were remembered to the amount of the enclosed





Greene  
N.Y.

"THE.....CHECK WAS FOR TWENTY-FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS."

check. It had not been sent you because no one knew your present address. Hoping that you and Nicodemus are well, I am,

"Yours sincerely,

"CATHERINE J. BUNBY."

"The enclosed check" was for twenty-five hundred dollars. The old man, with the tears running down his cheeks, looked around upon the gaping, envious crowd of Raffertys, Burgresses and Manuellos.

"The best boy," he said brokenly, "the best boy God ever made."

\* \* \* \* \*

"It is a lie, of course," said Mrs. Bunby, sitting at the rosewood desk in her New York library, "but it is a good lie. It is much better that he should be thought dead. He has been dead for years to everything good."

And, having thus eased her conscience, the wife of the great Perkins C. proceeded to enter the twenty-five hundred dollars on the stub of her check-book as "incidental expenses."

## To the Flag

By William Tyler Olcott

FLAG of my Country ; star inwrought,  
Emblem of blood-bought liberty,  
Thy breeze-kissed folds delight my heart,  
My eyes in rapture gaze on thee.

Where e'er thy bright hues greet the sight  
There priceless independence reigns,  
And 'neath thy folds the outcast finds  
A freedom from oppression's chains.

When 'cross the tranquil sky of peace  
The black and lowering war clouds raced,  
Men saw in thee a rainbow bright,  
And blessed hope their doubts displaced.

Thy stars enlighten all the world,  
Thy stripes emblazon History's page,  
Thy folds enshrine a nation great,  
And rich in freedom's heritage.

# Sun Spots and the Weather Forecast

By Waldon Fawcett

THE problem of forecasting the future even for short intervals in advance is one which has taxed human ingenuity unsuccessfully since prehistoric times. Now the solution which mankind had almost come to regard as beyond the pale of possibility is to be suddenly brought about through the agency of a new branch of astronomy, and the achievement will have a scope before which the almanac makers, the weather prognosticators and the observant "oldest inhabitants" will stand aghast. Joseph, according to Biblical chronicle, was able to predict seven years of plenty and seven years of famine. Modern science is on the eve of paralleling this accomplishment; perhaps it will surpass it.

Through a study of the sun, more thorough than has heretofore been possible, the whole status of human existence may be revolutionized. It is more than likely that great ocean disasters may be almost wholly eliminated, because the weather conditions can be foretold weeks in advance and ships warned from venturing from port; Russia and China and India may be saved from devastating famines because nations gazing with a new perception into the months to come will be able to conserve their products in years of prosperity for the "rainy day" that is to follow, and even trading in stocks may lose many of its speculative characteristics, since "bulls" and "bears" will have advance information far

more accurate than even farmer's reports to guide them in their estimates of the grain and cotton markets. The discovery of this new gateway to knowledge, whose opening promises so much, comes as the culmination of twenty years' quiet, hard, persistent work on the part of one of the foremost of American scientists.

Astronomy is the oldest of the sciences, and yet its sole object until a late period was to study the places and motions of the heavenly bodies with little special reference to the wants of man in his daily life. Within the past few years there has arisen a new branch of the astronomical science known as astrophysics. The sun is the most important subject of its study, but the object is not to mark the exact place of the great orb in the sky, but to find out how it affects the earth and the wants of man on it; how its heat is distributed, and how it, in fact, affects not only the seasons and the farmer's crops, but the whole system of living things on the earth. The scientists have long been aware that in a physical sense the sun and almost it alone first creates and then influences everything endowed with life to be found on the globe, yet it has waited upon this new science to disclose how it is done.

When Congress, realizing the immense benefits which would accrue could it be determined just how the sun influenced events upon the earth, authorized some years ago the installa-



tion of an Astrophysical Observatory in connection with the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, it simply provided a better workshop for S. P. Langley, the head of the Smithsonian, who now comes forward as the discoverer of the new spectrum. Professor Langley, who is recognized as one of the most eminent men of science in the world, began more than a score of years ago—long before he was connected with the Smithsonian Institution and before his name stood for the notable achievement that it does to-day—the investigations which have just yielded such rich fruit.

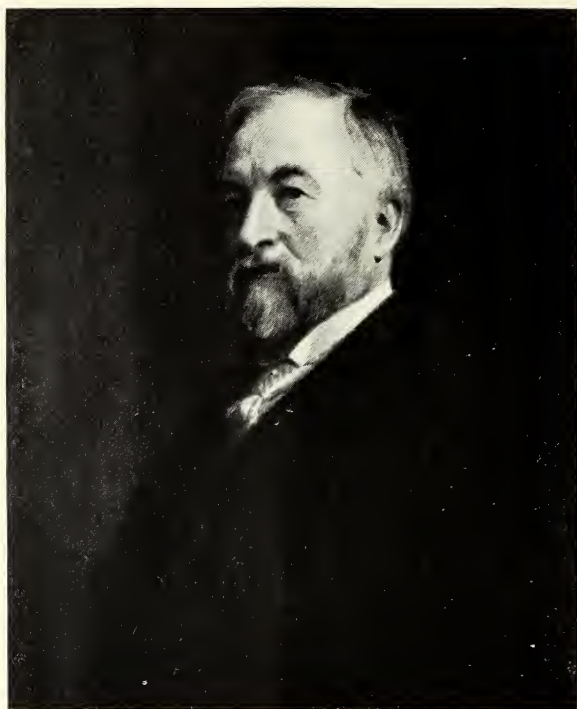
A spectrum is, generally speaking, an image formed by rays of light in which the parts are arranged according to their wave-lengths, forming a regular progressive series. The most common form, of course, is that produced by the light of the sun passing through a triangular glass prism and spreading out on the screen or floor or wall into a band composed of the seven rainbow colors. Very few persons, however, who have seen the bright colors into which a prism breaks up the sunlight know that in reality they thus see only one-quarter of the heat energy of the sun. The most powerful spectroscope will show dark lines in the spectrum which are due to the metals in the sun, but it will show nothing of the other three-quarters lying beyond the red or end color, where the eye sees nothing at all.

This space, whose exploration is heralded by the important discovery just announced by Professor Langley, is designated the "infra-red" region, and until he took up his investigations was largely unknown. In the universe it has corresponded somewhat to the

Arctic regions of the earth where no human foot has ever trod, save that the discovery of its character is vastly more important than any possible exploration of the globe. This "infra-red" region is totally invisible, yet in it lies, as has been said, three-quarters of all the heat which supports not only the life of man, but all the animal and vegetable life of the planet.

The original spectrum, with which every child who has played with a glass prism in the sunlight is familiar, was known to Sir Isaac Newton. In the immense invisible expanse, lately christened the "infra-red" region, nothing was known to exist until the year 1800, when Sir William Herschel found heat there with the thermometer. Almost immediately, however, the investigation was discontinued and nothing further was done until 1881, when this heat was found to be most unequally distributed, coming in patches here and there. It was inferred that this was due to the existence of dark lines or bands such as appear in the regular spectrum, but no one really knew how far the spectrum extended, for there was no way of measuring the wave lengths.

To get around this difficulty, which at first bid fair to prove insurmountable, Professor Langley invented that wonderful instrument, the bolometer, and from the creation of this marvelous inanimate assistant really dates the development which has lately reached so impressive a climax. The bolometer makes possible the measurement of minute differences of radiant heat by changes in the electric resistance of a blackened conductor exposed to it. The wonderful delicacy of the apparatus may be imagined when it is



PROFESSOR SAMUEL P. LANGLEY.  
FROM THE PORTRAIT BY ROBERT GORDON HARDIE.

stated that the instrument indicates the one-thousandth-millionth of a degree.

The inventor first set his bolometer working in this invisible spectrum as he stood alone at the summit of Mount Whitney, in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, at an altitude of 12,000 feet above the sea, and the manner in which it flashed out the clue which set the scientist working along the line which has just culminated in victory, undoubtedly constitutes one of the most dramatic episodes in history. It is very seldom, indeed, that a great discovery comes to a scientific man wholly as a surprise. Rather it is an expected if eagerly awaited denouement. In this instance, however, Professor Langley for the only time in his life

experienced the sensations of one who has made a sudden discovery of vast importance.

He went down the spectrum, noting the evidences of invisible heat die out on the scale of the instrument, until he came to the apparent end even of the invisible, beyond which the most prolonged researches of investigators had shown nothing up to that time. There he watched the indications grow fainter and fainter, until they too ceased at the point where the investigators of the Old World had found, as they deemed, the very end of the end. By some happy thought he pushed the indicators of this delicate instrument into the region still beyond. In the still air of that mountain peak, the sun beams passed un-

impeded by the mists of the lower earth, and the curve of the heat, which had fallen to nothing began to rise again. There was something there! For he found, suddenly and unexpectedly, a new spectrum of great extent, wholly unknown to science and whose presence had been revealed by this strange child of his inventive genius, the wonderful bolometer. It has since been proven that in this new-found region of the spectrum is the principal seat of the changes which affect the climates and crops and agriculture.

For the last fifteen years Professor Langley has been working with tremendous energy to map out this region, just as an explorer might seek to map a newly-discovered continent, and the work has only now progressed far enough for the scientist to disclose to the world the secret which has been so well guarded these many years. The newly detected lines to be found on this map contain the history of the absorption of the sun's heat by the earth's atmosphere, and from this source it will be possible to determine how the earth's atmosphere and the influences which govern it are directly associated with the seasonal changes of spring, summer, autumn and winter. These lines which dot the map of the new spectrum are, it will be remembered, absolutely invisible, and they have been felt out, so to speak, being groped for in the dark, one by one, at the cost of many years' labor, as a person might dig for diamonds at dead of night in a mountain of refuse.

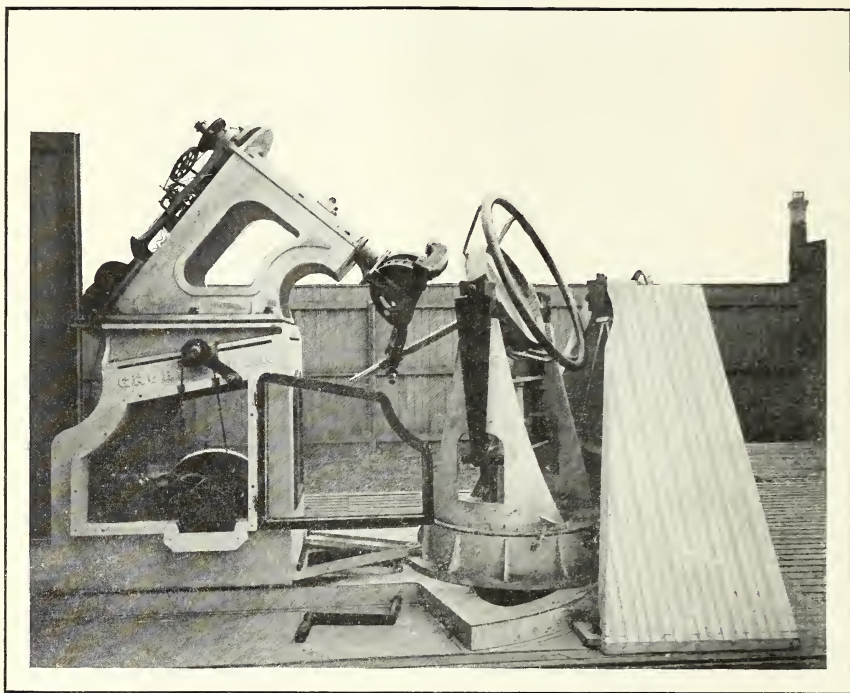
Although the first clue to the new discoveries was gained, as has been explained, on a Western mountain peak, the main investigation is being

conducted at the Astrophysical Observatory at the Smithsonian Institution, where are installed the newly devised instruments which have made the work possible. Spectrum analysis is in reality, of course, merely a close examination and study of the sunlight—an investigation to determine the character of the heat, to ascertain with what form of fuel the great solar furnace is fed and what influences tend to modify or intensify the heat. To gain some insight into the methods pursued in this new investigation, it was, perhaps, best to follow the sunlight into the court of inquiry.

The rays first encounter an immense instrument called the siderostat, situated outside the laboratory building. The principal feature of this piece of apparatus is a huge disc-shaped mirror, which is controlled by clockwork and which, by the action of a thousand pound weight hanging in a pit, is made to face the sun at all times, and thus at every hour of the day reflects a sunbeam directly into a long metal tube adjusted to receive it, and wherein is a lens which throws the beam into the big workshop, where it is to be dissected.

The next task is to break up the captured sunlight into the different colors contributed by the mineral and chemical components of the orb of fire in the heavens—in other words, to produce a spectrum. Naturally, glass could not be used, for glass simply breaks up sunlight into the colors from violet to red, which have been known for years. For a long time Professor Langley and his assistants were at a loss as to what substance to use for this important task, but they finally decided upon rock salt. Here another





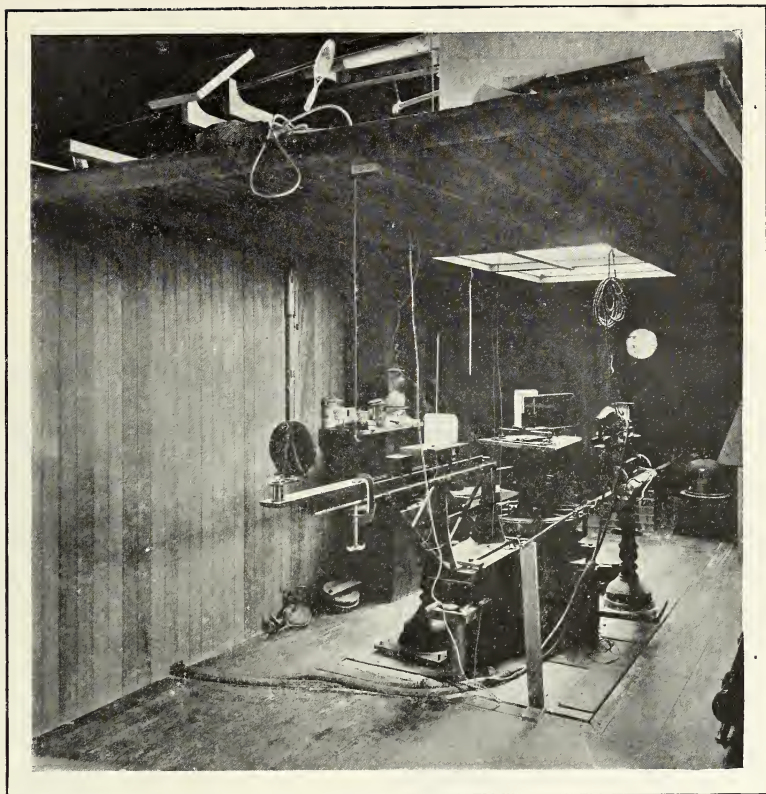
THE SIDEROSTAT.

difficulty presented itself, that of securing a block of rock salt of sufficient size, but the Russian government came to the rescue and furnished several magnificent blocks of the salt which were cut into prisms by noted optical experts with all the care which might be extended upon the preparation of lenses for great telescopes.

But to return to the investigation of the rays from Old Sol. The main object, of course, is to record the temperature of the various portions of the spectrum, especially those parts which are invisible to the eye. This is accomplished by throwing the sunbeams which have been reflected into the laboratory and transformed by the salt prism into the spectrum, upon a thread of platinum much finer than a human hair. On this fragile screen the dif-

ferent portions of the spectrum are portrayed much as pictures succeed one another in a stereoptican exhibition, and all the while a powerful electric current is coursing through the tiny strand of metal. This latter provision simplifies the investigation very much, for as the electrical resistance of substances varies according to the temperature, it is only necessary to ascertain the force of the electrical current passing through the platinum thread to determine the temperature of that portion of the spectrum cast upon the almost invisible screen at any given time.

Inasmuch as the comparison of the heat contained in the various portions of the spectrum is the long-sought secret it is obviously important to have apparatus that will record the most



THE SPECTROMETER.

minute fluctuations in the electrical resistance of the thread, and it is for this portion of the task that there has been provided the delicate recording instrument previously mentioned, which will indicate any change even if it be so slight as one-millionth of one degree.

In a way this recording apparatus is the supreme triumph of the equipment which has been originated for these remarkable investigations. In point of delicacy, and as a mechanical masterpiece it has no counterpart in the world. The beam of a balance which is one of its important adjuncts is a thread of spun glass infinitely finer than the most slender hair, and in the

middle of this beam is a concave glass mirror no larger than a pin head and which does not weigh as much as the hind legs of a fly. Supporting the whole apparatus is a crystal fiber so delicate that it is scarcely visible to the naked eye.

The working of this pigmy marvel is simple in the extreme. The ray of light strikes the diminutive mirror and is reflected upon a wall where there is a scale which enables determination at a glance as to how great is the fluctuation of temperature. Or, if desired, the board containing the scale markings may be removed and there substituted a photographic plate, which

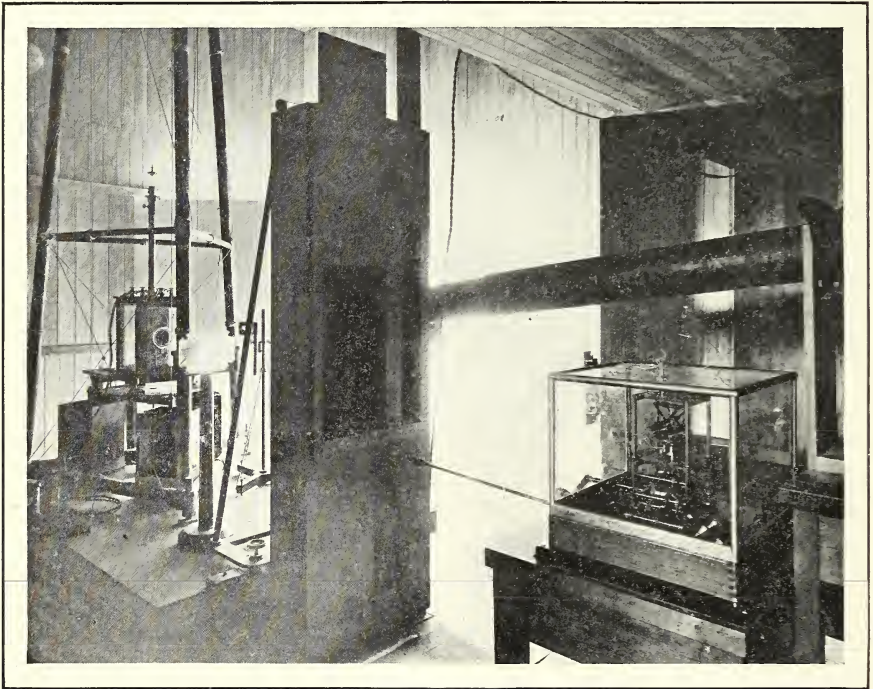


enables a pictorial record to be made of the ups and downs of the temperature of the platinum thread.

In no instrument known to science is it more essential that every mechanical detail be perfect than in the case of the bolometer. The slightest error in any part of the mechanism will seriously affect the accuracy of the results obtained. In the case of

against disturbance there is attached to either end of the beam a bit of steel no larger than a pin head, each tiny weight being exactly magnetized to the same degree, but in different directions. This latter precaution prevents the beam from turning to the north.

To indicate the magnitude of the discoveries recently made, it may be



THE GALVANOMETER.

the recording instrument above described the accuracy would be impaired by so remote an influence as footfalls outside the building, were especial precautions not taken to prevent it. These are provided by a pier of brick and stone, with rubber cushions between the stones. Upon this stands the spun glass balance, and to still further guard

noted that in a map where the visible spectrum, sometimes called the Newtonian spectrum, is represented by a length of one foot, the new spectrum extends to a length of nearly twenty feet on the same scale, and to more justly estimate the value of the bolometer, it may be explained that this instrument is so sensitive to heat, and in such narrow portions, that it might



be called an eye which sees in the dark. What is light to the eye is heat to the bolometer, and what is dark to the eye is cold to the bolometer.

Thus, as this infinitely delicate instrument passes down the spectrum, where we see recorded that which is invisible, but which none the less exists, groping its way in the dark, it feels every dark line present as cold and registers it as a separate black line in spaces not a hundredth of an inch apart. In this way have been mapped out more than seven hundred invisible lines, a greater number than was laid down by Bunsen, who mapped the visible spectrum.

The great forecasting of weather conditions for considerable periods in advance, which it is believed will be the most important of all the direct or indirect results of these discoveries, will be accomplished by means of the thorough study of sun spots which the newly invented instruments make possible. It is known that sun spots have a very important effect upon the temperature of the earth, and with the more systematic investigation which is now made possible, it is certain that the extent and character of this can be more definitely determined. As il-

lustrating the possibilities of the new sphere of investigation, it has only to be pointed out that Prof. Langley has with the aid of the bolometer lately determined many facts concerning the temperature of the moon, and he has also made the discovery that to any person who would view it from a point outside the atmosphere of our planet the sun would appear blue.

The investigations for which the discovery of the new spectrum have paved the way are vastly more important than would be the finding of some universal food product, alone sufficient to support life and endowed with innumerable unheard of properties. Every form of life upon the earth, without exception, is maintained by the sun, but with the opening of this new book of knowledge all peoples may learn just how the sun accomplishes this, while from a direct study of the sun will come most definite information regarding the changes in the character of coming seasons and the effect upon the crops. In short, it may be possible to actually presage the weather for months and even years in advance with more accuracy than the Weather Bureau now forecasts the conditions a few hours hence.

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# The Robin Hood of Vermont

By John Wright Buckham

NO state in the Union struggled so hard for liberty and autonomy, and won them so valiantly, as Vermont. The founders of Vermont were men with an intense, passionate love of freedom. So, to be sure, were the founders of Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island and other states, but some of the Old World fetters still clung to the early colonists, too many and too firmly fastened to be shaken off at once. Not so with the pioneers of Vermont. They were no theorists or doctrinaires. They had no social compacts or cumbersome theocracies to work out. They were plain, blunt men, practical rather than pious; but more devoted and determined friends of freedom the world has never seen.

Vermont has been slow to realize how interesting an early history she has and how unique and fame-worthy were

the men who made it, but of late a deeper interest in her past has awakened, and as she searches her records and probes her memory for the names and the deeds most worthy of commemoration there are none that stand forth with more lustre than those of the two brothers Ethan and Ira Allen.

The hero of Ticonderoga has long held deserved rank with the famous men of American history, although little has been known of him outside of Vermont except the stirring story of his capture of the historic fort. The name of Ira Allen has only just begun to receive the meed of gratitude and honor due from the state which he did so much to establish.

It is the purpose of this article, not so much to rehearse in de-

tail the history of these two men, as to couple and compare their characters and services and to give, chiefly



STATUE OF ETHAN ALLEN AT MONTPELIER.

Ethan Allen

Recd 12<sup>th</sup> May 1775

To Honorable  
Committee of Congress  
City and County of Albany

Gentlemen I Have the Inexpressible Satisfaction  
on to Acquaint you that at Day break of the  
Eleventh Instant Pursuant to my Directions  
from sundry Leading Gentlemen in the Colonies  
of Massachusetts Bay and Connecticut I took  
the Forts of Fort Mifflin with about one Hundred  
and thirty Green Mountain Boys Col. Easton  
with about ~~Forty~~ <sup>several</sup> Veteran Soldiers Distinguished  
themselves in the Action Col. Arnold entered the  
forts with me side by side the Guards were  
so surprised that contrary our Expectation Did  
Not fire on us but fled with Precipitancy we Im-  
mediately entered the forts and took the  
Garrison Prisoners without Bloodshed or any  
Opposition they consisted of one Captain and a  
Lieutenant and forty two men Little more  
Need be said you know Governor Carlton of  
Canada will exert himself to retake it and as  
your County ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> nearer than any other Part of  
the Colonies and as your Inhabitants have theretofore  
Manifested their Zeal in the Cause of their Country  
- try Expect Immediate Assistance from you  
Both in men and Provision you cannot exert

by illustration, that local coloring to their lives which makes the men of the past so much more real and vivid.

Litchfield County, Connecticut, was the main arsenal from which Vermont was furnished, and splendid material did it afford for the rugged task of founding and defending a new and independent state. Litchfield, Salisbury, Woodbury and Kent are townships to which the Vermonter may well make pilgrimage as to the cradle of the Commonwealth of which he is so justly proud.

According to tradition the emigrant ancestor of the Allen family, Samuel Allen, came from Braintree, Essex County, England, and settled first in Massachusetts and afterward in Windsor Connecticut. Samuel's

your selves too much in so glorious a Cause  
The Number of men Need be more at the first  
till the other Colonies can have time to  
muster I am apprehensive of a sudden and  
+ Quick Attack they be Quick to our relief  
and send us five Hundred men immediately  
I am not from your friend and humble  
servant Ethan Allen Commander of Militia

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great-grandson, Joseph Allen, married Mary Baker of Woodbury, and settled in Litchfield, where their eldest son, Ethan, was born on the tenth day of January, 1737. If the boy grew up to have his own way in the world, it was not because he was an only child. For, beside himself, there were five sons and two daughters: Heman, Heber, Levi, Zimri, Ira, Lydia and Lucy. Of the sons five



went to Vermont and were connected with its early history and four of them were soldiers in the Revolution. It was the eldest and the youngest of this stalwart sextet who brought fame and immortality to the Allen name.

Ethan Allen was a born leader. Of commanding appearance, bold, self-confident, adroit, resourceful, he was sure to make his way to the front and win a following. He was, in the best sense, a self-made man. Of education he had but a modicum. His spelling and grammar reveal this. "Ethan Allen," as has been said, "could capture Ticonderoga but he could not spell it." There is evidence that at one time it was purposed that he should go to college and he studied for a short time with that end in view, but Ethan Allen at college would have been more of an anomaly than Mary's lamb at school, though the leader of the Green Mountain Boys would have made anything but a lamb-like student. Native sagacity, blended with tremendous powers of acquirement and application, largely atoned for this defect of education, but did not serve to soften the edge of a certain crudeness and brusqueness which always characterized this chieftain of the hills.

The one great passion of Ethan Allen's soul, asserting itself in his conduct, his character, his writings, was the love of freedom. Almost the only revelation of his early life and ideals which we have is the significant statement which is found in his "Narrative of Captivity" that "he had acquainted himself with the history of mankind" and that "his sincere passion for liberty had led him to read

the history of nations that had yielded up their liberties to tyrants, with philosophical horror." This "philosophical horror" of tyranny was, as he implies, bred not of any experience but was rather the sturdy outgrowth of his environment and training. The woods and winds, the birds and beasts, had taught it to him. He breathed it in the very air of the New World. The thrilling words of Coleridge well express such an emotion :

"O ye loud Waves! and O ye Forests high!  
And O ye Clouds that far above me soar'd!  
Thou rising Sun! thou blue rejoicing Sky!  
Yea, everything that is and will be free!  
Bear witness for me, whereso'er ye be.  
With what deep worship I have still  
adored  
The spirit of divinest liberty."

**R E A S O N**  
T H E O N L Y  
**ORACLE OF MAN,**  
O R A  
**Compenduous System**  
O F  
**Natural RELIGION.**  
Alternately ADORNED with Confutations  
of a variety of DOCTRINES  
incompatible to it;  
Deduced from the most exalted Ideas which  
we are able to form of the  
**DIVINE and Human**  
C H A R A C T E R S ,  
AND FROM THE  
**Universe in General.**

*By* **Ethan Allen, Esq;**

BENNINGTON:  
STATE OF VERMONT,  
Printed by HASWELL & RUSSELL.  
M,DCC,LXXXIV.

It is not surprising that such a man found his heart going out to those courageous pioneers who were pushing the line of civilization northward across the green hills of what was then known as the territory of the New Hampshire Grants. Perhaps he found even the restraints of the Connecticut Colony a little irksome. At all events, about the year 1766 we find him among the settlers of the Grants, throwing in his life and fortunes with theirs. In the long, obstinate, exasperating struggle just opening between the Grants and New York, Ethan Allen became at once the leading spirit, and to him, more than to any other, was due the final victory of the settlers.

The townships in what is now the southern part of Vermont were chartered and grants given to the lands in them, in return for a consideration which made the process profitable, by Benning Wentworth, governor of New Hampshire. This was done upon the reasonable assumption that the western boundary of New Hampshire extended to the same limit which constituted the accepted limit of Massachusetts and Connecticut, namely, to a line twenty

miles east of the Hudson River. To this boundary the colony of New York objected, on the ground of the same claim that she had already advanced to Massachusetts and Connecticut, that is, that the territory given by Charles II to his brother, the Duke of York, extended to the Connecticut River.

When the Crown, in 1764, several years after the first settlers had taken out their titles and cleared their lands,

decided that the disputed territory belonged to New York, the peace-loving pioneers were disposed to acquiesce in the decision, though contrary to their own preference. But when they found that they were required to take out fresh deeds for their property under the



From a Painting by Copley.  
MRS. ETHAN ALLEN,

jurisdiction of New York, or else forfeit all they had, they demurred, refused, rebelled. They did not propose to pay for their land over again. Nor were they the men to tamely give up to alien claimants homes which they had hewed out of the wilderness at the cost of toil and sacrifice. Therefore, when the surveyors and land jobbers appeared, claiming their property under title deeds issued by New York and inso-

Bennington 28<sup>th</sup> of August, 57

Sir,

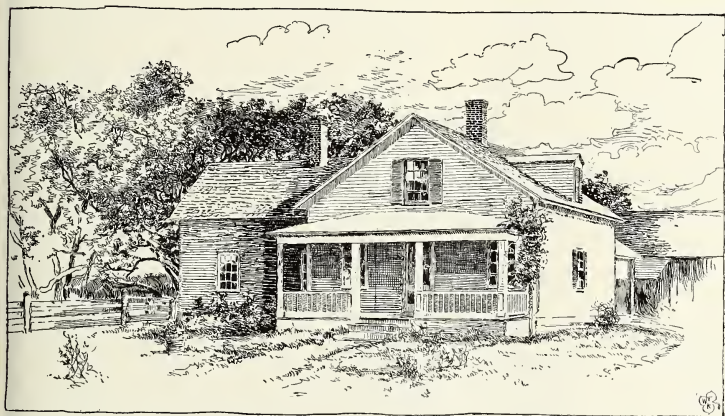
you will find by this time I dare say that the government of this State have been very friendly to yours, such persons who are criminals <sup>and have acted</sup> against law and society in general and have come from your State to this we send back to you, and the who have only took part with Shays we govern by our laws so that they do not, and dare not make any inroads or devastation in the Massachusetts.

As to the Appendix to the Oracles of reason should you procure 18 or 20 pound by subscription in ready money it shall be published next spring. I am  
sir with respect your Hum<sup>le</sup> Serv<sup>t</sup>  
For Major Tyler. Ethan. Allen,



lently demanded the hard-earned homes of the settlers, they found, in the language of Ethan Allen to the King's attorney at Albany, that "the gods of the hills were not the gods of the valleys." Whenever one of these land sharks appeared and attempted to take possession of a farm he was speedily seized by a party of Green Mountain Boys, generally with Ethan Allen at their head, tried and sentenced,—in the famous phrase which bears evidence of having originated with Allen,—to be "chastised with the twigs of the wilderness." Dis-

That Ethan Allen was the instigator and head of this resistance is made evident by the fact that a reward of one hundred pounds was offered for his capture, by the governor of New York, while that offered for Warner and Baker, his coadjutors, was only fifty pounds for each. The courage, sagacity and alertness which this "Robin Hood of Vermont" displayed were astonishing. Hon. L. E. Chittenden says of him: "He was sleepless and untiring. Here he is hunting a New York surveyor, there resisting the sheriff and his posse. One hour he holds a court for the trial of a Tory justice, the next he is executing sentence with the twigs of the wilderness, everywhere he is arranging signals for a swift concentration of his men upon any threatened point. Before his purpose is fairly known to the enemy, he has organized the Green Mountain Boys, he is their leader and the people are saved." Nor did this redoubtable champion defend the rights of the settlers by force only. He made use of the pen as well as the twigs of the wilderness in advocating their common cause, and in a style as forcible and original as it was inelegant and ungrammatical he wrote the widely distributed tracts, "Narrative of the Proceedings of the Government of New York," "Refuta-



Drawn from a recent photograph.

ETHAN ALLEN'S HOME NEAR BURLINGTON.

comfited and sore within and without, the covetous claimants of others' lands returned to New York with the "beech seal" upon their backs to witness to their temerity and avarice.

It is no wonder that no one could be found to assist the sheriffs in evicting men of this stamp from their hard-earned holdings. The sturdy Green Mountain Boys, animated by the justice of their cause and encouraged by the success of their resistance, became a formidable foe that New York could neither intimidate nor suppress.



THE ETHAN ALLEN GOVERNMENT POST.

tion of the Claims of New Hampshire and Massachusetts Bay to the Territory of Vermont," and "Present State of the Controversy," etc.

In the midst of this local but far from insignificant contest upon the frontier of New England came the rumbling of the thunder of a greater storm which broke with sudden fury at Lexington and Concord. The startling news of the outbreak of hostilities with Great Britain had hardly reached the New Hampshire Grants before it was followed by a summons to action. Swiftly came a little company of men from the mother colony, Connecticut, trusting to her sons near the shores of Champlain to aid them in a sudden movement upon strategic, unprepared Fort Ticonderoga. They did not reckon without their host. The Green Mountain Boys were ready. Who but Ethan Allen was the man for the hour? As if by divine appointment he was chosen commander of the expedition. The rest is a familiar story—how, guided by the boy Nathan Beaman, Allen led his little band of eighty-three men in the early dawn of the tenth of May, 1775,

up the embankment of the old fortress, through the wicket gate and demanded its surrender "in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress."

It is no mere accident which has connected the name of Ethan Allen so closely with the capture of Ticonderoga. It was a typical and truly characteristic deed and reveals the man's courage, alertness and force. The ease and success of the capture of Ticonderoga and of Crown Point (which was taken the following day) stimulated Allen to propose a far more extensive enterprise of the same order. With his keen, far sighted sagacity, he saw the importance of securing at once complete control of Lake Champlain which he justly called "the key of Canada or of our own country." He knew, also, better perhaps than any once else, the weakness of the British forces in Canada and the disaffection of many of the Canadians toward Great Britain. Relying upon these facts he projected no less an exploit than the sudden seizure of Canada itself before its defences could be strengthened. Possessed



with this idea he forgot that a reward of a hundred pounds was still upon his head, forgot even his antipathy for the government of New York, and, in company with Seth Warner, hastened to Philadelphia to lay the project before Congress, and thence, upon the recommendation of that body, to Albany to secure the coöperation of the New York Convention. Before both of these bodies, in spite of the suspicion and hostility in which this outlaw from the hills was held, his patriotism, earnestness and eloquence won the day, and it was voted that "a body of troops be raised of those called Green Mountain Boys" with the understanding that Allen's plan should be carried out. The company was

raised forthwith but, strange to say, when it came to the election of a commander, Seth Warner, and not Ethan Allen, was chosen colonel. This was a rebuff indeed. But Ethan Allen was magnanimous as well as courageous. He wrote to General Schuyler that he "desired to remain in the service," offered himself as a volunteer and was heartily accepted.

Meanwhile time was passing and every day of the disastrous delay was making the conquest of Canada more difficult. At last Schuyler got his forces under way, advanced across the border, and laid siege to St. John's. Ethan Allen was sent out as his accredited missionary to go among the Canadians and rally as many as possible to the American

cause. In this he was succeeding admirably when in an evil day he fell in with a certain Major Brown. Brown proposed a venture whose glitter appealed irresistibly to the hero of Ticonderoga. This was no less than the surprise and capture of Montreal *à la* Ticonderoga. It was bold, rash, chimerical. And yet, if Brown had not failed, on the excuse of bad weather, to coöperate with Allen as agreed, and if the valiant opportunist had not been betrayed by a spy, it is not impossible that Montreal might have succumbed as did Ticonderoga and that Canada to-day might be under the American, instead of the British flag. As it was, For-



TABLET MARKING THE ETHAN ALLEN FARM.  
Erected by the Green Mountain Chapter, Daughters of the  
American Revolution.



tune frowned as severely upon Ethan Allen on this morning of the twenty-fifth of September as she smiled serenely upon him on that of the tenth of May. After a spirited resistance against overwhelming odds Allen was made a prisoner and thereby lost all further part in the great struggle in which he would undoubtedly have distinguished himself, had he been permitted to continue in it, still more signally than at Ticonderoga.

Of his long, tedious, exasperating imprisonment Ethan Allen himself has given us a graphic and interesting history in his well-known "Narrative of Captivity." He met with varying treatment, now ironed, insulted, maltreated, starved; now respected, deferred to, pampered; but always bearing himself with a fortitude which justifies the statement of Mr. Chittenden: "His imprisonment was a tri-



THE MONUMENT TO ETHAN ALLEN AT GREEN MOUNT CEMETERY, BURLINGTON.

umph which disgraced none but those who sought to disgrace him." At length, after nearly three years of confinement, release came. In May, 1778, he was exchanged for a colonel of the British army and hastened at once to Gen. Washington at Valley Forge, to whom he offered his services as soon as his health should be recovered. Congress granted him a colonel's commission

but did not summon him to any further active service in the war now approaching a successful conclusion.

Returning to Bennington the old-time leader of the Green Mountain Boys was received with an enthusiasm and honor as grateful to him as was the sight of the forest-clad hills and the music of the unfettered brooks of what had now been declared to be the independent state of Vermont. He came in time to take up once more

the old contest with New York, now reviving again as the stress of war with a common foe relaxed. Again his trenchant pen was employed in exhorting the Vermonters to refuse the overtures of Governor Clinton, overtures endangering that independence which they had struggled so long and bravely to attain. With his characteristic vigor he appeared at the head of a little company in the town of Guilford, where

the sympathy with New York was strongest, and made this famous proclamation: "I, Ethan Allen, do declare that I will give no quarter to man, woman or child who shall oppose me, and unless the inhabitants of Guilford peaceably submit to the authority of Vermont I swear I will lay it as desolate as Sodom and Gomorrah."

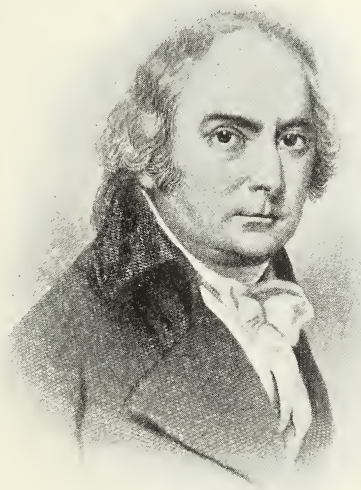
A storm of bullets could not have been more effective.

When at last all enemies, both those of the nation and those of Vermont, were vanquished this roving man of war settled down to spend the remainder of his days in peace, retiring to a pleasant farm on the intervals of the Winooski River near Burlington. After the death of his first wife Colonel Allen had married the vivacious and accomplished Mrs.

Fanny Buchanan, daughter of the noted Tory of Westminster, Creon Brush. But the life so pleasantly begun at the Burlington farm, where the little house is still standing, though altered and repaired, was destined to be of brief duration. Returning with a load of hay from Grand Isle, Ethan Allen was smitten with apoplexy and died February 12, 1789. The Green Mt. Chapter Daughters of the Revolution

have placed a tablet near the spot. He was buried with distinguished honors in Green Mount Cemetery, overlooking one of the fairest prospects in the state which he did so much to found in freedom and equity.

It is a commonplace but not less pertinent truth that a man should be estimated in the light of his environment. Against



IRA ALLEN.

the background of the woods and hills of early Vermont Ethan Allen looms large, a man of heroic stature, physical, mental and moral. George Washington, with that fine discrimination which characterized his judgment of men, said of him: "There is an original something in him that commands admiration." Original he certainly was,—an embodied protest against all that is false and merely formal, in government,

To His Excellency the Governor the Hon<sup>ble</sup>  
Council & House of Representatives of the State  
of Vermont assembled in Windsor —

The Memorial of Ira Allen Humbly  
sheweth that in Order to Establish a College  
in this State he exhibited a Memorial to the  
Legislature in Oct<sup>r</sup> 1789 offering five thou-  
sand Pounds to have a College Established in  
Wilmington in consequence of which a College  
has been established by the Legislature  
and Memoriated further Office to his one  
thousand five hundred Acres of Land to the  
Corporation of the University of Vermont  
which Land are Part of the Grant made  
to James Whitelam & Co & a Gore of Land  
near Brannington on Condition the  
Legislature at their next Session will by  
an Act of Legislature change the Name of  
the University of Vermont to such name as  
your said memorialist may choose  
and Land being sold on Easy Terms  
at ten Pence ft. there would be virtually paid  
& secure the interest of more than one  
thousand Pounds at five Pence Annually  
for ever your memorialist as in Duty  
bound will ever Pray —

Windsor Oct<sup>r</sup> 19<sup>th</sup> 1793

Ira Allen

custom, institution and thought, a man of a distinctly New World flavor. It was this new-worldliness, perhaps, that made him so strange a combination of reverence and irreverence, roughness and tenderness, crudeness and power. He who inflicted chastisement with the twigs of the wilderness without sparing was the same who, when a neighbor's children were lost in the woods, persisted in continuing the search for them after all the other searchers were ready to abandon it. He who used scriptural phrase with not a little of the earnestness and fire of an Old Testament prophet and demanded the surrender

of Ticonderoga in the "name of the Great Jehovah," in the next breath swore roundly at the commandant. He who fought so fiercely to save himself and his cause before Montreal, a few moments after his surrender bared his breast and bade Prescott take his life rather than that of the Canadians who were about being shot for traitors. And he who was called infidel and atheist argued, in the very book which earned him that opprobrious title, with a sincerity that shows the depth of his conviction, for the providence of God and the immortality of the soul.

A word concerning this notable



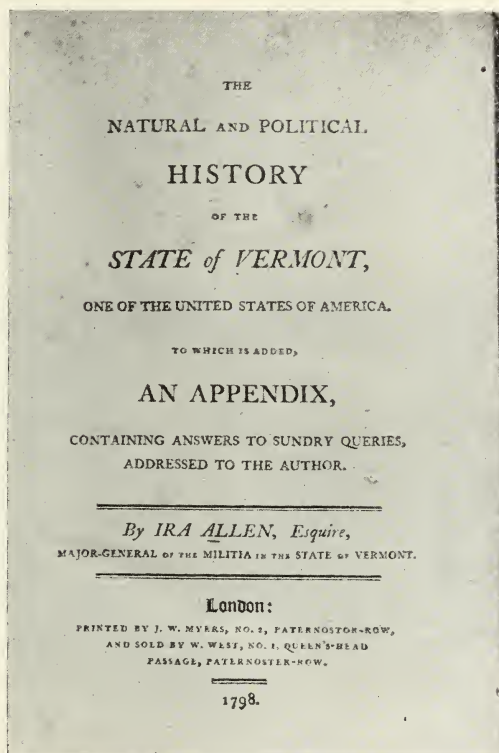
book, "Reason the Only Oracle of Man," or "Ethan Allen's Bible," as it was often called. That a man of Ethan Allen's temperament, training and manner of life should have cherished the purpose—and, toward the close of his life accomplished it—of writing a well sustained discussion of the greatest problems of philosophy and theology is sufficient evidence that

he possessed a strong, inquiring, reflective mind. And the book itself will, I am confident, surprise every candid reader with its virile reasoning and cogent logic. It is no bullying and virulent attack upon Christianity, as the reception it met with would indicate. Neither is it a servile reproduction of Blount's "Oracles of Reason," as has been claimed, or of any other work upon Deism, so far as I can discover. Ascribe as much as you will to the influence of Dr. Thomas Young, the Connecticut deist who is said to have indoctrinated him, still the work is Allen's and bears the stamp of his own forceful mind. Much less is the book that which Dwight called it,

"brutal nonsense." The author does not, in any respect, play to the gallery. Indeed, the discussion is, to a remarkable degree, as Moncure Conway has said of it, "calm and philosophical." Its real strength—for strength it undeniably has—lies in the writer's profound and impressive confidence in the goodness of the Creator and the moral government of the universe and

in the forceful refutation of those distorted orthodox doctrines of his day which were calculated to arouse the protest of any free and thoughtful mind, the doctrines of the depravity of reason, the six days' creation, the infinitude of sin, election and everlasting punishment. There is a real and rugged power in this untrained writer's

defence of the integrity of reason and the moral government of God. The weakness of the discussion lies in its restricted historical sense, which lends a false perspective to the entire treatment of revelation. On the whole, however, this *magnum opus* of the early philosophical literature of Vermont, in spite of its limitations and crudities, is destined to a far higher



appreciation in the larger light of the future than when, denounced and dreaded, it first appeared, injuring the name and clouding the fame of its author. There is evidence, as shown in the letter written by him to General Royal Tyler, that Ethan Allen afterward wrote an appendix, but the manuscript was never published. If it could be discovered and printed it would be of great interest, not only as throwing further light upon the char-

acter of Ticonderoga—this inscription was placed:

*"His spirit tried the mercies of his God,  
In whom he believed and strongly trusted."*

It was not inapt, and yet we may well believe that Ethan Allen tried the mercies of God far less than many an overzealous orthodoxist who in His name maligned him.

Of the many stories, some genuine, others doubtful, which have attached



SITE OF IRA ALLEN'S ESTATE AT WINOOSKI FALLS, COLCHESTER.

acter of Ethan Allen, but as revealing more fully the nature of the reaction against orthodoxy then outcropping and of which this untrammelled mountaineer was so stalwart a representative.

Upon the monument first erected over Ethan Allen's grave—since replaced by the lofty Tuscan shaft of granite crowned with Stephenson's marble statue representing the hero in the act of demanding the surrender

themselves to Ethan Allen, as stories will to a popular hero—such as that at one time the great man sat down in the dentist's chair and had a sound tooth drawn for the sake of encouraging a timid old lady—the best and most characteristic of all, one which mirrors the man as a dewdrop the sky, is that related by Benjamin H. Hall in his History of Eastern Vermont. During the course of a trial which took place in Westminster,

May 27, 1779, Ethan Allen appeared in court accoutred in military dress. After Noah Smith had finished his argument, in the course of which he made several citations from Blackstone, Colonel Allen, who thought that the state's attorney was manifesting too great leniency toward some of the prisoners, arose and began to address the jury. He told them that in the observations he was about to make he should not deal in quibbles. Then, turning to Smith he said, "I would have that young gentleman to know that from the eternal fitness of things I can upset his Blackstones, his whitestones, his grave-stones and his brimstones." Here he was interrupted by the Chief Justice, Moses Robinson, and was gravely informed that it was not allowable for him to appear in court with his sword by his side. Whereupon Allen, nettled by the interruption, unslung his weapon and bringing it down on the table with a force which made the house ring, exclaimed:

"For forms of government let fools contest,  
Whate'er is best administered is best."

Observing the judges whispering together, he cried out: "I said that fools might contest for forms of government—not your Honors, not your Honors!" That was Ethan Allen through and through—unconventional, self-assertive, heedless of custom and tradition, appealing to Nature and the eternal fitness of things, yet not always making the eternal and the temporal fitness correspond.

It was well for Vermont that when Ethan Allen's services were suddenly withdrawn from the embryo state by

the capture of the leader of the Green Mountain Boys at Montreal, his youngest brother, Ira, was at hand to conserve and complete the work of establishing her statehood. Of the two men Ira was the less assertive and intense, but what he lacked in assertiveness he made up in astuteness. Doubtless he felt the overshadowing influence of Ethan, between whom and himself there was a difference of fourteen years, but he, too, was a man of individual character, gifts and ideals.

Ira Allen was born in Cornwall, Connecticut, April 21, 1751. He was among the earliest to emigrate to the New Hampshire Grants, where he appeared in 1771. He played an active part in resisting the Yorkers and afterward served with zeal and ability at the outbreak of the Revolution. He was present at the capture of Ticonderoga and Crown Point and later at that of St. Johns and Montreal, and took part in the unsuccessful attack upon Quebec when Montgomery fell. Thenceforward his services were mainly devoted to the task of securing the independence of the new state which he and his compeers were bent upon establishing. And sorely were his efforts needed in the absence, not only of his brother Ethan, but of Remember Baker, who had been killed by the Indians, and of Seth Warner, who was serving in the Continental army.

Ira Allen had established himself at the lower falls of the Winooski River and as member from the town of Colchester he was enrolled in the Conventions which met at Dorset in July and September, 1776, to consider state independence. It was he who



presented the resolution that the territory of the New Hampshire Grants *ought to be free and independent*, and he was appointed by the same Convention one of a committee of two to visit the settlers on the east side of the mountain and secure their coöperation. Of the next Convention, which met at Westminster, January 15, 1777, he was made clerk. When the Windsor Convention, which met the following July, adopted paragraph by paragraph in the very face of Burgoyne's invasion a state constitution, it was largely of Ira Allen's drafting. When the same Convention appointed the Committee of Safety he was made one of its members. And when the government of the new state was chosen Ira Allen was elected one of the councillors and state treasurer. Later he served as surveyor general and major general. In each and all of these offices he was wise, able and successful. In several instances his counsels were signally brilliant and effective and raised him to the rank of an astute and able statesman. When the infant State, for example, found herself at a loss for funds with which to raise and equip her troops it was Ira Allen who hit upon the expedient, afterward adopted by other states, of confiscating the property of the Tories, and soon the treasury was filled. It was Ira Allen who, upon his own responsibility, sent information of the advance of the British which led to the victory of Stark at Bennington. But the most difficult and valuable service which Ira Allen rendered was in conducting the diplomacy which saved Vermont, and the nation, from invasion by the British army in Canada in the later years of the Revolu-

tion. This was accomplished, it is true, by adroit means which have been called treasonable, but history has exonerated the Vermonters from this charge and demonstrated the wisdom, without impeaching the honor, of their course. It is difficult for the inexperienced layman to understand just where diplomacy leaves off and deception begins, but be it remembered that throughout these contests Vermont had to consider: "To thine own self be true." The one thing that above all else was desired was their own freedom. While the other colonies had only one enemy threatening their freedom, Vermont had two. And of these two she dreaded New York more than Great Britain; for the tyranny and oppression of New York she had tasted, and it was bitter. Be it remembered, also, that Congress had been unjustly and unwarrantably dilatory in not recognizing the prompt loyalty of the Green Mountain Boys by granting them the independence they so much desired. In these circumstances, with General Haldimand offering the Vermonters great inducements to become a free colony of Great Britain, it is not to be wondered at that the statesmen of Vermont, especially Ira Allen the astute, saw their opportunity. Proceeding at great personal hazard, as an emissary for the exchange of prisoners, to the British headquarters in Canada, Ira Allen accepted the attentions he received in such a manner and so stated the aversion of Vermont to the prolongation of the war and her detestation of New York as to lead the British officers to think that Vermont was favorable to Great Britain. With this understanding an armistice was ver-



FREE QUAKERS' BURIAL GROUND, PHILADELPHIA, WHERE GEN'L IRA ALLEN IS BURIED.

bally agreed upon. It was a well played game on the part of the government of Vermont, for they knew that even if themselves were willing to secure separate existence by remaining under the Crown, the people would never consent. And yet they knew also the feeling of distrust and hatred toward New York. Through these difficulties and dangers they safely steered the new republic. "Now what were the results of this diplomacy? Not Vermont only but the whole frontier was for two years saved from the horrors of invasion. One-third of all the British troops in North America were kept inactive and the concentration of their forces was prevented. Washington was able to cope with the armies operating in the more southern states, and ere long the surrender of Cornwallis made it unnecessary longer to match diplomacy against a well equipped and formidable army."

But after all these difficulties and dangers were safely overpast, the new state admitted into the Union in 1791, and Ira Allen, honored and wealthy, recognized as one of its leading citizens, the day of his calamity and undoing came as a thief in the night. In

1795 he went to England, primarily to secure aid to build a ship canal connecting Lake Champlain with the St. Lawrence, and secondarily, as major general, to procure arms for the equipment of the militia of Vermont. Failing to secure favorable terms he went to France, where he purchased of the government twenty thousand stands of arms, and twenty-four field-pieces, with which cargo he set sail for America on the neutral vessel, the *Olive Branch*. But she proved rather a branch of bitterness, for she was seized by a British cruiser off Ireland, taken to an English port, and it was eight weary and harassing years before General Allen could secure the title to his property. The enormous expense of the suit and the necessary absence from home entirely ruined Ira Allen. His vast estates upon Lake Champlain were confiscated by intriguers under the operation of the tax laws. When he returned it was to find himself a poor man, friendless, homeless, his long and distinguished service to the state forgotten. So merciless and exacting were his creditors that he was thrown into prison for debt. He escaped and fled to Philadelphia, whence he repeatedly but

vainly petitioned for immunity from the laws that he might return to Vermont and seek to adjust his affairs. The privilege granted to others was denied to him. He died in Philadelphia, January 15, 1814. All knowledge as to the place of his burial was lost, but Mr. Francis Olcott Allen of Philadelphia has recently discovered in the office of the Board of Health a certificate to the burial of General Ira Allen in the "Free Quakers'" burial ground, so that we now know where he lies, although diligent search has failed as yet to find any trace of a stone by which to locate his grave.

It is not pleasant to contemplate this act of ingratitude on the part of the state of which Governor Chittenden used to say that if there had been no Ira Allen there would have been no Vermont. But fact is fact and cannot be altered. The only reparation that remains for Vermont to offer is to honor the memory of this founder and benefactor who so honored her. The University of Vermont of which Ira Allen, by virtue of his having selected and presented its beautiful site and started its endowment fund with a gift of four thousand pounds, is rightly regarded the founder, has within a few years taken the first step to honor his memory by the establishment of "Founders' Day" and by hanging upon the walls of the Billings Library a portrait of his singularly clear-cut and handsome face.

Like his more famous brother, Ira Allen was also an author. His state papers, his "Miscellaneous Remarks on the Proceeding of the State of New York against the State of Vermont," and his "History of Vermont," are all characterized by

clearness, conciseness and good judgment. Through all these documents, as through all his acts, there runs the same strong vehement current of devotion to freedom that we find in Ethan Allen, only that in Ira it is less impetuous and self-willed, more reasonable, more consistent, more steady and unintermittent in its persevering flow. More than any other of the founders of Vermont, Ira Allen was conscious of the momentous consequences and the great responsibilities attaching to his day and to himself and his associates as they hewed out, not an empire, but a republic from the wilderness of the Green Hills. "And now," he says, appealing to his fellow pioneers, "as I view it we are probationers to act not only for ourselves but for posterity, even as in some degree it was with Adam in his original purity. [Too orthodox a reference, that would have been, for Ethan Allen!] Each man is accountable to his Creator for the part he now takes, for on the conduct of the present age depends the liberties of millions yet unborn."

Comparing these two famous brothers we find them alike in their passion for freedom, their courage, enterprise, resourcefulness and ability. But the resemblance is far from complete. Ethan had more of personal power as well as more of idiosyncrasy. He was far more of a Bohemian. In those qualities in which Ethan was weakest—discretion, foresight, diplomacy—Ira was strongest. Ira would never have done as Ethan is reported to have done, when in a case in court his lawyer denied the genuineness of his client's signature. Ethan the honest and outspoken ex-



claimed: "Sir, I did not employ you to come here and lie. . . . The signature is mine." The leap before the look, if it be brave and strong, sometimes wins the ground which caution fails to hazard, but the look before the leap is wiser and prevents many a dire catastrophe. Ethan had the virtues and the faults of the elder brother, Esau, Ira, the cunning of the Supplanter, though he did not exercise it to the discomfiture of the first-born. This difference in judgment is well illustrated by the choice which each made of a location for a future centre of trade and population in Vermont. Ethan Allen selected Vergennes, Ira, Burlington.

Even the dissimilarities between the two men fade away in the light of their common ideal, ambition and attainment. They were types as well as leaders among the founders of Vermont. The more these and other pioneers of that sturdy Commonwealth are studied the more will their individuality and greatness appear. They were unique men, having a type of conviction and character as distinct and in many ways as admirable as that of the Puritans, from whom they differed so widely. Absolutely fearless, self-reliant, unshackled, yet upright and self-respecting they were, fearing neither beast, man nor devil, regarding no law that was not based upon right, no doctrine that was not founded in reason. They brought everything to the bar of natural reason,—theology, law, institution, tradition, custom. Whatever failed to approve itself by that test

they cast aside. In the pristine purity of their mountain republic they were determined that all things should be made new, after the pattern, not of any class-dominated or creed-cramped model, not even after any found in the Bible itself, but according to the principles of justice and truth revealed in Nature and in Reason. This was not the complete, not the historic view, yet so far as it went it was staunch and sound. Anything like superstition or the dread of occult powers, they scouted. This is well illustrated by the anecdote of Ira Allen's encounter with a ghost, related in his journal, in which he says: "I reasoned to myself, is this appearance fictitious or real? If the God of Nature authorizes such apparitions then there is no flying from them. What injury can they possibly do me?" Whereupon he advanced with cane in hand upon the ghost, which proved to be only a stump covered with snow. Neither the witchcraft delusion nor any other form of superstition would have been possible among men animated by their blending of science and faith. Nor have these traits of the founders of the Green Mountain State failed to perpetuate themselves. Evidences are not wanting that the love of freedom, courage, impatience of restraint, readiness in action, clear-cut common sense and faith in the Divine Providence which characterized the founders of Vermont, and notably these two brave and honored brothers, have not ceased to mould and color the character of that virile, self-respecting, God-entrusting state.

# His Debt of Honor

By D. H. Talmadge

THE circus train came to a stop clankingly, and Jargles, the grafter, who occupied a hammock swung between the axles of a pole wagon, stretched his long legs languidly and rubbed his eyes. For an interval he blinked gravely at the bottom of the wagon. Then, under impulse of a sudden thought, his hand sought his belt and a smile of satisfaction overspread his sharply-drawn features.

"Little Willy don't need to work to-day if he don't want to," he reflected, chuckling; "Little Willy's rich. Six hundred and eighty plunks at one dip, and no trouble! Such is the reward of virtue."

He opened his mouth in a prodigious yawn, nonchalantly contemplating the sightseers who, although the clock in the tower of the village church had not yet struck five, thronged the railway yards. The sound of lowing cattle came to the ear faintly from beyond the river which skirted the pasture, where already the work of spreading canvas was in progress. Dogs barked. Sheep bleated. Swine squealed. For an instant the eyes of Jargles took on a softened expression. Then he smiled again, somewhat bitterly, and rolled out of the hammock.

"Cattle and dogs  
And sheep and hogs  
Make the music we love to hear,"

"Silence and fogs  
And long black togs—  
They're the things we gentlemen fear."

He hummed lightly, buttoning his clothes.

He dangled his feet from the side of the car, looking over the heads of the sightseers to the yellow grain-fields and the meadows sparkling in the morning sun.

"It's queer how the cattle and dogs and sheep and hogs know when a show is within a mile or two of them. It's the smell of the animals that does it, I suppose." With which wise conclusion he dropped to the gravel, and began the regular daily hunt for a livelihood.

Strictly speaking, Jargles was not of the show, despite the fact of his being with it. He paid a certain sum of money into the hands of a certain member of the board of management each Sunday morning, and so long as this sum was forthcoming he was suffered to remain, with the definite understanding that the board of management, which, by the way, is not a show term, was to be in no wise responsible for him or his actions. He did not eat with the show people, nor did he associate with them to any great extent. He was not on speaking terms of acquaintance with more than a half-dozen of the entire six hundred. Every morning he dropped from the train, and like the raging lion went forth seeking whom he might devour; every evening he returned, stringing his hammock beneath the pole wagon, and sleeping the sleep of the thoroughly fatigued. It was with his business as

it is with most of others; some days were fruitful, some barren, of results. He did not take great chances; he was not a brilliant operator; caution was his governing quality. And he was possessed of a sense of honor, quite unsuspected by those who knew him.

Occasionally, as in the present instance, he made what he designated as a rich haul. An old man, affected by the heat, had left the crowd at the show grounds and had sought a secluded spot by the side of a stream to bathe his dizzy head. Jargles had seen him stagger from out the crowd, and had followed him, feigning to be affected in a like manner. An acquaintance was the simplest of propositions under such circumstances; and it was the easiest thing in the world for Jargles, who recovered with extreme rapidity from his indisposition, to transfer the old man's wallet to his own pocket. He laid low the rest of the day, gloating, for the wallet contained six hundred and eighty dollars, or seven full weeks' work in one delightful lump.

It was no more than natural, therefore, being in such a state of affluence, that he should have made his way this morning to the best hotel in the village, where he ordered a breakfast to his liking and sat comfortably back in his chair to read a morning paper. And it was no more than natural, either, his eyes falling upon a black headline proclaiming the robbery of an old man, that he should have become intensely interested, for he himself had robbed the old man and at this instant he was about to enjoy the first substantial benefit therefrom. It was, however, somewhat more than natural, his breakfast having been placed before him after he had twice read the story

following the headline, that he should have pushed the dishes away untasted, for his appetite was usually excellent and his emotions were not easily aroused. He left the dining room, followed by the curious stare of the waiters, and a murmur of surprised comment. At the office desk he paid for the uneaten meal, and retired for a time to examine the papers which, beside the cash, the old man's wallet had contained. Presently he returned, asking for time-tables, which he studied assiduously for two minutes. Then he walked rapidly to the railway station, and twenty minutes later was on a train flying towards the village where he had been the day before.

It was a ride of little more than sixty miles, requiring a scant hour and a half of time. The clocks were on the point of nine when he stepped from the train and took his way at a swinging stride up the village street, questioning a boy as to the location of Rufus Brown's dwelling, and increasing his speed when the direction had been given, for the boy, after the manner of boys reared in country neighborhoods, had vouchsafed the information that Mr. Brown was near dead. Shortly he was standing at the doorway of a modest cottage, introducing himself to the old lady who answered his summons.

"My name," he said, lying glibly, "is Walters—George Walters. I read of Mr. Brown's ill fortune in the morning paper. I am here to return his pocket-book, which I found near the show ground yesterday. It contains papers which may perhaps be of value."

He drew the wallet from his pocket as he spoke, extending it towards the old lady. She grasped it eagerly,



opening it. Then an expression of disappointment came upon her face. Her voice quavered pitifully.

"The money is gone," she said. "My husband was about to pay off the last of our indebtedness with it. It was the hoardings of years. I—I thank—you—for returning the wallet.

Jargles bowed gravely. "I took the liberty," he said, "of looking through the papers, and I found one which was of interest to me; a promissory note for four hundred dollars given by one James Jargles to your husband twelve years ago. Can you tell me anything of this Mr. Jargles? I know a man of that name who is probably his son, and it is possible—just barely possible that I will be able to secure the payment of the note from him."

"I know little of Mr. Jargles," replied the old lady, "except that he lived in the same county in Ohio where my husband came from here, and that my husband (we wasn't married then) loaned him some money to save his son's life. The boy had been hurt in some way—"

"He was shot by one of his tough associates," interrupted Jargles grimly.

"And the nature of his hurt required that he be sent to a Cincinnati hospital for an operation. Mr. Jargles' credit was not good at the banks, I believe. His farm—"

"A pretty place—cattle—sheep—pigs—a big brown dog—home!" The lips of Jargles moved, but no sound issued from them.

"Was mortgaged to the last cent. He had nothing to offer as security, and it is not easy to borrow four hundred dollars when a man is fixed like that. But my husband's heart was soft—too soft for his own good, I fear, and he let Jargles have the money, though he could ill afford to lose it."

"And this is the man I robbed! Good God!" thought Jargles. He drew a pencil from his pocket, figuring upon his thumb-nail. "Thank heaven it is not too late to make restitution! Twelve years at five per cent. is two hundred and forty dollars. Added to the principal it gives a total of six forty. Madam," he said aloud, "will you please give me that note?"

He opened his belt, took out a roll of bills and counted out six hundred and forty dollars of the stolen money.

"There is the cash. Give me the note, please."

Wonderingly the old lady complied. She was dazed—too dazed to ask for an explanation. Her eyes were brimming with tears.

"God bless you, sir," she said brokenly. "I think this will save my husband's life."

"I hope so, madam. Good-bye."

Jargles turned abruptly, and passed down the street. That night when the circus train went on its way he was swinging comfortably in his hammock beneath the pole wagon, and his conscience was as a lyre of many strings, lulling him to sleep.

# American Heroes : Lieutenant-Commander Roper

By Theodore Waters

WHAT follows is the true record of heroic conduct performed in the face of death on the U. S. gunboat *Petrel*, as she lay off Cavité, in Manila Bay, on the last day of last March. It is not a story in which the enthusiasm of battle urged men to the performance of great deeds. It concerns something more than that, for the enemy was insidious and invisible and struck men down silently while their comrades looked on almost powerless to interfere or to help. Moreover, it reveals the existence in our navy of broad ties of affection, which, on occasions of peril, bridge the gulf between rank and file, making the officers and men act as brothers. On this occasion, at least, men risked their lives for their officers; officers for their men, and the commander of the gunboat went to his death that he might save the life of a common seaman.

When the sun came up that morning over Cavité, there was no suspicion on the *Petrel* that she was brewing in her hold the elements of an incipient volcano. She lay calmly at her station surrounded by the rest of the squadron, her men sweltering in the humidity which at Cavité renders life burdensome. To be sure, the officer of the deck was dressed enough to lend proper dignity to his temporary authority as he viewed the operations of the men washing down the deck, but

his associates went about less formally in pajamas. Commander Jesse M. Roper was in his cabin. Lieutenant J. S. McKean was in his berth convalescing from dengue fever and grip.

It was altogether a dispirited ship's crew. Even those men who chronically blame everything on "Dusty," as the Jack o' the Dust is familiarly called by his shipmates, felt it not worth while to lay it to him as he went among them occupied with his concerns of beans and pork; and "Dusty," as all sailormen know, is responsible for all things that go wrong on board a man-of-war.

Nevertheless, at 7 A. M. this listlessness disappeared as if by magic when the cry of "fire" was suddenly shouted and the alarm bell resounded through the ship. First there was a prolonged and rapid clamor and then the single stroke of the bell, showing that the fire was forward. Men dropped their swabs and buckets and ran to their stations; others crowded up the hatches. Commander Roper rushed from his cabin, sounding the alarm as he ran. Naval Cadet J. E. Lewis sprang rapidly on deck to overlook the intake of the pumps.

When Lieutenant McKean reached the forward magazine, he saw a volume of dense, acrid smoke pouring up a hatch. A man told him that the fire was in the sail-room on the orlop deck.

Now, the fixed ammunition room was just abaft the sail room, and there

was no telling how much headway the fire had gained, but as the men by the magazine were already working like Trojans getting the explosives out of harm's way, the lieutenant dropped down the ladder to the berth deck nearest the location of the fire. Here a remarkable scene was being enacted. The sail-room was one of several small compartments located below the berth deck, and could be entered only through a hatchway. A stationary wall ladder led down into the place which, with its situation, was of the nature of a pit. The hatch cover was off and two lines of hose led down into the hold, from the mouth of which belched the smoke. A number of the crew were crouched around the opening, engaged principally in drawing up other men who had been overcome from the place below. As the unconscious ones were drawn up, others of the crew would go down in their stead. Just as Lieutenant McKean reached the hatch, Commander Roper, who had been down in the hold and had been partly overcome, was assisted up to the berth deck.



COMMANDER JESSE M. ROPER.

Whatever was the actual condition of the fire at this moment, it showed no flame, but the fumes that came up from below with the smoke were almost deadly, and for every three men who went down the ladder, two were passed up again half unconscious. Even some of the men who merely leaned over the edge of the hatch trying to see through the smoke were overcome, and the con-

dition grew worse until Commander Roper ordered that no more men should go below. Those already down were ordered up. Perhaps it might have ended there, but presently some one noticed that Seaman Patrick Toner had not returned to the deck. They shouted for him, but he did not answer, and it became evident that he had been overcome by the fumes.

It was black as ink down there, and no ordinary light would burn in such an atmosphere. The dynamo had been stopped after dawn, and although the engineers were working hard to start it, the current was not yet available, else an electric lamp would have long since been used.

Suddenly a faint sound was heard in the pit, evidently from Toner fighting



for breath, and at once Commander Roper, not yet thoroughly recovered from the poisonous smoke himself, started up and announced that he would go down again and get the seaman. Now, twice since he had been hauled up the hatchway, Commander Roper had attempted to return to the sail-room, and each time Lieutenant McKean had persuaded him not to do so, but this time he was determined. He loved his crew even as much as they loved him, and twice before he had saved the lives of men before the mast—once on a burning vessel, once jumping after a man who had gone overboard. His men were his children and none of them should suffer while he had it in his power to prevent. Turning to his lieutenant, who was attempting to restrain him, he said :

"I understand the conditions exactly, McKean, and I'm going down!"

He started forward, but at this moment there came running down from the upper deck Naval Cadet Lewis—"a youngster of twenty-two"—who had not even completed his final examinations and was on his preliminary two years' cruise. He heard the Commander's words and took in the situation at a glance. He stepped in front of the Commander.

"Captain," he cried, "let me go. I am younger and better able!"

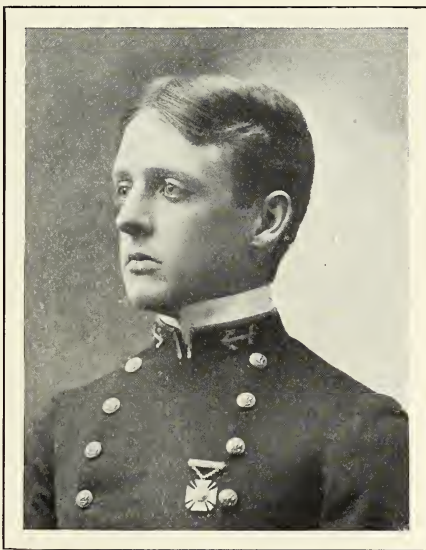
And then without waiting for a reply, he slid down the ladder and disappeared in the smoke. Commander Roper followed him immediately. The men silently watched them go, anxious, yet hopeful, and ready at the word to follow their Captain, even though it meant certain death. There in the group were "Jack of the Dust" Kessler; Flaherty, the gunner's mate; Privates Thies and Sullivan of the Marine Corps; Carlson, the bugler; Coxswain White, Evans, Cahey and Gi-

randy, the latter a negro seaman, who was born in Gaudaloupe, but who had passed his early life in Spain. But now "Dusty," not willing that his Captain should possibly be without help in such a place, made for the ladder and dropped below, and Flaherty, the gunner's mate, only wanted another excuse to go into the pit, so he,

too, followed in the wake of Kessler.

Then came long moments of suspense. On the upper deck, the men were still getting the powder out of the magazine. The pumps were thumping steadily, and the intake was sucking the waters of the bay into the hold of the gunboat.

On the forecastle lay the bodies of unconscious men, over whom other men worked in a mad endeavor to bring them back to life; Surgeon Plummer passed from one to another



NAVAL CADET J. E. LEWIS.

of the unconscious men with a touch here and a word there, perhaps the greatest life saver of them all. The smoke rolled up slowly, obscuring as in a mist, the forms on deck.

By this time, the men around the hatch were getting more anxious, for several of them had been down in the pit before—White and Evans three times—and they knew what that gas meant. Girandy stepped forward and started after his comrades, when Lieutenant McKean, now in command of the berth deck, ordered that no one should go below without a bowline tied to his waist. Now, if there is one thing a sailor hates more than another, it is the bowline. He thinks it is a reflection on his personal ability to take care of himself, and the great burden of a naval officer's life is to see that men do not go over the side for any legitimate purpose without a bowline. Girandy did not want the bowline, but an order on a man-of-war must be obeyed, so when the negro went into the hole, it was at the end of the rope, and it was well that he did so.

Lieutenant McKean had seen Kessler and Flaherty weaken on the ladder as they went down, but positive terror came into the negro Girandy's face the moment he got his feet below deck, and by the time he was waist deep below, he was yelling fiendishly and clawing the air desperately like a demon. Yet he went on to his duty, and had the grit, even in his condition, to pass up Kessler and Flaherty, who had consciousness enough left to grab him and hold on while he helped them up the ladder. Finally, in his searching around the ladder's foot, he found Toner, the man for whom the Commander and the Cadet had gone down,

and although rapidly losing consciousness himself, the black hero bravely held on to his shipmate's body until the men above, pulling hard on the bowline, had hauled them within reach and out on deck.

But where were Commander Roper and Cadet Lewis? They had now been in the deadly hold a long time, comparatively speaking, yet when Lieutenant McKean inquiringly looked at his men, there was hesitation plainly expressed in their attitude. He could not blame them. They had seen their comrades, big healthy fellows, who had fear of no visible enemy, knocked over with a suddenness that from the very invisibility of the cause would have been terrifying even to well educated men. It was no time now to explain to Jack the physical phenomena of gases. On the other hand, had they been ordered into the pit, every man of them would have run down the ladder, although sure that death laid in wait on the bottom rung. Officers go first in such cases and men follow them voluntarily or not, as they please. Without a word, therefore, Lieutenant McKean, half sick though he was, tied the bowline to his own waist and got ready to go below. In an instant the moral panic had gone and the men crowded around ready to follow him to the last reaches of perdition, if necessary; but it was not necessary, so he descended alone into the smoke-filled pit. What he found there must be told briefly in his own modest words.

"I knew how Girandy felt the moment I got into the smoke. Before I was half way through the hatch I could feel the gas, and by the time my head was on a level with the deck, my knees began to weaken. I reached the foot



THE U. S. GUNBOAT PETREL.

of the ladder and began groping in the dark and feeling around with my feet for the bodies of Commander Roper and the Cadet. I had to step cautiously, as I did not want to tread on them. I had saturated a handkerchief with water before coming down, and I was holding this to my mouth and straining forward in the dark, when suddenly the place became lighted up with a dull glare. The dynamos had been started at last and some one had lowered a cargo lamp down the hatchway. I could now see plainly through the smoke. There on one side near the further end of the room was Commander Roper in a sitting position, his back against the bulkhead, his head dropped over on his shoulder. There on the other side of the room in the same position sat Cadet Lewis.

Commander Roper did not move, but I could see the breast of Cadet Lewis go slowly in and out. He was evidently fighting for his last breath. I walked toward them, and though it was only a few steps, and I do not believe I hesitated an instant, yet in the interval I had to make one of the hardest decisions of my life.

"I had made up my mind instantly that Commander Roper was dead. On the other hand, there was the Cadet alive yet, but almost at his last gasp; another minute and he, too, would be dead. Which should I take out first? I remember thinking of his youth, his chances of success, of what he might do if I saved him, but then there arose in my mind the old navy formula, *R. H. I. P.*—rank has its privileges—and Commander Roper was taken up first.



The rope was short, and I jerked it so they would let out on it, but they thought it a signal to pull, and began to haul me up. I had to yell at them to make them stop, and finally I got the Commander to the foot of the ladder and they hauled him up. Then I went for Lewis, but when they jerked the rope the first time, my wet handkerchief had been dropped from my mouth, and I had swallowed much of the gas, so when I had lifted his 140 pounds over to the ladder he was the heaviest burden I ever lifted in my life. But I got him over at last, and with the assistance of Theis and Cahey, who had come down after me, he was hauled up to the deck. Then, just as I was losing consciousness, they hauled me up."

This was not all. When Lieutenant McKean regained consciousness, pandemonium reigned on the *Petrel*. He did not know until that afternoon when told of it that he had been unconscious at all. It seemed to him that he had been hauled to the deck and lay with his eyes closed, a few moments after which he turned to his Chinese boy servant who had been chafing his hands and said:

"Tom, get me a glass of whiskey."

Then someone, who proved to be the surgeon (after a time) gave him the whiskey and also some strong coffee, after which he was able to crawl about and take in the situation. And such a situation! All over the fore-castle were the men, two dozen of them at least, relieved of the terror of the moment and still affected by the peculiar laughing gas property of the fumes, rolling around and fighting those who worked over them, and screaming like fiends.

It was as though the men of the *Petrel* had been drinking bino. None of them got upon his feet, none was able, and yet what with the thrashing around and the fighting and the screaming, it took three and four men to hold down each of the gas-infected sufferers. Many of them certainly would have gone overboard, were it not for the powerful restraint put upon them. Cadet Lewis, for instance, owes his life to Assistant Paymaster D. M. Addison, whose coolness and judgment brought back life to the brave young Cadet and then helped to keep that life from destroying itself.

During all this time, not one of the other vessels in the squadron knew of the fatal fire on the *Petrel*. Lieutenant McKean, with the help of two men, dragged himself to the rail, and there, with the signal book in his hands, the men holding him on his feet, he wearily gave directions for the signal, *Medical Assistance, Emergency*, and as it was a general signal, not intended only for the flagship, in a few minutes thereafter a dozen doctors from as many ships were helping to care for the frenzied crew of the *Petrel*.

Presently, Ensign Holman reported the fire extinguished. Investigation showed that it had been burning since midnight, yet one of the sailors had actually slept on that fatal hatch cover all night without suspicion of what was going on below. Finally, tranquillity reigned again on the gunboat, but it was tranquillity of that kind which comes after sudden tempests have laid low the best that earth has produced—the despairing tranquillity that follows grief.

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## American Shrines.

"WE CONSECRATE OUR WORK TO THE SPIRIT OF NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE, AND, AS AMERICANS. WE COME TO A SPOT WHICH MUST FOREVER BE DEAR TO US AND TO OUR POSTERITY."

DANIEL WEBSTER.



# THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

NEW SERIES

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## John Harvard and the Early College

By William Roscoe Thayer

ON the 28th of October, 1636, O. S., the following vote was passed by the General Court of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay: "The Court agree to give £400 towards a *School* or *College*, whereof £200 shall be paid the next year, and £200 when the work is finished, and the next Court to appoint where and what building."

In all regards, this was a memorable resolution. The men who took it were strangers in a new country. They had made habitable merely the hem of land along the shore. Less than sixteen years had elapsed since the earliest of the settlers had come to Plymouth; only six years before the first cluster of log-cabins at the mouth of the River Charles had been called Boston; not twenty miles inland the latest settlement had just been cleared in the primeval forest, which stretched thence—no one knew how far—a wilderness untrodden save by the wild Indians and the wild beasts. Nevertheless, "After God had carried us safe to New England," says a contemporary, "and we had builded our houses, provided necessaries for our livelihood,

reared convenient places for God's worship, and settled the civil government; one of the next things we longed for and looked after, was to advance learning and perpetuate it to Posterity; dreading to leave an illiterate Ministry to our Churches, when our present Ministers shall be in the Dust." This is the simple, impressive statement of the writer of *New England's First Fruits*, published in 1643. These ministers must then nearly all have been middle-aged, or older, and unless the colonists expected to draw their successors, when needed, from England, provision must be made for rearing them here. But as the colonists had come to New England to establish themselves in a permanent home, they would not be dependent on the old country for their supply of ministers—the most important members of the Puritan community.

The General Court which sat in 1637 proceeded to take immediate steps for the erection of the College. It appointed twelve of the foremost men in the Colony—including Governors Winthrop, Stoughton and Dudley,

and the ministers Shepard, Cotton and Wilson, "to take orders for a College at Newtowne." Newtowne—"a place very pleasant and accommodate"—almost immediately thereafter had its name changed to Cambridge, out of the affection which many of its settlers cherished for the English Cambridge, where they had studied or dwelt. The twelve eminent men accordingly chose one Nathaniel Eaton to be "Professor of the said School," on which work was begun the next year (1638). Eaton, unlike the professors of a later day, had to build before he could teach. Just where he broke ground for the first college is still a matter of dispute; most probably it was near the site of Grays Hall. We have, however, the items of some of the bills paid for its construction, from which we learn that it was a frame house. We learn, too, that Eaton fenced in about an acre, using pales  $6\frac{1}{2}$  feet high, for which he paid £30; that he set out 30 apple trees, and that one of the carpenters was named Eliot—possibly a kinsman of the present President, who has been in an eminent degree a builder, finding Harvard a college and raising it to a university.

Until the new Hall should be ready, Eaton, beginning in 1638, held the school in his own dwelling—where, we do not know—but Gov. Winthrop says that he had "many scholars, the sons of gentlemen and others of best note in the country." That same autumn an event occurred which had an immense interest to all concerned in the welfare of the little seminary. On Sept. 24, 1638, there died of consumption, in Charlestown, John Harvard, a young minister lately

come to the Colony, and when his will was read, it was found that it had "pleased God to stir up" his "heart to give the one-halfe of his estate (it being in all about 1,700*l*) towards the erecting of a College, and all his library."

Who was this benefactor whose bounty suddenly made possible the completion of the school, and insured its future?

Meagre, regrettably meagre, is our knowledge of John Harvard. The newspapers publish more facts about any alderman who dies than they could publish about the founder of the most important institution which this country has seen. For actual information we have four or five dates—the rest is conjecture.

John Harvard, the son of Robert, a butcher, was born in Southwark, one of the early divisions of London, Nov. 29, 1607, and was baptized in the Church of St. Saviour's, Southwark. He had a brother, Thomas, a cloth-worker. The father and mother we judge to have been thrifty tradespeople, with but slender education, but with common-sense and that instinct for getting on in the world which belongs to the Anglo-Saxon race. The father died about 1625, leaving John £200. Two years later the register of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, contains the entry: "Oct. 25, 1627. John Harvard, of Middlesex, a pensioner." Of the three classes of students, the "lesser" pensioners were, socially, the second; not so rich as the "greater pensioners," or "fellow-commoners" above them, nor so poor as the "sizars" below them, who depended on scholarships or other help, and had inferior accommodations—though all three





THE EARLY HOME OF JOHN HARVARD'S MOTHER.



classes were entitled to the same instruction. We may presume, then, that Harvard had moderate means—a lesser pensioner, spending about £50 a year—and from the fact that he was sent to college at all, we may be sure that he had evinced a studious disposition. Being nineteen at entering, he was unusually old for a Freshman, the average age being fifteen.

Why did Harvard enroll himself among the students of Emmanuel? Then, as now, Trinity College was the largest, and others had a higher repute for social or for scholastic standing. The fact that Emmanuel was then the chief resort of Puritan students suggests an explanation for Harvard's choice, and leaves little doubt that, having been brought up amid Puritan influence, he naturally sought at the University the college where Puritanism prevailed. Dr. John Preston, the Master of Emmanuel, when he went there, was "of all the heads of colleges the one whose presence in Cambridge was the most impressive." Fuller calls him "the greatest pupil-monger in England in man's memory." The Duke of Buckingham recognized him as the leader of the sect whose uncompromising principles had already begun to gall the Established Church and the autocratic King. By such a master, John Harvard's Puritanism must have been confirmed.

After he entered Emmanuel in 1627, however, we hear no more about him for four years. What he studied, who were his associates, we cannot discover; but we learn that in 1631 he took his bachelor's degree.

Four years of absolute silence! and yet we know in considerable detail the

progress of the university during these years. We know who were Harvard's contemporaries there, and although we cannot say with whom he made acquaintance, yet it will do no harm to speculate a little. The most illustrious of his fellow collegians was John Milton, who entered Christ College in 1625, and left in 1632—three years before Harvard. Edmund Waller was a student at King's, Jeremy Taylor at Caius, Thomas Fuller at Queen's, Crashaw at Pembroke, Henry More, the Platonist, at Christ, and Cudworth, the metaphysician, at Emmanuel—Harvard's own college. He must have witnessed many of the university celebrations—the reception of King Charles I and Queen Henrietta Maria, when the students performed original Latin comedies in the great Hall of Trinity; the installation of the dashing Duke of Buckingham as Chancellor; and the commencement ceremonies in 1629, when the painter Rubens received the honorary degree of Master of Arts. He must have known old Hobson, one of the Cambridge celebrities, who for sixty years was carrier between Cambridge and London, and who let out horses to the students. And when the plague came, in 1630, John Harvard must have gone away, as all did who could; for during the space of nine months the university was deserted.

From 1631, when he took his first degree, till 1635, when he passed Master of Arts, four other silent years succeeded. We note that there were four, instead of three—the usual term for candidates in Arts—but we do not know why. Evidently, his appetite for an education grew by what it fed on, and his modest resources sufficed;



EMMANUEL COLLEGE

otherwise he would not have spent eight years at the university. Our conjectures may go still farther on the road of probability, and we may say that during his college course he had the ministry in view.

In that same year, 1635, on July 2, his mother made her will, bequeathing to her eldest son, "John Harvard, clerke," certain tenements. A year later his brother Thomas died, leaving him various properties and £100. Thus John seems to have inherited, before he was thirty years old, all the wealth of the family; and this wealth had been increased by an unusual chance. For his mother married three times—first Robert Harvard, then Elletson, a cooper, and finally Yearwood, a grocer—and having survived her three husbands, she was able to bequeath their savings, besides the proceeds of the inn which she herself managed, to her two sons. Moreover, as Thomas died first, his brother John fell heir to that

share also. Thus an innkeeper, a butcher, a cooper, a grocer and a clothmaker furnished the funds which determined the name of Harvard College and gave the first impetus to its growth. A fine instance—is it not?—of the way in which the product of commonplace labor in one generation may be converted to higher purposes in the next. Katherine Harvard, someone has well said, is the *alma mater* of all students of the college named after her son.

In 1636, therefore, John Harvard was left alone in the world, with the best education of the times in his head, and a small fortune, probably about £1,600 or \$8,000, in his purse. He was a Puritan—one of that sect that had seceded from the Church of England, and that a few years later, under Cromwell's guidance, was to purge Britain and erect there a commonwealth. For us Americans, the Puritans—and in the term I include all the





QUEEN'S HEAD INN, SOUTHWARK  
Owned by John Harvard

dissenters of that epoch—had achieved a task still mightier and far more significant. They had planted their colonies along the shores of Massachusetts Bay. But in 1636, Charles I was undisputed King, and both Church and State in England dealt harshly with dissenters, who, to escape ill-concealed persecution or to better their condition, were going, every year in larger numbers, to the new England beyond the sea. Sometime in 1637, probably early in the year, John Harvard embarked with his wife, Anne Sadler, then twenty-two years old, for Massachusetts. Under the date "Aug. 1, 1637," we read in the

records of Charlestown that "Mr. John Harvard is admitted a Townsman, with promise of such accommodations as wee best can." On the following 2d of November he became a naturalized citizen of Charlestown, and on Nov. 6, he and his wife were received as members of the First Church there. On May 26, 1638, he is mentioned as taking part in a town meeting to consider a body of laws. Already, we see, he was a person of some consequence in the little settlement, as by his education and his small fortune we should expect him to be. He bought a strip of land and built him a dwelling, the site of which was, probably, near the old meeting house on Town Hill. And then we hear no more of him, except that, on

Sept. 24, 1638, he died, and by his will bequeathed his books and one-half of his estate to the young seminary which has ever since borne his name. He was buried in the old graveyard at Charlestown, but where none can tell: we only know that the monument erected in 1828 does not mark his grave.

Thus scanty are the facts which, by grubbing long years among old wills and parish registers, the antiquaries have brought to light. Of John Harvard's personality, his contemporaries tell almost nothing. The writer of *New England's First Fruits* says Harvard "was a Godly gentleman and



a lover of learning." Thomas Shepard, minister of the First Parish Church at Cambridge, says: "This man was a scholar, and pious in his life, and enlarged towards the country and the good of it in life and in death." A brief and simple epitaph, but how comprehensive! It should be engraved on the pedestal of that statue under the shadow of Memorial Hall, on which a modern sculptor has expressed his ideal of the features and form of the founder.

Harvard's bequest came none too soon. The building which Eaton had erected, was still incomplete, and there was a general lack of the utensils of learning. Harvard's money legacy was expended on the former; his library, consisting of about 300 volumes, would supply in part the latter. We have the titles, but not the books themselves, all but a single volume having been destroyed in 1764 by the fire which burned Harvard Hall; but the titles show that the collection was rich in theological folios, in the classics, and in several of the most important works then recently published, including Bacon's *Essays* and *Advancement of Learning*, Chapman's *Homer*, and Camden's *Remains*. As good books bespeak a good mind, we can infer somewhat as to John Harvard's tastes and attainments. On learning of Harvard's bequest, the General Court voted that the college should be named for him.

Nathaniel Eaton, the first "Professor," discharged his duties so ill that, in September, 1639, he was removed. His scholars alleged serious grievances against him for his severity towards them, and, more serious still, he was

charged with carelessness in his expenditures. Samuel Shepard succeeded him, and continued in office until the early autumn of 1640, when Henry Dunster, a man of learning, could arrive from England. Dunster was the first President, and he deserves, equally with Harvard, the gratitude of posterity, for Harvard's benefaction in money might have come to naught had it not been supplemented in those critical years by the patience, prudence, energy and intelligence of Dunster. Under him the college hall was completed; he built also, "upon very damageful conditions" to himself, a house where he lived. He was perpetually harassed by poverty, on the one hand, and by the hostility of various factions on the other. The college depended primarily on the State for its revenue, and the State doled out with a niggardly hand—not that its intentions were always stingy, but that its resources were usually slim. The tolls of the Charlestown ferry brought the only regular income granted by the State, and they varied from year to year in amount. Other needs must be supplied by special grants of the General Court, which were hard to secure.

But from the first, Harvard College was helped by the generosity of private citizens. Those early gifts, as they are set down in the records, prove alike the poverty and the zeal of the colonists, who gave what they had, were it but a mite. We read "of a number of sheep bequeathed by one man, of a quantity of cotton worth 9 shillings presented by another, of a pewter flagon worth 10 shillings by a third, of a fruit dish, a sugar spoon, a

silver-tipt jug, one great salt, and one small trencher-salt by others." The town rates, part of which was from time to time appropriated to the use of the college, were paid in kind—in cattle or grain—a precarious substitute for cash. Thus Shepard reports that he got only 2s. 8d. or 3s. for corn received at 4s. the bushel. In his accounts we find such entries as this: "Received a goat, 30s. of plantation of Watertown rate, which died." In eight years President Dunster received for the benefit of the scholars about £270 (£191 3s. 5d. from the Colony of Massachusetts, £39 1s. from Hartford, £35 1s. 3d. from New Haven, and £4 13s. from Plymouth), an average of about £34, or \$170 a year. These are figures with a moral face, denoting that the college survived these early straits only because the importance of having a college at all had sunk deep into the hearts of the colonists, and that they were therefore willing to make great sacrifices. The generosity which in our age erects a noble hall, is no whit more admirable than that which, two centuries and a half ago, deprived itself of a roll of cotton or of a yearling calf for the good of the struggling school. But the first gifts came not only from the poor; the well-to-do and those who passed for rich, contributed also according to their means, one £10, another £20, and "a person not willing his name should be known" £50. From England, also, benefactions came—one of £100 to found a scholarship, from Lady Mowlson, the first woman benefactor, whose maiden name, Radcliffe, has recently been given to the Woman's College in Cambridge.

By these means President Dunster

was enabled to complete the first building, which was, as I have said, a frame house, covered with cedar shingles. "The edifice is very faire and comely within and without," says a writer in 1642, "having in it a spacious Hall (where they daily meet at commons, lectures, exercises), and a large library with some books to it, the gifts of divers of our friends, their chambers and studies also fitted for and possessed by the Students, and all the room of office necessary and consistent, with all needful offices thereto belonging." Could we, however, visit that building, we should hardly be so enthusiastic. Except in the Hall, which was large enough to seat at least fifty at dinner, there was no fire-place. Several students occupied each of the chambers, most of which were plastered with clay, and rudely finished; but every student had a study to himself—a tiny room about 14 feet square. A tower, or turret, projected over the central entrance. On the second floor, besides the library, there were chambers and studies, the windows glazed for the most part with oiled paper, and only here and there a pane of glass. The low attics, if there were any, may have been used for the servants to sleep in. A stone's throw to the northwest was President Dunster's house, and beyond, comprising the northern section of the college yard, was anciently an ox-pasture, and the tutors' orchard.

The building being ready, what did President Dunster teach and the scholars learn? Naturally, the system adopted at the young college would conform as nearly as possible to that of its English model. Let us glance for a moment, then, at the education



THE STATUE OF JOHN HARVARD AT CAMBRIDGE





HARVARD COLLEGE IN 1721

which we should have found at Oxford or Cambridge at that time. For many centuries after the fall of the Roman Empire, learning took refuge in cloisters and monasteries. At the beginning of the Middle Age, however, when Europe, though still turbulent, had yet sufficiently advanced towards civilization to offer here and there a foothold for the arts of peace, schools sprang up at which whoever wished could learn whatever knowledge was known at that time. The scholars, for the most part, intended to fit themselves for the church; the topic which chiefly engrossed them was theology, and the common language of the church being Latin, Latin was also the common language of learned men. The Bible and the fragments of Greek literature which they then possessed, they studied in Latin translations, and as that language also opened for them the treasure-house of Roman literature, it had an immense and unique prestige. Theology the topic, Latin the medium—those are the two car-

dinal facts to which the higher education of modern times returns. You will remember, indeed, that Salerno had a medical school which, if tradition does not err, was older than any other European university, but there, too, we should find that the teachers and the taught belonged to the clerical class. In the twelfth century, however, another topic—Law—came to be studied, and the fame of the great university of Bologna, which made a specialty of the study of law, spread far and wide. As soon as laymen might be lawyers, the spell of theology was broken. Learning for its own sake, and not, as hitherto, for the sake of preparing the student for the church, was seen to be a worthy aim. Studies not directly related to theology, or law or medicine—humane studies, as men called them—came to take their place in the curriculum of the university.

But to understand the education of an era we must know more than the topics and the books which were

studied in it; we must know also its attitude towards life, towards knowledge, towards facts. And the point wherein the scholars who lived from the eleventh century to the fifteenth differed most widely from ourselves was their belief that they possessed all the knowledge that was worth knowing or could be known. Just as they held that final truth had been revealed in their religion, and that it was useless, if not impious, to question farther, so in their dealing with profane knowledge, they accepted the statements of certain men as conclusive, and sought only to understand what these men had asserted. Galen in medicine, the Pandects in law, Ptolemy in geography and astronomy, Aristotle in natural history and metaphysics were not to be gainsaid. Aristotle, indeed, for fully four hundred years was the intellectual master of Europe. Men thought not to criticise, much less to confute, him. If experiment or observation disagreed with his assertion—so much the worse for experiment and observation. Stated briefly, the mediævals took for granted; we moderns inquire.

But the mind which takes for granted can advance no further than to the border of the field of knowledge which the master has marked out. Beyond that, having no guide, it cannot go; and, truly, since the master stopped there, why should the disciple wish to go beyond? Nay, how can he be sure that there is a beyond? Therefore, since all necessary knowledge was regarded as being already in the world and within man's reach, it seemed possible to devise a scheme of education which should lead the student up step by step, back and forth, over the entire field. And the scheme which the uni-

versities devised for giving students a liberal education included the *Trivium*—Grammar, Logic and Rhetoric—and the *Quadrivium*—Arithmetic, Geometry, Astronomy and Music. Above these stood Philosophy and Theology.

Along such paths, for many generations, the scholars of Europe walked up and down the garden of knowledge, and then on one side and another and another, the bounding walls which had shut in their view were suddenly leveled, and behold! a universe stretched beyond in all directions! The revival of learning, the voyages of the navigators and the observations of Copernicus in the fifteenth century, opened breach after breach; and the Reformation, in the sixteenth century, threw down still other barriers. The recovery of the literature of Greece caused Greek to be added to the curriculum; and the Reformation, by setting up the Bible, and not the Church, as the final test in religion, gave Hebrew and its allied tongues an entrance into the universities.

This, stated very briefly, was the general scheme of education which we should have found at Oxford or Cambridge up to the middle of the seventeenth century. Latin was still pre-eminent, not only as the language in which most of the learned books were written, but as the international means of communication. By its side, Greek had firmly established itself. Mathematics—which, until recently, we were assured, is only a little less venerable than the moral law—had not yet been exalted. Science, properly speaking, was still untaught; nor was general history, nor English literature—that literature which in the half-century between 1580 and 1630 had been won-

derfully enriched. We may say, however, that the English universities, as usual, lagged behind the leaders of the time. In science, for example, Harvey was then making far-reaching discoveries, and a greater than he, Francis Bacon, had taken a survey of the whole field of knowledge and had extended its limits on many sides, having contributed, above all, an invaluable method of sifting errors from truth, so that subsequent investigators could advance with firmer steps. Bacon, it is worth remembering, intended to found a chair of Natural History at Cambridge

Thus when John Milton and John Harvard studied at Cambridge, although they found the old system of education still in vogue, they must have discerned many signs of transition. They, too, were put through the *trivium* and the *quadrivium*; their minds were drenched in classical studies; they came under Aristotle's sway; but they could also, if they chose, explore other topics. Milton, we know, did explore many, becoming proficient in Hebrew, in French, in Italian, and in English literature itself.

When a youth, at the age of fifteen

*Chō Reverend m<sup>r</sup> John Harvard sometimes  
Minister of Gods Word at Charltown  
by his last will & Testament gave towards the  
erecting the above School or Colledge, th<sup>e</sup> one moiety  
or halfe parte of his estate, th<sup>e</sup> o<sup>r</sup> moiety amount-  
ing to the sum of seven hundred seventy nine p<sup>er</sup> cent  
Sould one Shilling and two p<sup>er</sup> cent.*

EXTRACT FROM THE BEQUEST OF JOHN HARVARD

—an important symptom of the approaching change. On the Continent, science had already been given a seat of honor, Galileo and Kepler, to mention only the greatest men of science of that generation, being held in high repute. Moreover, the despotism of Aristotle, though not yet overthrown, was being shaken. Ramus, a Frenchman, who died in 1572, had written a work on Logic in which he dared to differ from some of the Stagirite's conclusions, with the result that the world of scholars was divided between Ramism and Aristotelianism; by which their critical faculties were inevitably stimulated.

or sixteen, went up to the University, he first chose the college which, for whatever reason, he preferred. There he had his quarters, and ate in the common hall. He next chose one of the dons, or tutors, of the college with whom he pursued his studies every day; but besides this private instruction, there were public lectures, given at the college, which he must attend, and in addition to these there were University lectures. After he had been in residence four years—eleven or twelve terms—and had successfully acquitted himself in certain prescribed public disputations, he received the bachelor's degree. After three more



years of study and residence he was eligible for the master's degree. But to become a doctor of Law or of Medicine, he must attend the University for fourteen years, and for a similar period in order to become a doctor of divinity.

In so far as their scanty means permitted, the founders of Harvard College modeled their system of education after that of the English universities, where many of them had studied. Only, since their first purpose was to educate ministers, theology predominated even more than at Cambridge or Oxford—and it was theology of the grim, Puritan sort. In Dunster's time the requirements for admission were summed up as follows—remember that the age of the applicants averaged only thirteen or fourteen years:

"When any scholar is able to understand Tully, or such like classical Latin author *ex tempore*, and make and speake true Latin in Verse & Prose, *suo ut aiunt Marti*; & decline perfectly the paradigms of Nounes and Verbes in the Greeke tongue: let him then and not before be capable of admission into the college." Once admitted, the scholars read the Scriptures twice a day, and had to be "ready to give such account of their proficiency therein, both in theoretical observation of the language & logic, and in Practicall & Spiritual Truths," as their tutor required; they had to repeat or epitomise the sermons preached on Sunday, and to submit to frequent catechizing. "The studies of the first year were logic, physics, etymology, syntax and practice in the principles of grammar. Those of the second year, ethics, politics, prosody and dialectics, practice of poesy and Chaldee. Those of the third, arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, exer-

Catalogus Librorum quos dedit Dominus Harvardus  
Collegij Raym. Balmorus.

1. Ambrosij Tractatus.
2. Antonius & Gratianus in Seneca.
3. Albertus Magnus physicae libri sex.
4. Analysis Apocalypsis.
5. Angelus Presbiter.
6. Augustinus Epist. Confessiones.
7. Augustinus works.
8. Amos & Isidorus Medulla de Cens. fr. Epistolas Lib. contra Iovinianum.
9. Boetius in Boetius.
10. Augustinus meditationes. Epist.
11. Alphidius Philosophia Harmonia Compendium Theologiae.
12. Augustinus in Nov. Testament.
13. Augustinus in Iovinianum.
14. Augustinus in Iovinianum.
15. Augustinus in Iovinianum.
16. Augustinus in Iovinianum.
17. Chrysostomus in Iovinianum.
18. Chrysostomus in Iovinianum.
19. Chrysostomus in Iovinianum.
20. Chrysostomus in Iovinianum.
21. Academia Gallica.
22. Augustinus in Iovinianum.
23. Augustinus in Iovinianum.
24. Augustinus in Iovinianum.

PART OF THE FIRST PAGE OF THE CATALOGUE OF THE  
JOHN HARVARD COLLECTION AT HARVARD COLLEGE

cises in style, composition, epitome—both in prose and verse—Hebrew and Syriac. In every year and every week of the college course every class was practiced in the Bible and catechetical divinity; also in history in winter, and in the nature of plants in summer. Rhetoric was taught by lectures in every year, and each student was required to declaim once a month. "The scholars," says one of the rules, "shall never use their mother tongue, except that in public exercises of oratory, or such like, they may be called to make them in English."

After spending four years—subsequently, in 1654, reduced to three years—at Harvard, the student received his degree of A. B. on the following conditions: "Every scholar that on proof



TITLE PAGE OF THE ONLY REMAINING BOOK IN THE  
JOHN HARVARD COLLECTION

is found able to read the original of the Old and New Testament into the Latin tongue, and to resolve them logically, withal being of goodly life and conversation, and at any public act hath the approbation of the Overseers and Masters of the College, is fit to be dignified with his first degree." The candidate for Master of Arts must further give "up in writing a system or synopsis or resumé of Logic, Natural and Moral Philosophy, Arithmetic, Geometry and Astronomy," and be

"ready to defend them in theses or positions."

In the summer of 1642 the College had its first commencement, and we can believe that President Dunster felt pride in presenting the first bachelor's degrees to nine candidates. For the little colony it was a noteworthy occasion. Governor Winthrop was there, and most of the Overseers, and they dined, he says, "at the College with the scholars' ordinary commons, which was done of purpose for the students' encouragement, and it gave good content to all." We have the titles of the theses, or "parts," which the candidates delivered in Latin—and from them we can guess a little as to their contents. One maintained that "The Greek language is the richest"; another that "The Latin language is the most eloquent"; a third that "Prudence is the most difficult of virtues"; a fourth that "He who tells the truth

may yet lie"; a fifth that "Modesty is the brightest ornament of youth"—a precept, we surmise, which these youths were not allowed to forget! Edifying were it for us could we draw the veil of the past and attend in person that ceremony: see Winthrop and the notables sitting gravely on the platform; and the hall filled with a sober concourse of visitors from Cambridge and the neighboring towns; hear the confident platitudes of the nine scholars, and the grave responses



of Dunster;\* while a few miles inland lay the unexplored wilderness, in which thronged savage foes! Pioneers were these men—pioneers of learning on this continent; bravely had they made a little clearing, a foothold for learning here, trustingly had they planted, and now they assembled to rejoice and give thanks over their first harvest. Every June brings the commencement season to a hundred of our colleges, but more gladly than to any of them would I turn to witness that first academic festival in our land.

We have seen what the students studied, let us look now at their daily life. They were governed on the theory that they were children—and indeed, the oldest were only seventeen or eighteen—to be treated as such. The Puritan teacher has not to answer to the charge of sparing the rod. The student ate dinner and supper at commons in the College Hall, but his morning and afternoon “bever”—a light lunch—he might eat in the buttery or his chamber. The steward, who was usually a graduate, was forbidden to allow the scholars to be in debt more than £2 for their food; nor could he take “any pay that is useless, hazardful or imparting detriment to the college—as lean cattle to feed.” Parents often paid their son’s term-bills in produce or cattle. Almost the

first event in the history of the College that has come down to us is the rebellion of the students against the poor food and rough treatment they received from Nathaniel Eaton, the first professor. Eaton’s wife, who had been the housekeeper, confessed it as a sin that she had denied them cheese, provided bad fish and hasty pudding, and allowed them to make their own beds, and she penitently admitted that the black-a-moor servant had slept in Sam Hough’s sheet and pillow-bier, “which gave Sam Hough just cause of offence.” She confessed her sorrow that she had given them their pudding on “the last day of the week without butter or salt,” and that they had lacked beer half a week together, between brewings. Under Dunster we hear no complaints like these, although doubtless the food then—as always—furnished an excuse for grumbling.

To understand the sternness of the discipline we can do no better than quote some of the early ordinances.

The students “shall honor as their parents, magistrates, elders, tutors and aged persons, by being silent in their presence (except they be called on to answer), not gainsaying; . . . bowing before them, standing uncovered, or the like.”

§ 8. “They shall be slow to speak, & eschew not only oaths, lies & uncertain rumors, but likewise all idle, foolish, bitter, scoffing, frothy, wanton words, & offensive questions.”

§ 12. “No scholar shall buy, sell or exchange anything, to the value of sixpence, without the allowance of his parents, guardians, or Tutors.”

“No scholar shall be present at or in any public civil meetings or concourse of people, as courts of justice, elec-

\*Let me give the names of the scholars: Benjamin Woodbridge, George Downing, John Bulkley, Wm. Hubbard, Samuel Bellingham, John Wilson, Henry Saltonstall, Tobias Barnard and Nathaniel Brewster. Of these Downing, whom Pepys in his diary calls “a pernicious rogue,” and a “stingy fellow,” was the most conspicuous; Saltonstall studied medicine at Padua, and Bellingham at Leyden; Brewster at Dublin and Woodbridge at Oxford took degrees in divinity.



tions, fairs, or at military exercise, in the hours of college exercise, public or private. Neither shall any scholar exercise himself in any military band, unless of known gravity, & of approved sober and virtuous conversation, and that with the leave of the President and his Tutor."

"No scholar shall take tobacco, unless permitted by the President with the consent of their parents and guardians, and in good reason first given by a physician, & then in a sober and private manner."

Misdeemeanors, except those which involved expulsion, were punished by whipping or by fines, the number of stripes and pence being proportioned to the gravity of the offense.

From these strict rules and similar evidence, we infer that the Puritan college boy did not lack animal spirits. Youth then, as now, enjoyed pranks, though it cannot take its fun now, as then it did, in teasing the night-watch, or in playing truant to train with the military band. The early Harvard students had no organized sports, but they got exercise enough without them. As late as 1759 a bear was

seen near Cambridge, so that it is probable that the students of the middle of the preceding century did not lack the very real sport of hunting.

Dunster, who was forced to resign in 1654, on account of hostility excited by his religious views, left the college with an organization which, but for some

slight changes, lasted until thirty-five years ago. Its executive branch, the Corporation, consisted of the President, Treasurer, and five Fellows, over whom the Board of Overseers — comprising the Governor, Deputy Governor, all the magistrates of the jurisdiction and the teaching elders of Cambridge, Watertown, Charlestown, Boston, Roxbury and Dorchester — exercised a general superintendence. Thirty-five years ago the alumni were empowered by an act of the Massachusetts Legis-

lature to elect their own overseers. Thereby the College passed out of the tutelage of the State, as it had a little earlier been emancipated from the control of the Church. The history of Harvard illustrates how the disinterested pursuit of Truth leads to Liberty.



THE MONUMENT TO JOHN HARVARD  
AT CHARLESTOWN

# The Shell Pagoda

By Harriet A. Nash

Evalina, poised airily on a kitchen chair before the china closet, paused doubtfully, looking over her shoulder at the slender figure in the doorway. Miss Eustasia's white hand made an aristocratic but comprehensive gesture.

"We will use the mulberry set, my dear," she said firmly. "It is only one of the inland Porters; about the property."

Evalina's hand outstretched towards the best china on the topmost shelf, dropped to her side. The hospitable smile died from her face. "Indeed," she said.

That a branch of the old sea-faring Porters should have so far forgotten its birthright as to wander inland and found a home far from the salt spray of its native rocks, had ever been an incomprehensible fact in the family annals. That its off-shoots should, after long years, presume to return and lay claim to a share of their grandfather's estate in old Seaport, was held by the present occupants of the house to be little short of deadly insult to the memory of that grand specimen of manhood who had sailed the ocean for half a century and found a grave at last beneath its waters.

Not that it was much of an estate at the present day. In years gone by, when Seaport was a flourishing town, and a forest of masts lay ever at her substantial wharves, the Porter

mansion was the finest in the county, and the Porter ships, traversing the sea from every land brought many treasures to swell the family fortunes. Today Seaport's wharves were crumbling to ruin, and the storehouses that crowned them yawned emptily through broken side and roof, while the only vessel that disturbed the peaceful waters of the bay was the little side-wheel steamer, that churned noisily up and down the coast between Seaport and a neighboring city.

Evalina, whose christening had followed closely after her sister's grand "coming out" party, had only dim remembrances of the old time splendor. To Miss Eustasia it was an ever present fact, rendering more intolerable the sordid present wherein the fairest visions of poetry and art must be made subservient to the grocer's bill and the winter supply of coal. Miss Eustasia had never yet been able to learn the true meaning of the word economy. Weeks of rigid restriction in household necessities were sure to be followed by some reckless extravagance which left the family treasury desolate. To Evalina, on the contrary, changing fortunes had early taught the relative value of dollars and cents. But the knowledge availed little. For earlier yet, she had been taught to respect and obey Eustasia and to meekly acquiesce in whatever that somewhat opinionated lady considered best. To Miss Eustasia her younger sister, though now past

her twentieth birthday, was still an irresponsible child, while to Evalina even the friction of daily companionship never sufficed to dispel the halo which surrounded the older sister of her childhood. For Eustasia had been a beauty and a belle. Family and friends had bowed before her shrine, and lovers grave and gay had haunted the old mansion in its happier days. To Evalina, who had never had a lover of her own, the memory was like some old romance.

Meanwhile the inland cousin waited, a little impatiently, in the shaded parlor. A light breeze from the bay stirred the carefully darned lace curtains, and brought to his ear the sound of the waves as they broke upon a little beach behind the house. But Phillip Porter was in no mood to enjoy the beauties of nature this evening, being wearied with a long journey, and anxious to have the coming interview over that he might return to his supper at the hotel. He had no intention of taxing his cousin's hospitality. He was an honest young man with something of the same regard for his own opinion which characterized Miss Eustasia, and without the faintest suspicion that his present errand could be regarded as an intent to defraud. Indeed, he had come hither with far less desire to obtain justice for his own branch of the family than to apply a little of the business enterprise inherited from the old mariner on yonder wall to the failing fortunes of the main branch. His rigid reception at Miss Eustasia's hands disturbed him little. Her unwillingness to converse on matters connected with the family and estate he readily ascribed to a woman's ignorance of business. But this being

made to wait—he tramped nervously up and down the long parlor, listening for Miss Eustasia's returning footsteps. She came at last, and in tones a shade more icy than had at first greeted him, he was requested "to walk out to tea."

Phillip Porter declined somewhat abruptly, assuring her that he had engaged room and board at the village hotel. If she and her sister would kindly grant him a few moment's conversation, he would trouble them no further that night. Miss Eustasia gracefully motioned him to a chair and seated herself stiffly on the edge of the sofa. It was quite unnecessary to disturb her sister, she assured him. They were of one mind in all matters pertaining to their inheritance. His refusal of their hospitality was to her an open declaration of enmity, and Phillip Porter was not long in discovering that Miss Eustasia not only spurned his interference in her affairs, but regarded the inland Porter's claim upon their grandfather's estate as, nothing less than an attempt at robbery. Ex postulation and argument were vain. Miss Porter neither could nor would be made to see the matter from his point of view.

He went down the shell-bordered walk burning with impatience that his well-meaning efforts should have been so misinterpreted, and fully determined to take the first train for his home, leaving these obstinate women to meet their fate as best they might. By the broken gate he encountered Evalina in close conversation with the lobster boy. Her glance met his momentarily—a look of mingled reproach and curiosity.

Phillip Porter raised his ha



Moved by a sudden impulse he paused. This could be none other than the younger Miss Porter. There was still a chance that one at least of the two sisters might be made to see reason. "I have been so unfortunate as to offend your sister," he said regretfully. "She refuses me access to the family papers and declines any interference in the family affairs."

Evalina's brown eyes took on something of the expression which her sister's blue ones had held.

"My sister is quite right," she said haughtily. "I certainly approve of her decision in the matter."

Phillip Porter's face darkened. He had borne with patience and the utmost courtesy all of the elder sister's obstinacy and suspicion. To keep his temper with a mere girl was another matter.

"Then I have only to tell you," he said shortly, "that I shall proceed in my investigations with what assistance I can obtain from outside parties and the town records. For the sake of the Porter name, which is mine as well as yours, the small remnant of property now remaining shall not be allowed to go to absolute ruin."

"Just as you please," returned Evalina, turning towards the house to end the interview.

Phillip Porter walked swiftly up the street to the little hotel, half ashamed of his anger, yet fully determined to carry his point. Already he had learned enough of the family affairs to perceive their inevitable outcome, and despite his present indignation he could not leave two helpless women of his own blood to drift stubbornly on to absolute want. They could not be far short of that now, he reflected uneasily,

wondering how Miss Eustasia with her delicate hands and aristocratic air would meet the world in a battle for daily bread. Plainly enough it would be the younger sister who would bear the brunt of it. Settled in comfortable after-supper reverie on the crumbling edge of the wharf which the first Phillip Porter had built, his anger died away. Evalina's fair face, stamped unmistakably with utter ignorance of the world, rose before him. He recalled family tales of Miss Eustasia's early beauty. Yes, he would stay, go carefully through the town records, and by his best endeavors save all that could be saved of his grandfather's property. He drew a pencil from his pocket and in the fading light made some figures upon the weather beaten side of the old storehouse. He could arrange the matter satisfactorily with the other heirs of his own family; and whatever was now remaining should be absolutely secured to the two sisters.

Evalina, hurrying to the house, met her sister in the wide front hall. Miss Eustasia's manner indicated that she was most displeased. "What was that man saying to you?" she inquired severely. But Evalina, dropping her pan of lobsters upon the elaborately carved table, burst into tears. "What disagreeable creatures men are," she sobbed. "I mean gentlemen"—with a sudden sense of justice towards the accommodating lobster boy and the kindly fishermen of the neighborhood.

That the Porter sisters lived a life of deep seclusion was but natural. Evalina, by dint of many sacrifices, had been educated at the same genteel boarding school which had furnished her sister's accomplishments, and had emerged therefrom at the age of

## THE SHELL PAGODA

twenty a full quarter century behind the busy modern life of her sex. Afterward, Miss Eustasia, remembering her own youthful privileges, had determined upon a coming out party to launch Evalina upon Seaport's sluggish social tide. But the social life of the village had for years been growing less and less active. As younger generations in these days made use of Seaport only for a place to be born in, the party necessarily resolved itself into a mild tea-drinking at which elderly married people exchanged reminiscences, and Evalina listened, modestly, speaking when she was spoken to. Miss Eustasia noticed, with a dim sense of something wrong, that no man present was under fifty, and remarked drearily that times had changed. And thus Evalina came out.

As for summer residents—for Seaport was not without its share of these birds of passage, who shunned the gay-er resorts and revelled in the quiet of its dull old streets—the Porters, in common with other old residents, deplored their presence and ignored their advances. In summer, when gaily dressed youths and maidens invaded the town with airs of proprietorship, the Porter sisters kept closely to their own gardens, appearing in public only on the Sabbath or when the family marketing demanded Evalina's attention. This summer the seclusion was more rigid than ever, for though the Porter cousin intruded upon them no more, his continued presence in the town was an irritation. They heard now and then from some old family friend that he was busily engaged in looking up deeds, titles and boundaries, and more than once Evalina met him on her way to and from the village

store. "The living image of your Grandfather Porter, my dear," old Mrs. Stacey assured her, and though Evalina, in obedience to Eustasia's instructions, passed the young man with level, unseeing eyes, she nevertheless perceived and resented the family resemblance.

The sisters were sitting one afternoon in the vine-shaded summer house, Evalina working industriously upon a strip of muslin embroidery, while her sister read aloud from "The Lady of Lake," when the click of the front gate announced a caller. Miss Eustasia moved gracefully across the lawn. Her pastor's wife was always a welcome guest, even though she was a bustling little body, with a painful lack of the repose which Miss Porter venerated, and a strong tendency towards gossip, which Miss Porter abhorred.

Mrs. Mellen sank into a chair with a sigh of relief. "It's always so quiet and peaceful here," she declared, while Miss Eustasia offered her a sandalwood fan and dispatched Evalina for a glass of cherry cordial. "What with two parsonage weddings and a travelling missionary this week, I'm about worn out. And now to crown all I'm out soliciting. I told them you folks never refused to help, even though you never went." Evalina remembered the low state of the family purse and looked anxious. Miss Eustasia cordially assured the caller of her delight to assist in every good work.

"It's a sale for the benefit of the heathen," Mrs. Mellen explained, "though I'm bound to confess I think the summer folks began it for their own amusement. Only instead of fancy work they're bringing in laces and jewelry and any curious kind of

thing they can get hold of, and now Mrs. Petersham, who has no use for the summer people anyway, has set up that there are more curious and valuable things in the old houses of Seaport than these folks ever saw. She doesn't see—and for that matter neither do I—why Episcopalians and Presbyterians and all that kind of folks from the city should take the lead in contributing to good orthodox heathens, and she's determined the village folks shall do their part."

Miss Eustasia assented gravely. "Mrs. Petersham is quite correct," she said, "and you may assure her, Mrs. Mellen, that the Porter family will not be backward in contributing."

A gratified expression stole over Mrs. Mellen's tired face. "Just what I told them," she declared, "and to be sure we have already had a generous contribution in money from another branch of the family. Mr. Phillip Porter came with it himself to the parsonage and explained that he wanted to be counted among the residents of the town."

Evalina colored painfully. Miss Eustasia talked calmly on, asking questions concerning the proposed sale and even offering suggestions.

The sale ere long became Seaport's one topic of conversation, and at an early stage in the proceedings it became evident that a fierce rivalry had arisen between the summer guests and the old-time residents. Seaport became excited. Hoarded household treasures were freely offered, to uphold the village dignity. Bits of talk floated into the Porter grounds, and Miss Eustasia was roused to vivid interest. Evalina, revelling in the first social excitement her life had ever

known, wondered sometimes what they were to contribute to the sale, but true to her lifelong training, refrained from questioning. On the morning before the important day Miss Eustasia came from the library, carrying in her arms something covered with a white cloth. A faint tinkling of bells sounded as she walked. Evalina uttered an exclamation of dismay. "Oh Eustasia," she said, "not the pagoda?" Miss Eustasia bowed. "You must remember child," she said indulgently, "that we have not only the honor of Seaport to consider, but also to uphold our branch of the family. We must not be outdone by the sordid bank-notes of an inland Porter."

Most houses in Seaport boasted a shell monument. No other house had a treasure like unto this which Grandfather Porter had himself constructed on a long voyage around the world. Its shape was that of a heathen temple. Rare shells from far off shores covered its sides, curious foreign coins formed its roof. In the jewelled tower, which crowned it, hung three tiny bells of gold. Evalina gazed upon it with admiring eyes. From her earliest remembrance it had been the most treasured of family relics. "The bells were presented to our grandfather by an Indian Prince," Miss Eustasia said proudly, tying on her bonnet that she might in person carry her offering to the Town Hall.

She returned an hour later, in a state of mild excitement. In an attempt to allay the conflict, imminent between the town and its guests, good Parson Mellen had suggested that the sale be concluded with an evening's entertainment, to which the two factions should



jointly contribute. And Miss Eustasia, after much urging, had consented that her sister recite a poem. Evalina, half delighted, half dismayed, had no thought of offering opposition to Eustasia's arrangement, and at once seated herself to memorize the selection, while Miss Eustasia betook herself to the spare-room closet to select a costume for Evalina's wear.

"I do not wish to appear in public myself," she said with decision. "Captain and Mrs. Connor will take charge of you."

Evalina, from the safe shelter of Mrs. Connor's protection, gazed around the Town Hall in keen delight, unalloyed by the discolored ceiling which streamers of bunting failed to conceal, or the unmistakable odor of kerosene from lamps which had not been lighted for months. What mattered it, since their dim light was sufficient to reveal the happy faces and brilliant costumes. Her own dress of richly embroidered muslin (a priceless heirloom) had been highly satisfactory when she had surveyed it in the long mirror at home. Even now she failed to notice that it was scant where others were full, that the heavy sash was tied absurdly high, or that the short puffed sleeves contrasted painfully with the smoothly fitting ones about her. If strangers stared at her a little it was not surprising. She had not expected the best of breeding from these city visitors.

The sale went briskly on. At an early hour the Porter heirloom had gone at a fabulous price to the inland cousin.

"Very handsome of him, I am sure," commented Mrs. Connor, "not to let it go out of the family, and after all

he's your grandfather's namesake, you know."

But Evalina was conscious of a fierce resentment, and wished the treasure had fallen instead into the hands of the stout old gentleman in crimson necktie who had made a fortune in a soap factory. The entertainment began. Two young ladies in marvelous array, played on the piano amidst a busy hum of conversation. Parson Mellen followed with a few remarks of an ambiguous nature, in which townspeople, city boarders and heathens became inextricably confused.

Evalina rose to recite her poem without a thought of embarrassment, but as she faced the brilliant company and felt all eyes fixed upon her, a misgiving seized her. She was suddenly conscious that no other young woman present wore her hair in long curls, and a faint titter from a bevy of girls on her right seemed to emphasize the contrast between her attire and theirs. Everything all at once seemed wrong. With keen intuition she looked upon herself through the critical eyes before her, and felt the error of her training. It was true then. What Eustasia was pleased to call conservatism and reserve was only a ridiculous clinging to old things which should have passed away. There was a higher duty than upholding the memory of past grandeur—to live the busy active life of the present.

Evalina began the "Wreck of the Hesperus" in uncertain tones. Her sister had selected it as most appropriate for the descendant of a sea-faring race, and Evalina had thought it most beautiful and pathetic. Now in the presence of this gay, bantering throng

it seemed old-fashioned and ridiculous like herself. At the close of the fourth verse her wandering thoughts fled entirely from the familiar lines. There was a long moment of silence, broken by a second giggle from the group of girls, who, to do them justice, were thoroughly kind of heart and laughed only because it was their habit to do so upon every possible occasion. But Evalina felt their merriment directed upon herself as she stood helplessly before them. The dismayed faces of her townspeople brought no suggestion of the lines she was striving in vain to recall.

A deep voice suddenly broke the silence:

"Last night the moon had a golden ring  
And to-night no moon we see."

It was the Porter cousin.

Evalina finished the poem with growing confidence and a feeling that she had at least one friend among the throng before her. She was fully aware that Eustasia would have preferred an utter breakdown to succor from such a source, but for herself resentment was swallowed up in gratitude. Phillip Porter was welcome to the heirloom he had purchased. Let him take from them, if he would, the Porter estate—the crumbling storehouses, the rocky fields, even the old house itself. Had he not saved her from ignominious defeat before these city youth, who, from being the pitiable objects of her disapproval, had all at once become personal enemies.

The scene no longer amused or interested her. She seated herself in a dark corner of the dressing-room, longing to go home, yet fully aware that no art of hers could entice Mrs. Connor from the hall for hours to

come. Evalina wrapped herself comfortably in grandmother Porter's white shawl, settled back in her corner to wait as patiently as she might, and went promptly to sleep.

She was awakened by a heavy crash of thunder. The hall was nearly emptied, and the few who remained were making hurried preparations for departure. Someone explained that the Connors, having searched for her in vain, had gone home long before.

Evalina gathered her muslin robe about her and stepped forth into the pouring rain. There was no one going in her direction, and the world about her was inky darkness, save when a vivid flash made light more terrible still. On every side of her were gay girls clinging safe under the shelter of chaperone or escort, with merry laughter, as if the whole world had not suddenly become chaos and the familiar street a winding path full of unknown terrors. Evalina hoped they had not observed her unattended departure.

Someone held an umbrella above her head and a voice said regretfully, "I'm sorry I couldn't get a carriage, but they tell me such a thing is unheard of in Seaport at this hour, and the fairy godmother went home promptly on the stroke of twelve, taking her wand with her."

It was the Porter cousin again. Evalina laughed. A moment ago she had been full of contempt for girls who laughed so easily. Now the whole world seemed suddenly to have blossomed into friendliness. The laugh ended abruptly as she wondered what Eustasia would say. But her sister's displeasure was less to be dreaded than the lightning, of which she was mor-

tally afraid. Her own animosity towards her companion had vanished. It was enough that they were kinsmen in this hostile throng. The thunder overhead and the roar of waters out in the bay left little chance for conversation. Once Evalina gave a little cry of alarm such as had aroused her indignation in the city girls, and her companion reassured her by declaring that the thunder sounded farther away. Phillip Porter was a little surprised at himself. He had often scolded his sisters for their fear of lightning. Now it seemed the only proper and ladylike emotion to exhibit.

Beneath the fluted pillars of the Porter veranda, Evalina found her courage returning.

"Thank you so much for everything," she said, "but mostly about the poetry. How did you happen to know it?"

"It's an old friend of mine," he answered. "My father taught it to me when I was a little fellow. He never forgot his early life and a love for the ocean is a part of my inheritance."

At breakfast Evalina dutifully related the events of the night before, and was greatly relieved to find Eustasia's indignation chiefly directed towards Mrs. Connor. To Evalina's half apologetic explanations she only answered, "The young man's conduct, under the circumstances, was eminently correct, my dear. And you were quite right in accepting his advances. It would have been very poor taste to emphasize our family dissensions among those strangers."

Life seemed a little dull to Evalina after the unwonted excitement, the more so that Eustasia seemed anxious and troubled and developed a habit of

shutting herself in the library for hours at a time. The chief events of the younger sister's quiet days became the morning trips to the village store. Evalina forgot so often in these days that daily marketing became a necessity. But after she had twice encountered Phillip Porter on the way home and permitted him to carry her basket to the front gate, marketing became a perplexity rather than a delight, and her errands were thenceforth entrusted to the lobster boy. Then she took to solitary walks upon the beach; but Phillip was fond of rowing about the bay, and encounters were inevitable. Even the mild dissipation of a walk in the family cemetery was refrained from after the morning when she found the inland cousin, coatless and with crow bar in hand, busily resetting the sunken stones of his ancestors. Evalina with a sigh settled down in her summer house, with the strip of muslin embroidery in her hand, and the unfinished "Lady of the Lake" open on the seat beside her.

It was some time before she awakened to the fact of Eustasia's altered manner. The elder sister, whose graceful calm had been the admiration of the family in many a household climax, had become nervous and restless. Each morning she retired to the library immediately after breakfast, and often remained there until long past midnight, coming forth to her meals only upon Evalina's urgent entreaty. What occupation she found behind the closed door, the younger sister could not guess.

An August haze hung over the ocean and the goldenrod was a blaze of glory among the rocks, when Phillip Porter made a second call upon the



sisters. Under his arm was a large, bulky package, and his coat pockets bulged with legal looking documents. Evalina greeted him with some constraint, wondering if he had come to take possession.

"Eustasia is occupied in the library," she said uncertainly, with a gesture towards it, heedless of her repeated declaration that Eustasia must not be disturbed.

The elder Miss Porter sat upon the rug, surrounded by a miscellaneous heap of paper, letters and account books. Her bewildered expression changed to one of indignation as her eyes rested on the caller, but she rose to her feet, greeting him with something of her old composure.

Phillip unfolded the wrapping from his bundle and placed upon Grandfather Porter's desk the heathen pagoda. "Will you not permit me to restore it to its old place?" he said. Miss Eustasia took an indignant step towards him. "We will accept neither that nor anything else from you," she said angrily. "We are already too deeply in your debt. It may interest you to know that I have been for some weeks studying my grandfather's papers, and so far as I can learn your claim to one half his estate is perfectly just. You are therefore at liberty to take possession of it as soon as you please."

"But I make no claim," protested Phillip. "My sole thought during these weeks has been to save the remnant of property for your use. I came here, it is true, in the belief that there was some property due my branch of the family, but from the hour of my arrival I abandoned any thought of claiming it. There is too

little left to quarrel over. And," he added tactfully, "Having had the care of the property so many years, the remnant properly belongs to you. This," touching the heathen temple reverently, "is another matter. I purchased it in the hope that you would accept it from me as a peace offering for any annoyance my investigations may have caused you."

There was no mention of a heavy mortgage paid from his own slender patrimony, no hint of claimants bought off at his own expense. But Miss Eustasia was not to be appeased. Generosity from the inland branch of the Porter family was even more intolerable than their claim had been. Wearied with weeks of bewildering search through musty papers, whose only intelligible contents assured her of defeat, the last remnant of self-control deserted her, and the cultured Miss Porter, whose repose of manner was the acquisition of a lifetime, flung the valued heirloom at the feet of her grandfather's namesake. "We want nothing of you," she cried angrily, "neither gifts nor forbearance. And you shall take your half of the property if I have to cut the old house in halves with my grandfather's sword."

She swept from the room in a fury, commanding her sister to follow her. But Evalina sprang forward and knelt upon the rug just as Phillip Porter stooped in dismay. Across the broken fragments of the heathen temple their eyes met. "Evalina," he said.

It was nearly an hour before either of them remembered the pagoda. Then they came back from the deep window seat and stood together looking thoughtfully down upon the wreck.

The golden bells were crushed and

silent, broken shells strewed the rug, and curious coins had rolled here and there among the papers Miss Eustasia had so diligently searched. Even the wooden box which served as a foundation was split from top to bottom, and as Phillip lifted it gently a sealed envelope fell from within. Evalina opened it with reverent fingers. "What do you suppose it is, Phillip?" she said softly. Phillip smoothed the crumpled envelope, while she untied the silken roll it had contained.

"According to all the rules of romance," he said, "it should have been our grandfather's will. Instead it is a lock of our grandmother's hair and her wedding ring."

"It was the Porter temper, my dear," was the only palliation Miss

Eustasia was ever able to find for her ruthless destruction of the cherished treasure. Horror at her own unlady-like conduct swallowed up every other emotion, and she received Evalina's timid communication with equanimity, and even came, in the days that followed, to look upon it with favor. "It may prove the best arrangement possible," she one day assured her sister, fingering thoughtfully her grandmother's wedding ring, upon the worn circle of which the words "Phillip to Evalina" could still be faintly descried. "It certainly settles all question about the property, and the men of our race have been the most constant of lovers. Grandmother had been dead fifteen years, when our grandfather built the pagoda."

## In the Offing

By Lucretia M. Gardner

OUT in the path of the moonlight,  
 Behind us the town, in sleep,  
 With its dreamy haze of memories  
 That steadfast their vigil keep.  
 Out in the path of the moonlight,  
 Afloat on the ocean's breast,  
 With God and His heaven around us,  
 Our turbulent hearts at rest.

Out in the path of the moonlight,  
 At peace at close of the day,  
 Toward beautiful visions that beckon,  
 We drift from earth's moorings away.  
 Out, out in the limitless offing,  
 Our souls illumined and free;  
 So close to God's heart in the moonlight,  
 We hear His voice in the sea.



## The Hunnewell Estate

By Winfield M. Thompson

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY N. L. STEBBINS

**W**EALTH in the Puritan colonies having come first from the sea, it was natural that their rich men should build their mansions in the coast towns, rather than inland. Even up to the middle of the nineteenth century, men who laid out country seats in which to pass their days in leisure were the exception rather than the rule among the wealthy citizens of New England. Gentlemen ship merchants and gentlemen farmers there were, but the gentleman horticulturist belonged to a class extremely limited in that part of the country. Mr. H. H. Hunnewell fifty years or so ago established his famous estate at Wellesley, fifteen miles west by south from Boston. In

laying out grounds chiefly for the purpose of indulging his bent toward horticulture and forestry, Mr. Hunnewell may be said to have been far in advance of his neighbors, while for many years his estate enjoyed the distinction of being unique among American homes for its beautiful Italian garden, than which no finer has ever been created on this or the other side of the water.

"We live in two worlds—a world of thought and a world of sight." Mr. Hunnewell was prudent enough in establishing his estate to make his intimate world of sight minister to his world of thought to the fullest possible extent. Nearly half a century has passed since he built his famous garden.





THE RESIDENCE

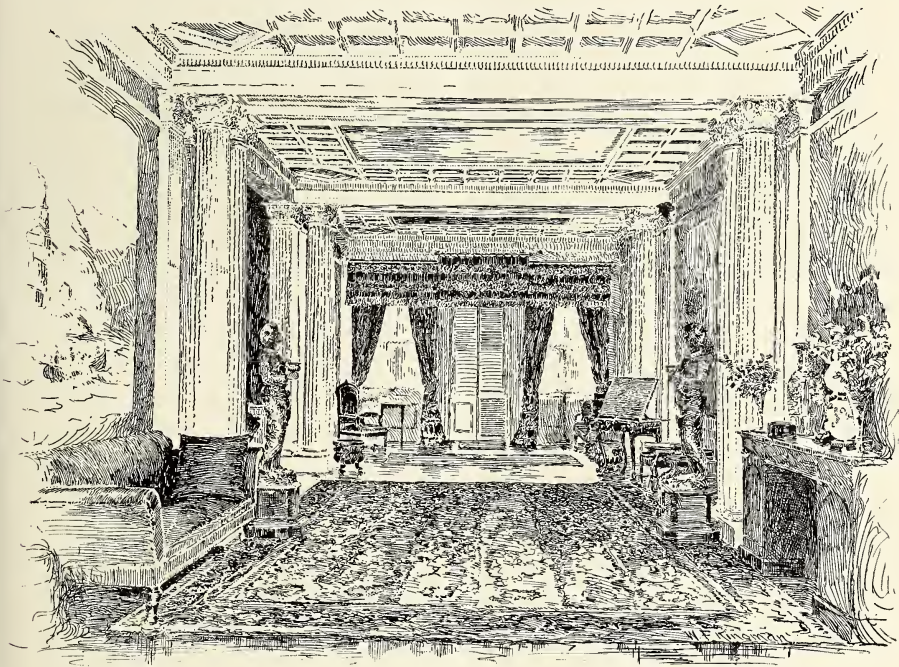
The estate, consisting of sixty-five acres, is situated in what was formerly the town of Needham, but is now Wellesley—so named in honor of the Welles family, into which Mr. Hunnewell married. More than four score and ten years have passed over the head of Mr. Hunnewell, and full half of his long life has been spent in making his estate what it is to-day. With each tree and shrub, each bush and branch, he is familiar. He has lived among his trees and flowers, and the world has heard little of him, for he has shrunk from publicity. Among horticulturists he has been well known, for the art has had no firmer supporter than he in America. Notable exhibitions in Boston, the home of the richest horticultural societies, have rarely been held without representation from this estate. Indeed, it has attained a world-wide horticultural reputation.

The class of American homes to which it belongs is small. The grounds might properly be described as a private arboretum. With the exception of the gardens and a few plats of lawn, its acres are planted with every tree possible of cultivation in the temperate zone. The collection is specially rich in coniferæ, there being between 250 and 300 specimens of cone-bearing trees, of which 150 are extremely fine. All species are represented, the owner having sent to the ends of the earth to secure needed specimens to make the collection complete. It is not to be inferred that deciduous trees have been neglected; on the contrary, the collection is notably fine; but it is in the cone-bearers that the estate takes special pride.

It has been observed that the visitor finds the gate always open to him. No porter's lodge stands guard over

the entrance. Visitors are at liberty to inspect the grounds at all times, and yet they are not so numerous as one might expect in the neighborhood of a city of such size. This may be accounted for by the fact that within the city limits is a public arboretum of considerable extent, well stocked. The trees do not of themselves appear to be an attraction to the general pub-

tant about a mile from the station and adjoining the grounds of Wellesley College. It is a fine rolling country thereabouts, and the town creeps quite out to the edge of the Hunnewell acres, which are enclosed, along the street, by a low stone wall, on which hardy vines make a dense covering. As one passes along the road, groups of evergreen trees are observed inside



THE ENTRANCE HALL

lic. It is the Italian garden which draws by far the greater number of visitors, and to the lay mind is much more interesting than the sombre green cone-bearing trees, each with a long Latin name on a stake set in the ground beside it.

Arriving in Wellesley by train from Boston, the visitor follows the Natick highway to the estate, which lies to the south of the railroad, dis-

tant about a mile from the station and adjoining the grounds of Wellesley College. It is a fine rolling country thereabouts, and the town creeps quite out to the edge of the Hunnewell acres, which are enclosed, along the street, by a low stone wall, on which hardy vines make a dense covering. As one passes along the road, groups of evergreen trees are observed inside

the wall, their coloring presenting a study in minor shades. Beyond is a level lawn some four acres in extent, stretching to a low, comfortable brown mansion, standing well back from public gaze. A carriage road winds to the house between odorous pines. To the left, through the trees, are seen tall hedges of arbor vitæ, beyond which are the flower and vegetable gardens, the greenhouses, workshops, and



stables. To the right is the sweep of the lawn broken by clumps of trees.

Above the lawn on the east, from a terrace, with a wall and coping of granite surmounted at intervals with large marble vases, is the entrance to the house, the wall itself being hidden in a bank of old fashioned flowers, like phlox and sunflowers. In the center of the terrace is a broad, low flight of steps leading down to the lawn, and up to the main entrance, which is a simple portico supported by plain pillars, opening into a wide hall which extends through the house. Here something of the personality of the owner is indicated by the furnishings. The polished floor is covered with Indian rugs, and there are wide, leather covered sofas and cabinets on which are porcelains and bronzes of the Orient.

The mural decorations represent Alpine scenes, and on either side, beside the white fluted pillars which form the most conspicuous feature of the scheme of construction, stand Ethiopian figures holding receptacles for cards. There is an air of old-time elegance, of retiring refinement and scholarly ease, striking the keynote of the entire house. To the left is the study, where the owner's desk is placed by a window commanding a superb view of his handiwork.

The conservatory is a large pavilion the full width of the house, on the north end. One half of it is enclosed in glass and is a repository for many varieties of delicate plants. In summer, by the removal of the glass front, the lawn is converted into a loggia for shrubs and flowering plants in tubs. Here may be seen some fine orange trees with fruit as large, if not as pala-

table, as that grown on trees in their native soil. Outside, on the front near the drive is a tree that at once attracts the visitor's eye. It is a cut-leaf beech, full thirty feet in circumference, its fine, dark foliage being trained and clipped into a perfect sphere at the top, making a notable ornament to the grounds even in such a treasure house of nature's rarest trees and shrubs. To the untrained eye there is at first sight little to choose between the various kinds of trees represented in the groves that lie in this part of the estate. Such was the reflection of the writer as he walked along one of the paths in quest of Mr. Hatfield, the head gardener. This presiding genius of the place is a man of remarkable memory, who, with a quiet twinkle in his eyes and a suggestion of old country burr in his speech, speaks the Latin names of all the trees on the place as occasion demands, bewildering the note taker. It chanced that on the morning in question Mr. Hatfield began his description of the trees with those that stand, in a row of many, along a quiet walk. They are small trees, none more than twenty feet high, and a farmer would root them up as "pesky nuisances," but they are three as distinctive trees as there are on the place, and represent the quality of the collection of their fellows round about. "That tree," said Mr. Hatfield, "is one of the rarest on the place." He pointed to one of the three, which looked not unlike a young hemlock, but with softer needles and deep green coloring. "It is the Japanese *Thujopsis Standishii*. Next to it, here, is Dr. Peabody's golden arbor vitæ. You see there is a distinct yellow tinge to the foliage.





THE HOLLY PATH

That one is a *Retinospora Filifera*, one of many on the place, and a very fine specimen."

The gardener discoursed on the various specimens in the collection, as we passed on by clumps of low spreading Japanese yew, with its foliage so deep a green as to be almost black; Japanese junipers; firs from Crimea; the Colorado blue spruces, whose color is like wood smoke in the forest—a pillar of bluish gray amid the dark greens of the trees around it; a little beyond an Oregon blue spruce, taller, stronger, and more regular in shape, and much favored by the owner; then the Russian spruce, the Austrian pine, the pines of Corea, and the *Picea Alcockiana*, of the silver fir family, which is a prime favorite.

Continuing along this walk with such a well-informed guide, one might

spend hours in observing the various forms and points of distinction of the trees in this wonderful collection, and gather therefrom some appreciation of the application and enthusiasm that lead a man to devote fifty years to the making of such a collection.

A turn in the road brings into view a lake, on the high bank of which stands a classic pavilion, its roof red-tiled and supported by pillars of red sandstone. It is the pavilion of the Italian garden. Below lies the terraced garden, on a hillside extending to the border of the lake, where its banks are protected by a marble retaining wall. On the other shore are seen the stately buildings of Wellesley College, whose grounds, with those of the Hunnewell estate, surround the greater part of the lake. From the college there come troops of bright young American girls



THE PINE WALK





THE PAVILION IN THE ITALIAN GARDEN

to view the garden and walk in its paths, its influence extending through them to homes in all parts of the land, and its beauty filling a measure of artistic taste in the minds of those eager young students that nothing in after life can destroy.

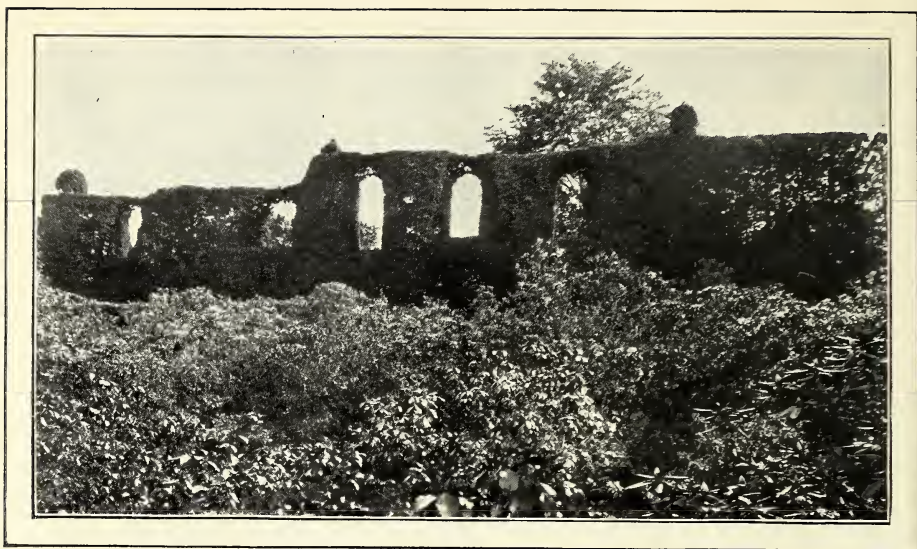
If one were to analyze the formal garden he would find various trees not used in Italian gardens here employed, while one of the standard trees of modern Italian gardens, the common English yew, is not present here. The climate of New England is too rigorous for this tree, which is to be regretted, for the common yew lends itself more readily than any other to training into the shapes that find favor in a conventional garden. One of the trees most successfully employed is a very common tree indeed, the American juniper, several specimens of which were moved from a neighboring

farm, and thrived in their new home, though fifty years old when transplanted. The common white pine is employed successfully, the tallest tree in the garden being of this variety. All the trees are trimmed once a year, and much time was spent in training them originally into the shapes they were desired to take.

Along the walks near the pavilion of the garden, are various fine trees, among them being an example of golden English yew, a small, hardy and handsome tree which Mr. Hunnewell takes pride in showing to his friends.

Along the bank at the top of the garden one may walk to the edge of the crescent which it describes, to a rustic summer house, octagonal in shape, and made of small round pieces of wood with the bark on. A Japanese clematis climbs up the pillars of this





TOPIARY RUINS

summer house, and around it there is a dense growth so arranged that there is a view of the water and the pavilion on the border of the lake. From the summer house it is but a hundred feet or so back to the mansion, in the rear of which is a square terrace with granite retaining walls and a sward of velvet softness. Here are marble ornaments and urns, and at regular intervals are set green and golden Irish yews and handsome bays.

South of the house is a considerable grove of pines, and a fine avenue of these trees border the walk, much as did those famous cypresses in the grounds of the Generalife at Granada before their destruction. Beyond these pines lies the rhododendron garden, with its arbor of trellis work, to the roof of which curtains may be attached to shield the sensitive plants from rain or sun. Here every spring is held a notable show of rhododendrons, of which a comprehensive view is obtained from an iron gallery built for

the purpose near the center of the shed, and reached by a spiral stair.

To the left of the rhododendron garden lies the "holly path" between high and beautifully rounded hedges of arbor vitæ. There is no holly now between the hedges, but the path still holds its name and is one of the most interesting features of the place to visitors. The hedges are quite as ornate as any seen in the Boboli gardens, and as compact and well cared for as any hedge in England. Once a year they are clipped with the shears by two experts, seven weeks being required to do the work. Beyond the hedges are the greenhouses and the stables. The flower garden, enclosed by a high hedge, is most interesting to visitors. A great variety of flowers and ornamental bedding plants is shown in the various beds. That formed by the cacti is circular and contains about forty varieties. The canna beds in midsummer are notably fine, there being a great number of blooms, many

of the species being original products of the place, while in the autumn the chrysanthemums are worth a long journey to see, the November exhibition of these beautiful plants being one of the fixtures in the calendar of the estate. Another is the display of azaleas in an enclosure built for the purpose, in which there is a large circular framework of iron for the support of the canvas which is used to

its tenant, Tom Smith, the vegetable gardener, reckes not who passes. His thoughts are of his garden patch and of birds. In his little shed, near the cottage, where tools and wood are kept, he has various cases filled with fine specimens of birds, each neatly mounted. The gardener's way is peaceful, and he follows his study as Mr. Darwin followed his; and I mention him here because



THE AZALEA GARDEN

protect the plants when they are being shown. This azalea garden is among the trees in the eastward portion of the estate, near the road.

Inside the low stone wall, shaded by a group of trees in which pines predominate, stands a simple little brown cottage that might serve for the home of a porter, were one employed; but

he typifies the spirit of the place, it being the world of thought which one finds at the Hunnewell estate.

While speaking of the gardener's collection, it is well to enumerate some of the birds that visit this beautiful spot. The list is a long one, for the place attracts many kinds of birds not generally found in so small an area,





THE RHODODENDRON GARDEN

near a village. The birds one first observes on the estate are the bluejays, crows, those sable fellows whose glossy plumage one sees in the green grass of the clearings at almost every turn, robins and sparrows. Then there are the hairy and downy woodpecker, the rose-breasted and cardinal grosbeak, the scarlet tanager, the crested flycatcher, the redstart, the whippoorwill, the goldfinch, the yellow throated warbler, the white winged crossbill, the oven bird, the oriole, the bluebird, the thrush, the lark, the vireo, the grebe, the indigo bird (finch), the humming bird, the snow bunting, the fiery winged black bird, the purple grackle and many others. There are some less pleasing to name, as the nighthawk, the butcher bird (shrike), the king-fisher,

the fish crow, the hen hawk, and the pigeon hawk.

In the cold, white New England winter nights, when the starlight is pale, and the trees sparkle in a fresco of frost, the arctic owl wings silently about the place, or sits on high branches in solemn repose. Of game birds found on or near the place are the ruffled grouse, woodcock, snipe, including the lesser peep, the Jack snipe and Wilson snipe, the upland plover, quail and woodcock.

This is by no means a complete list of the birds that come to the place. Some seasons there are strange feathered visitors, attracted thither no one can tell by what chance or circumstance.

One could not visit the Hunnewell estate appreciatively without paying



attention to such things as the cry of      turn of a branch or the color of a leaf;  
a bird, the flit of color in the air as one      in fact any of the little things that go  
is seen winging among the trees, the      to make country life delightful.

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## A Song Bird at Sea

By Minna Irving

HE sings in the master's cabin,  
In a gilded cage all day,—  
From gardens dewy and fragrant  
And green fields far away.  
His tiny world is bounded  
By the cabin's narrow walls,  
With not even a feathered comrade  
To answer his sweetest calls.

In place of the breezy branches,  
The showers with diamond drops,  
The faint perfume of the wild rose,  
The bees on the clover tops,  
His landscape is a table,  
A log-book and a chart,  
And a streak of sun through the porthole  
To cheer his little heart.

He never misses the meadows,  
Nor longs for the wooded hills,  
His yellow throat is too merry  
With silvery runs and trills.  
Though the good ship reels and tosses  
In a tempest of wind and foam,  
Yet still in the master's cabin  
Is a bit of the joys of home.

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# Mistress Submit

By Annie B. Kimball

ON a sunny morning in October, 1772, a maiden stood before the open door of a log cabin at the foot of Grand Monadnock, tarrying to receive parting messages from a young matron who stood in the doorway with a child in her arms.

The cabin was built of round logs, and the windows were closed only by heavy wooden shutters. The interior of the cabin, which could be seen through the half open door, was rough and cheerless. The same round logs formed the walls, the floor was of rough planks, while a huge stone chimney occupied nearly one entire end of the room. The fireplace was wide and roomy, burning six foot logs with ease.

"Submit, I but half like your going after all. I am not afraid for myself, shut up in the house, but if you should meet a bear, or a catamount, what would you do?"

"I am not afraid, Polly. The bears are beginning to be wary, there are so many settlers here now; and did not Mr. Silas Fife kill what was supposed to be the grandfather of all the catamounts in the vicinity of The Great Mountain? The wolves travel but seldom in the morning sunlight. If Mistress Tolman could scare away a bear with her broom, I think I could make such a clatter with my pewter and wooden dishes that any respectable bruin would run in alarm."

Submit shook the basket which she

had been resting upon the horse-block, making such a cheery clatter that Baby Benjamin crowed in high glee. Then she tripped lightly away, turning to wave her hand just before she was lost to sight in the forest path at the opposite side of their little clearing.

"I hope nothing will happen to the child," thought Mistress Mary Good-enough as she re-entered her dwelling and secured the door. "Benjamin permits her to go alone when he is here, and, as she says, we do not hear much of wild animals being abroad in the daylight."

Reassured, the young housewife resumed her spinning, giving Baby Benjamin's rude cradle an occasional jog as she passed to and from the spindle.

Submit was a blithe-hearted and fearless maiden. She had been endowed with the requisite qualities for the sister, or the wife of a pioneer settler—energy, courage, and a love of adventure, withal. Healthy and happy, with the disposition to make the best of things, and an intense love for the quiet grandeur of the mountain region to which she had come with her brother and his young wife less than a year before, the wilderness had many charms for her.

Many of the settlers of this section, called in the Masonian Grants, Monadnock, No. 5, had come at different times during the previous five years from Marlborough, Massachusetts, to this region which already had begun to

be known as New Marlborough. It was not incorporated as Marlborough, however, until December, 1776. Three families by the name of Goodenough had settled on adjacent lots at the foot of Monadnock Mountain, Benjamin Goodenough living upon what has since been known as "The Shaker Place." As Submit frequently saw her relatives and many of her former friends and neighbors, she did not experience the loneliness of an entirely strange community.

When Submit had traversed about half the distance through the forest she suddenly paused in a listening attitude. The sound of approaching voices had reached her ear.

"That's Calvin," she said in a tone of relief, as a lad's laugh was heard. "And Adino."

Seating herself on a rock by the path she awaited their coming.

"I salute thee, Adino. I greet thee, Calvin," she called merrily, as the boys came into sight, lapsing into the speech of her Quaker mother, as was her occasional custom. "Whither away upon so fair a morning? Is it a wolf, a bear, or a catamount ye seek," she asked, as she noticed that both boys carried muskets.

"Anything that is rash enough to come into our way," returned Adino, his eyes brightening at sight of his cousin Submit.

Calvin, a bright lad of fourteen, threw himself down by her side and began to ask questions with the assurance of a boy of that age, the freedom of a relative, and the confidence of a recognized favorite combined. Adino, leaning carelessly against a tree, interposed a bantering word now and then.

"Don't you tell them at home," vol-

unteered Calvin, as he saw that Adino hesitated, "but we mean to climb to the very top of the Grand Monadnock. She won't tell, Ad, and she likes an adventure as well as you and I."

"To the top of Monadnock!" Submit had sprung to her feet, her eyes sparkling, her face aglow with enthusiasm, "Oh! Can't I go, too. As long ago as I can remember I could see the grand, old mountain rising here to the northwest, and I always wanted to come to it, and to climb to its summit. When Benjamin decided to come here, I thought I should, at last, have the chance, but he has not thought it best for me to attempt it. I gave it up because I saw it worried Polly, but I have always meant to go sometime."

"I would just as soon take you, Submit," said Adino, hesitatingly, "but Benjamin would blame me, I fear."

"Mr. Silas Fife would have gone with us this summer," continued Submit tactfully, "but Benjamin wasn't ready to go with me, and now that Mr. Fife is married I suppose he will not have time for it again."

"I'll neither say yes nor no," he replied gayly. "Probably it would do no good if I did. If you choose to come you will, I suppose, for I never saw a more wilful damsel, even if your name is Submit."

"Names are oftentimes misleading," returned Submit merrily, as she turned to retrace her steps.

"You're just right, whatever your name," protested Calvin stoutly, and Submit smiled affectionately at the lad.

As they neared the entrance to her brother's clearing Submit said, "Now we must be quiet or Polly will hear us. We can skirt the clearing by keeping just within the forest.



Until the year 1800, Grand Monadnock was covered to its summit with a thick growth of trees. These became smaller and more stunted, doubtless, as they approached the top, but they still were large enough to obstruct the view from any point save the so-called "Bald Peaks." Early in the nineteenth century, forest fires and heavy gales destroyed much of the growth near the summit and on the western slope. The heavy rains and snows divested the granite crags of their former scanty covering of soil, leaving them exposed and rugged as at the present day. Thus the ascent had to be made, during most of the upward journey through thick woods.

The three chatted gayly as they climbed the lower ascent, there being no particularly severe steps in the way.

The ascent, however, soon grew rougher and steeper. The trees became more stunted and of thinner growth, so that the climbers obtained tantalizing glimpses of wooded valleys studded with glistening lakes, of hills and mountains rising away to the westward, resplendent with their autumn colors. The heights became rapidly so precipitous that they could be ascended only by the most cautious and determined climbing. Approaching an almost perpendicular cliff, where there was seemingly no foothold, they advanced, scooping oft a crevice here, rolling a stone into place for a step there, so that Submit made the ascent without great difficulty.

"By my faith, Submit," exclaimed Calvin, "you do very well for a girl! It is fortunate you are so light. If Mary were here with her hundred and sixty pounds, I doubt if ten men could get her up these steeps."

After nearly three hours of hard climbing the summit was finally reached. Here the volcanic origin of the bare, seamed rocks was evident and the scars from the ice-floes of the glacial period. Still the trees surrounded the summit so closely that only at the northeastern portion could an unobstructed view be obtained.

Submit surveyed the far-reaching landscape with breathless awe—wooded hills and valleys; silvery lake and streams; hills ascending into mountains, as far as eye could reach.

"How the land seems to rise up to meet the horizon," said Calvin. "It looks as if the country between were hollowed out."

"Those must be the Pack Monadnocks, there." Submit pointed towards the east. "Moose Monadnock and Little Monadnock are hidden by the trees behind us. How greatly honored is the Grand Old Mountain with all these lesser peaks named for it, an eight Monadnock townships encircling its feet."

"I wonder what those dim peaks are far away to the northeast with their heads in the clouds."

"Surely, Calvin, those can be naught but the far-famed 'Crystal Hills' which men explored more than a hundred years ago for gold, but found there only ice and snow. 'Twas said that a beautiful lake lay on the highest point, far above the clouds, so high that no trees or shrubs grew for a long distance below it; but so cold it was and so rough, with the wind all the time blowing a hurricane, that the travelers could not hold out to reach this lake above the clouds. They said that the last ascent of rocks piled upon rocks, before one reached the last plain

of an acre whereon this lake lay, was fully a mile high."

"If that last ascent of the 'Crystal Hills' was a mile high, I am sure that the last cliff that we pulled you up, Submit, must have measured a full quarter of a mile, and I think your humble servants deserve some food after such exertion."

Submit turned from the entrancing view with a merry laugh. "Well, why do you not eat, then. Must you wait for me to inform you when you should eat? What did you lads bring? I may be able to piece it out with the contents of my basket which you counseled me to leave behind. I was carrying the food to Cousin Sybil to show her what a famous cook I am become. Some cider apple sauce, the apples chopped and the juice squeezed out in the cheese-press; an Indian and barley loaf; a little pat of butter; and a good sour milk cheese. You will now profit a little by pulling me up the steeps which are so many miles high."

"It is not fair to say we pulled you up. It is but courteous to offer a lady a helping hand, and you could have reached the top alone, even had we not been here," asserted Calvin sturdily.

After the cousins had partaken of their noon-time meal with the added zest which the keen mountain air gave to youthful appetites, Adino said: "Let us explore a bit before we return. I have heard of deep caves to the southwest of the summit, and curious red stones, such as ladies wear upon their fingers, have been found somewhere upon the mountain-side."

"We must find them, for we should carry away some trophy of our trip upon the Grand Mountain; but the caves of which you speak, Adino, will they

not be apt to be the homes of wild beasts?"

"Methinks the beasts do not live so far from our pork and mutton," replied Adino, whimsically; "but we can keep a sharp watch for them."

Carefully they begun their tour of exploration, looking down over sheer precipices, where there was seemingly no way of descent but a headlong leap; cautiously searching for every small platform of rock which would afford a safe footing. After some time the boys found a long, narrow cavern formed by rocks which had split off from the cliffs above. In this cave all three could stand with ease. Then two other caves were found and examined before they returned to the summit.

"We must take a last look and start down," said Adino. "The sun is farther down towards the west than I expected to find it."

"I am glad that the worst of the way is over," Submit said, when they had descended about a third of the distance.

"We are not yet over all the bad places," Adino began, when Submit suddenly tripped upon comparatively level ground, and only saved herself from falling by catching at the projecting limb of a tree. A sharp twinge in her ankle caused her to turn so white that the boys sprang forward in alarm. After a little she tried to go forward, but the pain increased at every step.

"I wish I had some water," she said faintly, sitting down suddenly.

Calvin seized his dinner pail and ran back to a spring they had passed a few minutes before. After drinking a little water Submit used the rest to bathe her ankle, which was already becoming

inflamed and swollen. Both boys were anxious to proffer help, but there seemed little they could do. Upon the merry party of the morning had descended an anxious gloom.

Calvin at last voiced the important question which was in the minds of all three.

"You can't walk, can you, Submit, and how are we going to get you home?"

"I must try," Submit replied, as she rose to a standing position.

"Better not," advised Adino anxiously.

Submit took one forward step, then lay a dead weight in Adino's arms.

"Quick, Cal, more water! Whatever do you do when a person's fainted? How we're to get her home, I don't know. And what will Benjamin say!"

The lads dashed water over Submit's face until her hair and kerchief were drenched. Then seizing her cold hands they tried to bring some life to them by vigorous rubbing.

This heroic treatment was rewarded with success, but it seemed a long time to the boys before Submit opened her eyes. She looked at them at first blankly, then questioningly, as she raised her hands to her dripping hair.

"What is it?" she asked with a shiver; but the same sharp pain in her ankle brought it all back to her. Then Submit, weak, suffering, drenched and penitent, burst into tears.

Submit in tears was the most appalling prospect the boys had yet to face. Submit suffering and unable to walk was bad enough; Submit in a ghastly faint was worse; but dauntless Submit with her courage gone was worst of all. Calvin turned away to hide a sympathetic moistening of the eye; Adino's

sun-burned cheek assumed an ashy pallor.

"Don't cry, Cousin; we'll get you home somehow," he said, with an awkward attempt to give consolation.

Submit's courage began to return, and seeing how her discomposure had disheartened the boys, she made an effort at self-control.

"What shall we do?" she asked, practically. "As Calvin and you aren't the same height you'd find it hard to carry me, even if it wouldn't tax your strength too much."

"I suppose we couldn't carry you very comfortably to you," Adino admitted reluctantly. "A stretcher is out of the question over these cliffs even if we could make one. I don't see but what I must go after father and Stephen. Will you be afraid to stay here with Calvin? Or if he will go, I will stay. We must do something quickly for the sun is not much more than an hour high, and it is dark early here in the forest."

"You had better go, Adino," Submit decided, as she thought of the lonely path through the woods for the younger lad. "Calvin will protect me until you return with help."

"I don't like to leave you here, Submit. Wait a moment!" Adino turned back along the path, examining it closely. Then he struck off a little into the woods. "Yes, here it is, a snug little place, almost a cave," he called. "You'll be warmer and safer here."

The boys lifted Submit as carefully as possible, but even in the short distance they bore her, it was evident that it was a task to over-strain their energies if long continued, while Submit nearly fainted again with the pain of the jolting.



"You'll be sheltered here a bit, at least," Adino said, as Submit crept into the little cave and leaned her head wearily against the rock. "I must hasten, now."

Adino backed slowly away from the cave, turning the leaves and earth over carefully with his gun-stock, until he reached the main path. Then they could hear his rapidly retreating footsteps.

"Calvin, what said Adino to you as he took you aside for a moment, and why did he turn the earth over in front of us here?"

"He said the wolves might get on our track," replied Calvin, hesitatingly, "and he tried to destroy the scent, here, away from the main path; but I have the best gun, Adino changed with me, and I can load very quickly and fire with true aim. Here are several stout sticks we found for clubs, and the wolves should have a fight with me before they reached you, Cousin."

"Calvin, you are very brave, and I will be brave, too. Now come inside, there is plenty of room for us both. We will eat the rest of our food and keep as quiet as we can. Adino will not be much more than an hour going home, and in another hour and a half we may expect to hear somebody coming to our rescue."

\* \* \* \* \*

Adino, with anxious heart for those he had left behind, made all possible haste in his downward way. He was not unconscious that he, too, was exposed to danger, but with watchful eye and alert ear he hurried on. Once or twice a misstep over a rolling stone cautioned him that the utmost care was necessary; now and then a rustling in the underbrush warned him of the

proximity of some animal, but he hastened on unmolested. The deepening twilight had settled into impenetrable darkness before he had reached Benjamin Goodenough's clearing. Adino then slackened his headlong pace, mindful of Submit's last warning, "Be careful not to alarm Polly any more than you can help." Now obedient to her wish, he called to the man who sat in the shadow beside the huge chimney.

"Come here a minute, will you?"

The man who followed Adino out into the darkness was not Benjamin Goodenough, but Adino did not discover that fact until the glow of the firelight fell for a moment upon the man's face as he turned to shut the door.

"Talmon Brown!" exclaimed Adino joyfully; "but where is Benjamin?"

"Young Mistress Goodenough said that Benjamin thought this morning his business might keep him away over night." Then noticing the boy's troubled manner, "What's the matter, lad, is it Submit? Her sister has been expecting her since long before sundown."

Adino explained the difficulty in as few words as possible, while his hearer with an effort controlled his agitation.

"Submit alone upon the mountain-side at night! O, that such a thing should be!" he muttered; but aloud he said, "Well, hasten; but first let me speak to Mistress Goodenough."

"Submit wishes her to be alarmed as little as possible."

"Yes, yes, I know. Now do you go and get your father and Silas Fife, with all the others you can find on the way. Tell them to bring dogs and torches, for it will be a dangerous task

to bring her down the mountain on so dark a night. I will go on to protect her until you come. Get as many as you can, but haste is important for us both."

Entering the house again Talmon Brown said carelessly, as he took down his gun and stooped for a moment to the floor, "Submit, it seems, has planned to spend the evening away, and I will go and bring her home. Will you be afraid if we tarry a bit before coming?"

"Oh, no, do not hasten," and Mistress Mary smiled complacently as she shut the door. "These lovers are always in haste to be gone to their sweet-hearts. If there has been a quarrel, as I have suspected, I am glad if it is likely to be set right."

On the edge of the forest, at the point which Adino had pointed out to him, Talmon Brown showed the shoe, which he had taken from the floor, to his dog, which was chafing under his master's restraining hand.

"Now seek her, Vanguard. Her life depends upon it. Quick, the scent, and track her."

The great hound sniffed at the shoe held out to him, ran about uncertainly for a moment, then with a deep-throated bay of assurance started up the mountain-side. So fast he went that his master could with difficulty keep the pace. He stumbled on perseveringly, restraining the dog's speed only when some sheer height demanded more time for its ascent. He felt impatient at his necessarily slow progress, and his anxiety increased as time went on. While respectful to all religious observances, Talmon Brown had never felt the need of making any practical use of his religious faith, but to-

night he felt the need of Divine aid in the terrible extremity in which Submit was placed. There was a prayer continually in his heart as he toiled upward, now stumbling, now falling, then rising to struggle on again, oblivious to scratches and bruises.

"She bid me never seek her more, but I at least can attempt to save her life, and she can not say me nay."

\* \* \* \* \*

Submit had taken care that as much time as possible should be consumed in the eating of their frugal meal. "Two hours upon the mountain-side at dusk will seem like ten ordinary ones," thought she.

After the meal had been extended to its utmost limit, and their few dishes packed with deliberation, the time seemed to move on leadened wings. Light chatter, when each heart was weighed down with so heavy a burden of anxiety, was an impossibility, and after a time silence fell upon them.

Calvin was fashioning the end of the club he held so that it formed a convenient handle, and he tried it critically when it was finished.

While her cousin was thus absorbed in his work, Submit had time for meditation. Polly and the baby, and Benjamin—would they be greatly alarmed? Then there was her aunt and uncle—she feared they would blame her even more than their sons for the expedition which had already resulted so disastrously. There was one other, also, whom Submit, try as much as she might, could not succeed in driving out of her mind. He had been her faithful lover long before she came to this wild, new country, and, during the one severe winter she had spent there, had several times traveled

the long distance on foot to visit her. He had taken her behind him on his snow-shoes over snow covered ways, her hands resting upon his shoulders, her feet stepping as he stepped, her face glowing with the exercise in the clear, frosty air; he had drawn her on an uncouth sled swiftly over the sparkling crust, while his gun lay by her side, and his faithful hound guarded her in the rear; he had fashioned her rude skates and taught her their use; he had come upon a horse in the spring-time, as his business had prospered, and she had ridden proudly to church upon a pillion behind him. Then she had tried to persuade him to take her up on the Grand Mountain, but this proved to be the one thing which he was unwilling to do for her.

"When it comes to risking your life, I must refuse," he had replied after much urging. "You shall never go upon so foolhardy an adventure."

Then Submit's indignation had burst forth.

"Indeed, Talmon Brown, methinks you venture too far when you say 'You shall not!' You have no right to say it even if I am thy betrothed wife, and thou wilt never say it to me more. With the return of thy ring I break our troth. If thou sayest 'Shall not,' to the plighted maid, I know not what thou wouldst say to the wedded wife. It has been thou, thou, who saidst thou wouldst make me happy, who hast foiled the dearest wish I ever cherished. I have told thee what it has ever been to me, the grand, old Mountain, looming up so far away; and, now that I am near to it, and everyone, even Benjamin if I but coaxed him a bit, would let me go, while Mr. Silas Fife would have gone to help

protect me, *thou* must say me nay! Yet thou darest to stand here and say thou lov'st me! I wish for no such love as thine. I give thee back thy craven heart. With three or four strong men who would guard *thee* as well as me, there would be no need for thee to fear!"

The protest which Talmon Brown had been about to offer died upon his lips, and with a head as erect as Submit's, an eye as defiant, and a face stern and white, he had taken his ring and left her without a word.

That had been two months ago. Submit had expected him to return, a humble suppliant; but as time passed and he did not come, she said to herself, "He may stay away if he pleases. If he thinks 'Shall not' a better way to woo than 'Please not,' he may find another maid for his wooing. If he wishes to come back humble, so be it; if not, he had better never return."

It all came back to Submit, as she sat on the lonely mountain-side. "I was wrong to twit him of lack of courage, for he was never deficient in that, and I would tell him so if he should return."

The thought had been growing upon her lately that he did not intend to return. Now his face arose before her, handsome, good-natured, full of tenderness for herself, as she was wont to see it; white, indignant, outraged, as she had last beheld it; stern and accusing, as it might appear should he learn of her venturesome risk and its dire consequences.

"Oh! Talmon, I was wrong and you were right," she thought remorsefully, "but I'm afraid you'll never come to hear me say it."

Under cover of the dusk she brushed



away a tear unobserved; then, fearing she would lose her self-control, she straightened up and began to talk to Calvin.

"How long silent we are, Cousin. Adino must be home by this time, and quickly he will gather the Goodenough clan together for our rescue. We have had no trouble yet so we will keep encouraged."

"Hush, Submit," Calvin answered very softly. "Do not speak aloud, for the beasts of the forest have quick ears. An hour more and all will be well."

Thrown upon her own thoughts again, Submit felt an increasing agony of physical and mental pain; but she heroically repressed any manifestation of it.

The dusk had now settled into a black darkness, which, together with the vast silence about them, became almost unbearable. A rustle in the fallen leaves, a crackling in the underbrush, a heavy, scrambling foot-fall upon the rocks near them, announced that wild beasts had begun their customary marauding tours. The cousins held their breath at each sound, their hearing keenly alert, their eyes strained to penetrate the gloom.

Calvin held Submit closely with his left hand, while he grasped more firmly with his right the heavy weapon whose weight was a burden for a boy of fourteen, even though well grown and strong for his age.

The minutes passed like hours as the cousins sat in breathless expectancy of they knew not what danger, while they listened anxiously for the first sound of the rescuing party, who by this time should be well up the mountain-side.

A distant sound, and both became

more intently alert. The sound came nearer, but was still indistinct.

"It must be they," whispered Submit softly, with rising hope.

"Hist," breathed Calvin. "I cannot yet tell."

The distant sounds drew nearer yet and took form upon the still night air as a faint barking reached their ears.

"The dogs. It must be they, Calvin. Call to them!"

"Hush! Be quiet, Submit," returned Calvin, grasping her arm, as she was about to spring forward. "Our lives depend upon it. It is barking, but fear it does not come from dogs. Then after a moment of further listening, "They are not dogs—fiends rather." The boy's tone was bitter at the hopelessness of the situation.

"Wolves!" gasped Submit.

"I would not mind a bear, but these creatures never travel alone. However we will keep quiet and we may yet elude them. They're on our track, but if it is lost here, they may follow our up track to the summit, and there may still be time for the men to arrive; but they will soon return and we must be ready to meet them."

"Give me a club, Calvin. Perhaps it can help a bit for I can stand, now, upon one foot, I am sure."

The cousins again waited in breathless suspense, while the howling and rushing of the death-bringing pack swept by their hiding-place, and became fainter and fainter up the mountain-side.

Respite; but they knew it would be brief. The desperate beasts, their appetites whetted by delay, would surely return with more turbulent ferocity and would not be balked a second time of their prey. Would rescue arrive in

time? Fearingly the cousins listened down over the steep. It was a matter of life and death, and a few, so very few minutes would determine which.

After the sounds had died away in the rear of the diabolical train, silence reigned supreme for a brief interval. As the young hearts, yearning for home, for life, strained every nerve into a listening attitude, silence reigned above and below.

Below, sound meant safety, but silence continued there; above, silence meant reprieve, but how long could silence continue there? A simple, faint, uncertain sound could bring death or deliverance; which would it be? Its direction would determine their fate. The minutes passed slowly, yet all too quickly, as they waited.

At last it came, a faint, low sound. Impossible to tell its direction yet. Hope pointed below; fear directed above. At last certainty, when there could no longer be any wavering of doubt, announced that it was—above.

The leader of the tearing, snarling, desperate pack stopped in his mad, downward rush, and began sniffing at the newly over-turned earth. They crowded each other out of the narrow path, and then, with a fierce, triumphant snarl, the foremost of the pack was upon them.

Calvin waited until he raised himself for the last, wild spring; then, kneeling in the doorway of their little, insignificant shelter, he shot the great beast just where he aimed to shoot it, through the heart. One more he shot, and then the whole pack was upon him.

"Keep back, Submit!" called Calvin, but she stood by his side, and by skillful use of her club gave the lad a moment's reprieve.

"It is useless," thought the boy, "but isn't Submit grand. No one gun could defend us against so many, no matter how well used."

There seemed to be a thousand of the great, powerful animals close upon them with fierce, scorching breaths and eyes glowing like coals of fire out of the inky blackness of the night. Submit's club and Calvin's gun could keep them at bay but a moment longer. A great beast rushed upon Calvin, another upon Submit. Both realized that their fight was ended.

But, just as they felt the hot breath upon their faces, a manly form sprung out at Submit's side, and a sure hand put a bullet through the brain of her assailant, while a brave dog caught by the throat the wolf which had sprung at Calvin, holding it back until the lad could load and fire.

"Load," commanded Talmon Brown briefly, placing Submit within shelter. She was accustomed to the task, but, nimble as were her fingers, she could scarcely load fast enough, now for Calvin, now for Talmon Brown, while they wielded clubs meantime.

There was no time for greetings, but Submit had recognized the voice of her deliverer, and so closely he came upon her thought of him, that it scarcely occasioned her surprise. His presence inspired Calvin, who realized that he had faced death itself with a new hope. Man, woman, boy, and dog fought nobly, and quick, desperate work it was, for it seemed as if there was no diminution either in the numbers or the fury of the gnashing, raging foe.

Then, just as it seemed as if they could hold out no longer, there came a chorus of hoarse shouts, a tramping of

on-rushing feet, the barking of a troop of dogs, a whizzing of bullets, and a dazzling, blinding glare of light. Silas Fife, that brave huntsman, was coolly picking off the most formidable of the pack, while Daniel Goodenough and a half dozen other stalwart men, flashed their torches in the very eyes of the remaining wolves, that fled alarmed at this strange phenomenon.

"Saved," said Talmon Brown, solemnly.

"Saved," exulted Calvin.

But Submit, suddenly becoming conscious of the pain in her ankle and of their narrow escape from death, swooned and fell in their midst.

Daniel Goodenough sprang forward, but another was before him, who raised Submit, and all fell back recognizing his right. Silas Fife began to search for water, and Calvin led the way to the spring. The men formed about in a circle, ready with guns and torches to repel a second attack, should the pack be so bold as to return.

When Submit regained consciousness she gazed wonderingly at the group surrounding her, then raised her eyes to Talmon Brown, bending anxiously over her. As she recognized him a smile illumined her face, and the doubtful expression on his countenance was replaced by one of joyous relief. Then Talmon Brown became the director of the party.

"Now we must get her home, and as it is too steep as yet for two to carry her, I will take her upon my shoulders. Do you go ahead with the torches, and be ready to lend a hand at the cliffs, where we must lower her some distance."

Submit demurred, but to no avail.

"Nonsense, it will not weary me.

You are but a feather's weight, and I am uncommonly strong. The most I regret is that it will give your ankle a severe jolting, but I will step as carefully as I can."

Then they started, Submit borne upon the shoulders of her faithful lover, Silas Fife closely in advance choosing the way, removing a stone here, placing another for a step there, while Daniel Goodenough and other strong men were ready with aid when a steep descent was reached.

The pain was severe, but Submit endured it in silence until she could bear it no longer, when she became a dead weight to be lowered over the cliffs. Then, with another sharp twinge, she revived again to endure still longer.

As the group moved thus toilsomely down the rugged mountain-side, their torches flashing dimly in the blackness of impenetrable forest depths, here and there a sharp, hoarse bark resounded, showing that the foe was not far away, although they dared not renew the attack. Occasionally Silas Fife insisted upon relieving Talmon Brown of his burden, but numerous halts for rest were necessary for Submit's sake. Thus the evening was far advanced toward midnight before they reached the home of Benjamin Goodenough.

"Is it you, Submit?" called Mistress Mary before unbarring the door.

"Submit, and Talmon Brown," answered the latter. "Do not be alarmed, but Submit has sprained her ankle and we have brought her home."

"Oh! the poor child," exclaimed Mistress Mary, who was quick to respond when circumstances demanded action. "Put her here, so, carefully."

That was the only rebuke ever administered to Submit. After the suf-



ferer had fallen into an uneasy slumber, Talmon Brown related the day's adventures, and there was an added tenderness in Mary's manner when her sister-in-law awoke.

Adino and Calvin escaped, also, with scarcely more than admiration for their courage, which must have been deserved, it seems, for only five years later the history of Marlborough relates that Calvin Goodenough was the first to enlist in the Revolution from Monadnock, No. 5. A little later the names of both Calvin and Adino appear, together with others of the mature ages of from sixteen to twenty-two, as "Men, able-bodied, effective," who had enlisted to fight against the oppression of the king.

It was weeks before Submit recovered from the strain of that night of horrors upon the mountain-side; but Talmon Brown came often to see her.

"When shall we be cried, Submit," he asked, at last, one day.

"Thou art improving, Talmon, I see," replied Submit, her merry spirits having returned. "I knew not but what you had had me cried, unbeknown to me, as seems to be the custom in this new country. To reward

thee for thy meekness, thou may'st warn the clerk to call us on the Lord's Day week."

Then, noting the happy light in his eyes, "But do not feel too much assured, Goodman Brown. Submit, my name, is not my nature. I will obey thee and not go up on the Grand Mountain again, now that I see the reason of it; but if I follow thy will in great things, methinks thou wilt have to yield to my wishes in all of any less moment to render its just equivalent. I can not always submit, although—" the merry voice grew soft and low, and the mischievous eyes tender, "although I love thee."

"Believing that, I have no fear," quoth Talmon Brown.

Among Submit's treasures for many years were a bunch of dried berries of the mountain-ash, and a dark gray rock embedded with dull red stones.

When questioned she replied in regard to the first, with demure archness, "I picked them on the very summit of The Grand Mountain." Of the garnets she said, always with a little shudder, "I found them in the cave during the terrible hours we were awaiting our fate upon the mountain-side."

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# The Capture of Nantucket

By Henry Harrison Lewis.

*Author of "A Gunner Aboard the Yankee."*



IT has been the practice of the Naval Department for many years to hold manœuvres with the vessels attached to the North Atlantic Station. These manœuvres are very interesting and helpful to the navy in general, and since the increase in the number and size of our ships, have grown vastly in importance. The inauguration some years ago of the Naval War College at Newport—where our naval officers are now given post graduate instruction—enables the authorities to conduct the annual manœuvres in connection with a technical institution.

When the present course of study, that for 1901, was planned, it was decided to employ the North Atlantic Squadron under Rear Admiral Higginson in working out certain problems, the most important being the location of a base of supplies in a suppositious enemy's country; that is, to determine the expedition, readiness and facility with which a small fleet could establish and maintain a base of supplies ashore, similar in all respects

to that which would be required in time of actual war.

In accordance with this determination, Admiral Higginson, with several vessels of his squadron, left Newport July 5th, en route to Nantucket Sound. In the plan of campaign or the "argument" as it is termed, a state of war was assumed to exist between the United States and a foreign power. The enemy's country was supposed to include the Island of Nantucket, and it was deemed necessary by the Naval War Board to seize and hold a part of Nantucket as a base of supplies for future operations. The details of the expedition were left to Admiral Higginson.

He immediately assumed that the island was not only garrisoned, but that a part of the enemy's fleet was on guard there. As his squadron had been reduced in size by the exigencies of war he decided to employ strategy. Selecting two of his ships he sent them ahead to attempt to entice the enemy's ships from the vicinity of the island.

A long, snaky torpedo-boat shot out

from under the lee of the flagship and faded from sight in the gloom. As the phosphorescent wake left by the rapidly moving hull danced and tumbled on the water, Rear Admiral Higginson turned to the flag lieutenant at his elbow and said grimly:

"If McCalla has any luck he should give us results by daybreak. You are certain Mr. Clarke understands his orders?"

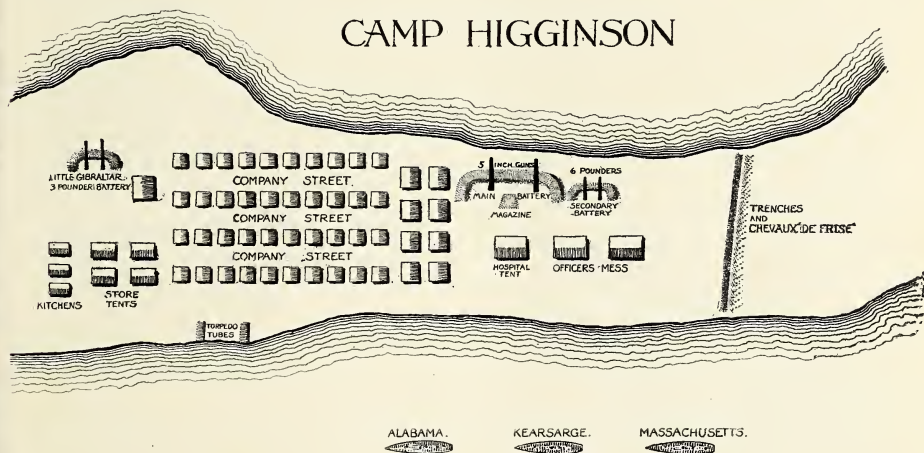
"I am sure, sir," replied Winslow. "I told him to inform Capt. McCalla that you wished him to get underway at once. The captain is fully in——"

best cruisers in the service. A momentary glare of red tinged the night, and a faint clang of steel against iron came from the direction of the spot.

A man's voice sounded from somewhere close by, and the admiral wheeled savagely.

"Pass the word to keep silence about decks," he cried. "We can't have any talking."

The spot in the darkness passed from sight. In the east a touch of gray lightened the night. The breeze, which had fallen almost to a calm, freshened slightly, causing the pen-



"Yes, yes," interrupted the admiral, "of course he is. Wasn't he one of the council of captains I called before we left Newport?"

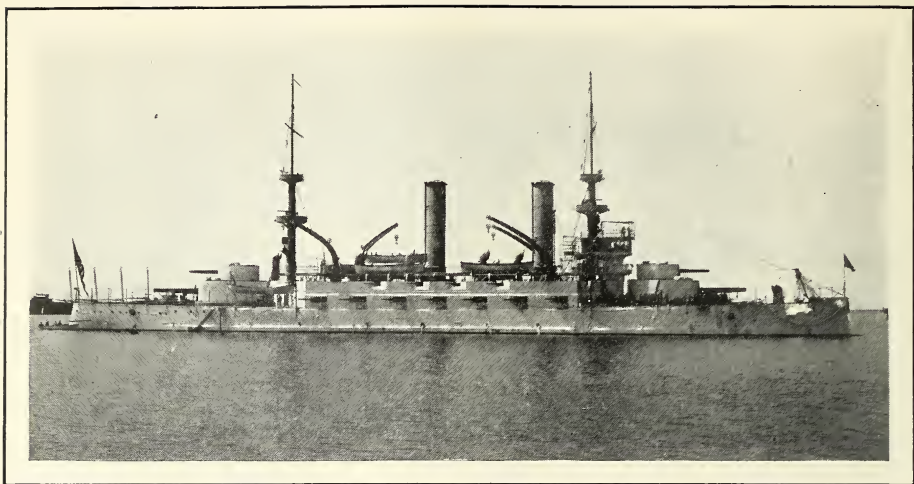
"Captain McCalla will be badgering the enemy before he is two hours older," murmured the lieutenant rather enviously. "H-m, he's fortunate. Always getting into the thick of it."

The admiral smiled. Lifting a pair of binoculars to his eyes he glanced toward a spot in the darkness off the port beam. The spot was vague and shapeless, but it represented two of the

nant at the truck of the flagship's signal mast to whip about with a snapping noise which seemed like volleys of small arms to the overstrained ears of the crew.

As the gloom of the night gradually disappeared, other spots became visible from the flagship's decks. There were two of these, and bit by bit they took shape until finally they assumed the appearance of huge battleships with turrets and conning towers, and fat twin funnels, all broken in outline and grotesque because of the lifting mist.





THE KEARSARGE

A string of bunting appeared at the flagship's signal yard. The parti-colored flags, although barely visible, spelled a command to the squadron, and presently the three ships, the *Kearsarge*, *Alabama* and *Massachusetts*, began to move slowly through the water. A speed ball showed on the *Kearsarge*, and in obedience to the signal the powerful vessels sped more rapidly through the sea.

The day broadened. It was now light enough to place the horizon several miles distant. To the north a heavy bank of clouds, half fog, broke the meeting line of sea and sky. Suddenly a dull booming sound came from beyond it, a muffled tap, tap, as if some Titan was beating a great drum.

At the first report the group of officers on the *Kearsarge's* bridge straightened up, and one, short of stature, but with a stern, imperturbable face, swung a night glass in the direction whence came the alarm. He started to speak, but paused abruptly and made a gesture with the glass.

"Ha! there's the *Bailey* returning," hastily exclaimed the officer nearest him. "Admiral, they have succeeded."

"Yes, McCalla has the whole pack after him by this time," was the grim response. "We should find the coast clear. It was a neat ruse."

Out from the bank of fog a long, low craft with funnels raking far aft came steaming at full speed. The white water leaped in curling waves over her bow. A ribbon of smoke, straight as an iron bar, trailed behind her. As she cut through the seas the booming sounds in the distance gradually became faint and finally ceased.

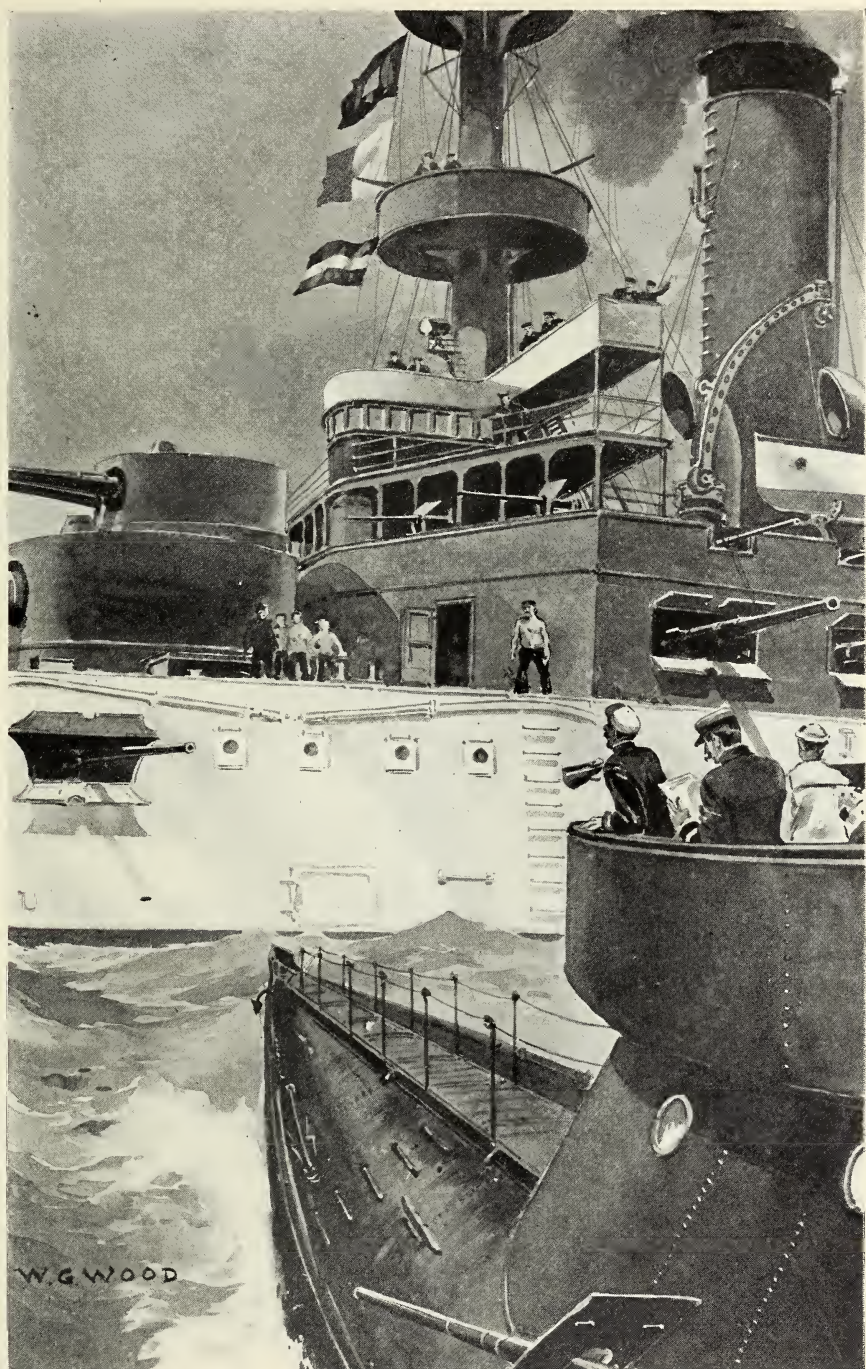
Presently, with a wide sweep to port, the torpedo boat rounded the flagship's stern and shot past the midship gangway. An officer swung out from the tiny conning tower, and, with hand to mouth, shouted:

"Flagship ahoy!"

The admiral, leaning from the *Kearsarge's* bridge, raised one arm.

"What news?" he asked.

Captain McCalla has drawn them



*Drawn by W. G. Wood.*

"FLAG SHIP, AHOY!"





ESTABLISHING THE CAMP

from their anchorage, sir. There are two cruisers and a gunboat after him."

"Good. See anything else?"

"No, sir."

"The battleships must be at the other end of the island," muttered the admiral. "Or perhaps they are hiding over there watching for just such a sortie," he added grimly.

His next words were in the shape of a peremptory order. Signals fluttered from the yard, now plain in the stronger light of day, and the speed of the squadron was again increased. In single file, with the *Kearsarge* in the van and the *Bailey* doggedly hanging to her starboard quarter, the line of vessels held on.

Presently the fog to the north lifted, showing the long flat island scarce four miles away. From the northeastern end a strip of sand extended out into

the ocean like a lean and beckoning arm, and toward this spot the fleet made at topmost speed.

Meanwhile the apparent inactivity of the crews disappeared. The decks of the three battleships were filled with half-clad sailors and marines, each man engaged in a definite task. Boats were swung out from the davits, smoke began to issue from the funnels of the steam launches, spars and booms were moved hither and yon, ammunition brought from the magazines, and on board the *Kearsarge* and *Alabama* trained gunners' gangs began to prepare two heavy 5-inch rapid fire guns and several smaller pieces for landing.

A quarter of an hour later, just as the sun appeared above the backbone of the island, the squadron rounded to and anchored a half mile from a low sandy beach. The spot was desolate.





THE WORK COMPLETED

there being nothing to indicate the handiwork of man except an abandoned lighthouse a mile to the north, and several partially unroofed fishermen's shanties an equal distance in the other direction. The yellow strip of beach curved southward until it finally faded in the mist, and at this point, barely visible from the ships, was a confused and broken skyline representing a town. There were no sails in the bay, and no sign of life on this eventful morning. From all appearances the spot might have been in the middle of the South Seas.

The success of the ruse by which the enemy's ships had been drawn from the island was still too uncertain to permit of any delay in landing, and in a few minutes after anchoring, the boats of the three battleships were in the water.

The scene which followed would have offered a fine object lesson to the naval experts of any country. As if by magic, two great guns—monster pieces of ordnance weighing six tons each, were hoisted by cranes from the decks of the *Kearsarge* and the *Alabama*, and then lowered, with the nicety of touch of a mother handling her babe, into broad-beamed sailing launches.

It is a pleasure for one who has witnessed many naval manœuvres to be able to say that never was such skill, such cunning of brain and arm displayed as at that landing on Nantucket's sandy shores, the 8th of July, 1901.

Never were men and guns transferred from ship to shore in such a short space of time, and never did sailors and marines labor with such earn-

estness and will. True, the fact that personal safety waited on their efforts acted as an incentive, but even with that it was inspiring to see them work.

The first boats ashore towed four stout coaling booms. These heavy spars were dragged bodily through the surf and speedily raised in the form of sheer-poles with sand and sea anchors to give them stability. Then when block and tackle had been rigged in ship-shape style, the sailing launches bearing the five-inch guns were run under them to the last curling wave of high tide.

Other boats brought men, an army of them, and these men tailed on to the ropes and just whipped those guns ashore as if they were toy pistols instead of the heaviest pieces of ordnance ever landed by any naval brigade.

Before the squadron left Newport the details of landing had been worked out, and it was known on each ship just what the duty of that ship would be. Admiral Higginson, astute tactician that he is, had slyly pitted the *Alabama* against the *Kearsarge* in the landing of the guns, so when it came to the actual work each crew was determined to get its particular gun in place before the other.

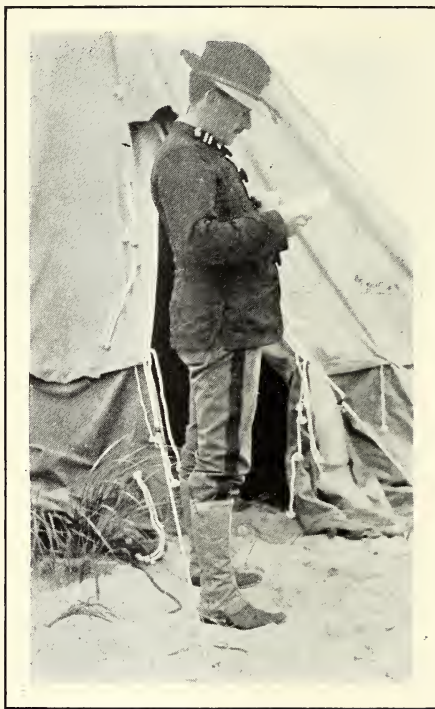
It was a far different duel from that fought by the predecessors of the *Alabama* and *Kearsarge* off Cherbourg during the Civil War, as different as are these modern battleships from the old wooden cruisers, but the spirit of the men was the same, and they labored just as willingly. Forethought counts for something, however, and it was forethought that enabled the *Ala-*

*bama* to win the race for honors.

When the sailors gained the beach those from the *Kearsarge* were astonished to see the *Alabama's* men calmly haul from the water two long skids made of heavy timbers bolted together. Their use soon became apparent. The *Alabama's* gun was placed on the skids and speedily hauled to the crest of the little ridge where the main fortification was to be established. The crew of the *Kearsarge*, not so well equip-

ped, was compelled to drag its gun through the light shifting sand, a most difficult task.

While the five-inch guns were being landed in this manner, sailors from the various ships were preparing the gun platforms. Each of these was double, made of oak, and all told weighed five tons. The lower part was sunk well down in the sand and solidly anchored



THE COMMANDING OFFICER



THE BATTERY

to prevent the gun turning a back somersault when fired.

At the same time the important tasks of building a magazine, making a camp and installing shore torpedo tubes were being performed by the marine detachment. Trenches were dug and parapets thrown up. Fully four thousand bags had been brought from the ships, and these were filled with sand for use in constructing the ramparts.

The strip of beach, which did not exceed three hundred feet in width at this spot, presented a spectacle of the utmost activity. Signals were constantly flying from the flagship urging haste, and finally the admiral himself came ashore to see what he could do to expedite matters. By that time, however, two hundred marines, under Captain C. G. Long, the commanding officer, had progressed so far that the

camp was practically ready for an attack.

It was now close on to mid-day. Nothing had been heard of the two cruisers sent to entice the enemy, nor was there anything to indicate that the presence of the American squadron was known.

This latter fact seemed suspicious to the admiral, and he sent the *Bailey* on a scouting cruise. As an added precaution, the *Massachusetts* weighed anchor and stood off in the direction taken by the cruisers and their pursuers. In the meantime the work of fortifying the camp progressed apace. There was still much to be done, and the brigade, divided into several detachments, planted shore mines at the various land approaches, dug pits and strengthened the ramparts shielding the three batteries.

Down on the shore, close to the wa-





#### REINFORCEMENTS

ter's edge, two service torpedo tubes were installed. The tubes, huge cylinders of steel, were fastened to especially constructed platforms sunk in the sand, and shallow trenches dug from the line of high tide to deep water. Thus equipped it would be possible to launch Whitehead torpedoes under similar conditions to those obtaining on board ship.

At noon dinner was prepared as usual in the camp kitchen, which had been located under the shelter of a low bluff. After the meal a few minutes were allowed the men for rest and smoking.

A devil-may-care, indifferent air was conspicuous in the conduct of the officers, as well as the men. Captain Long and the members of his staff, the majority of whom had seen hard service in both the Spanish-American and Chinese wars, apparently regarded the situation as they would an ordinary drill. In fact they were plainly annoyed by the continued absence of the

enemy, and when, shortly after seven o'clock smoke was reported on the horizon northeast of the island their joy was unbounded.

As the *Massachusetts* and *Bailey* had returned earlier in the afternoon, it was apparent that the smoke indicated the approach of the enemy, or of the cruisers. The latter was so improbable, however, that Admiral Higginson signalled the fleet to prepare for action. A half hour later the outlines of several vessels became visible above the tremulous rim of the horizon, and immediately after this was reported the squadron weighed anchor and stood out to sea.

As the ships steamed at full speed in the direction of the enemy, a last signal was hoisted on the *Kearsarge*. It spelled:

"Defend the camp at all hazards until our return."

Darkness, hastened by a thick fog from the nearby shoals fell rapidly. Within what seemed a few minutes af-

ter the *Kearsarge* and her consorts had passed Great Point, the fleet was lost in the gloom. There were no lights to indicate the location of the ships, so the little body of defenders of Camp Higginson soon felt itself isolated and alone.

No time was lost in sentimental expressions, however. Captain Long immediately summoned his officers to a council in his tent, and the plans for the night were discussed. Lieutenant Dewey, in charge of the mines and torpedo squad, was instructed to inspect personally that part of the defence, and to be prepared for an attack from either sea or shore.

"Lieutenant Colvocorresses will take forty men and dig another line of pits across the neck nearest the town," directed the captain. "Also string telegraph wires and construct *cheveaux de frise*. See that the stakes are well pointed."

The Cossack outposts were well reinforced, and as an added precaution a line of skirmishers was thrown along both beaches for a mile. When the guns' crews had been sent to their stations and each piece of ordnance loaded, preparations were considered complete.

At ten o'clock Captain Long set out

for a last tour of the camp. The night had grown very dark and a thick mist driving in from the sea rendered it impossible to see further than the length of one's arm. The camp was strangely quiet. The soft sand gave no response to the hurrying tread of the men, and only the occasional clank of rifle against bayonet scabbard, or the muttered comment of some passing orderly indicated that anyone was astir.

"I am inclined to believe we will have visitors from over there," muttered the captain, jerking his thumb toward the town. "They surely know we are here, even if this spot is not visible. They are just as foxy as we, and two can play at a ruse, you know. Mark my words, they'll be making us a call before long."

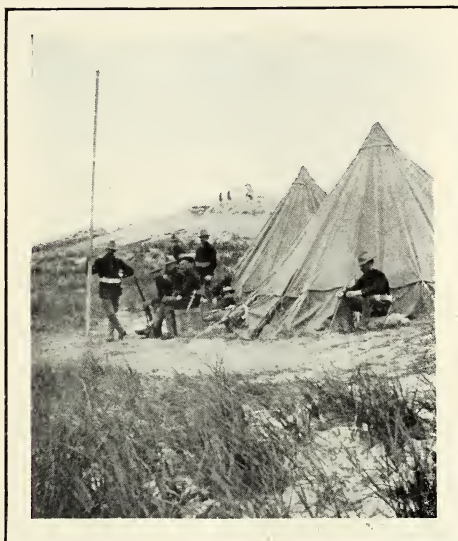
As he trudged through the sand from post to post the captain kept

his orderlies busy transmitting messages. Near the guard tent he met an officer who had just returned from a scout.

"What news, McGill?" asked the commanding officer.

"I went as far as the old lighthouse," the other reported. "All is quiet over there. Captain Thorpe took the other direction. It is about time he——"

"Hark! What is that?" suddenly interrupted Captain Long. The next



A COSSACK OUTPOST

second he was gone with McGill after him, both returning at their utmost speed toward the south end of the camp. A sharp, whip-like report, amazingly like a pistol shot, had come from that quarter.

Even as its echoes still sounded, in the damp night air a hoarse outcry arose near the south outpost, then a pandemonium of voices and a volley of rifle shots turned the camp into an inferno of discordant noises. A number of men led by an officer, coatless, bareheaded, guns held at arm's length, dashed past, and just then a ball of fire soared aloft from near the main battery. The curious plop! of the discharge was unmistakable. It was a Coston night signal!

The officer leading the reinforcements stopped short in his wild dash and with an exclamation threw himself

upon a figure crouching at the breech of a five-inch gun. Several of the marines followed his example and in an instant that particular spot was covered with a jumble of struggling, gasping, half-clad men.

"It's a spy," someone shouted. "He slipped into camp and is trying to signal——"

"He has disabled the gun. Look! The breech-block——"

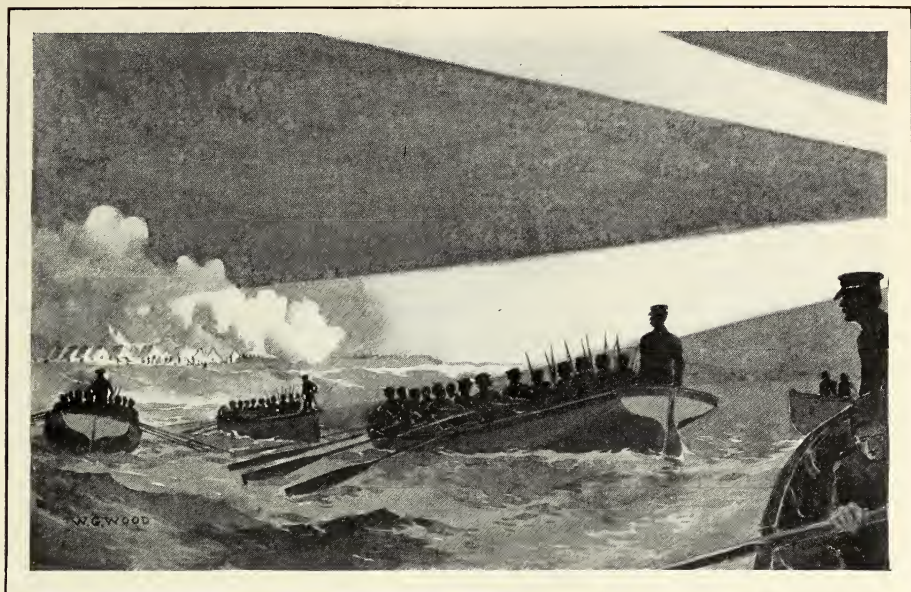
The sentence was lost in a fierce howl of rage, which faded as quickly. The tangle of men straightened out, and for a moment there was silence, which, breaking upon the tumult, came almost like a blow in the face. The silence was caused by a dazzling white spear of light which, piercing the wall of black night beyond the beating line of surf, illumined the entire camp.

Tents, batteries, men, stood out in



THE TORPEDO SQUAD





A SPEAR OF LIGHT ILLUMINED THE CAMP

the flash as if carved in ivory. The next second the light was gone, but its significance was plain. There was a ship out there—perhaps a friend, but more probably an enemy.

The uproar broke out afresh. It was plain the enemy was attacking from the south, as the rifle shots in that direction soon increased to a regular fusilade. Squad after squad of men hurried from the north outposts, urged forward by sharp words of command. A goat, one that had strayed into camp during the day, fled with terrified bleats up the sandy beach.

Suddenly a voice rang out above the din. It was that of Captain Long.

"See to the mines. Fire the land mines. Thorpe! McGill!"

As the order was given Captain McGill appeared from the direction of the battery and ran to a nearby tent. Lieutenant Dewey, the only occupant, was leaning, half crouching, over a

box in the centre. Upon the box a metallic firing key glittered in the subdued rays of a camp lantern. A thin black wire ran like a lean snake down the side of the box, disappearing under the lower folders of the tent.

"The mines!" gasped McGill.

I saw Lieutenant Dewey's hand move convulsively, then a dull explosion shook the ground upon which we stood. A shower of sand and stones fell upon the slack canvas roof, and from the outside came a soft thud.

"We caught them," triumphantly cried the Lieutenant, springing erect. "All three mines exploded. Where's Long?"

"Getting reinforcements to the south line of defence," hurriedly explained McGill. "There is an attack in force from town. And, by heavens, we'll have an attack from sea if I am not mistaken. Did you see that searchlight flash?"

Still talking, the two officers hastened from the tent, and, with revolvers cocked, disappeared toward the lower end of the camp. They had barely gone when, without warning, a deep report as from a heavy gun, came from the sea. At almost the same moment the camp burst into light, illumined a second time by the invisible ship beyond the line of white surf.

Out in the broad path created by the searchlight a number of boats crowded with men became visible. The boats were headed toward the beach. Suddenly the black curtain of the night behind them began to sparkle with little dots of flame, and following each dot came a faint report. Presently the sounds increased. The single reports blended into one continuous roar. The dots became broad sheets of flame. A curious rending sound as of metal breaking under terrific blows punctuated the other clamor.

There was no mistaking the meaning of it all. The *Kearsarge* and her consorts were attacking the enemy. The effect of the battle upon the fighting ashore speedily became evident. The tumult at the south line of defence died away. It was as if the marines and their foes had paused in awe at the fierce conflict being waged out there in the darkness.

In the meantime, however, Captain Long and his officers had not been idle. The spectacle revealed by the last flash of light, that of the armed boats heading toward shore, brought the various batteries into action. The smaller guns began to sweep the stretch of darkness just beyond the line of tumbling surf, and several shots were fired from the five-inch guns.

As several minutes passed without bringing further evidence of an attack, it began to appear as if the boats were either returning to their ships or had hurried out of range to await results.

The situation ashore was indeed remarkable. From a scene of fierce battling between the defenders and the attacking force it had passed to one of absolute inaction. The batteries and the trenches were filled with mute spectators of the momentous combat being waged off shore. Hardly a sound save the deep, tense breathing of the men broke the quiet of the sandy stretch of beach.

But beyond the surf, the hideous uproar of guns and their vivid flashing continued. For what seemed a full hour the battle raged, when just as we of the camp were beginning to wonder if it would never end, there came a lull. The thunderous reports gradually slackened, then died out, leaving only the spiteful voices of the small, rapid-firers. Finally these too became silent.

And then—out in the darkness a powerful ribbon of light shot upward from a spot near the water's surface. The finger of fire wavered tremulously for a moment, as if seeking something. And then there burst forth from the camp a cheer—not loud, not piercing—but deep and with a huskiness telling of throats strained with much feeling.

The finger of fire had found that which it sought. Out in the black wall of night suddenly appeared a small luminous spot which, as it gradually became clear under the searchlight, stood forth as the emblem of victory—Old Glory!

# A Renegade Rebel

By William McLeod Raine

THE Honorable Thomas Jefferson Abraham Lincoln Graves, politician and legislator, sunned himself in front of the post office before the admiring eyes of his fellow-countrymen. He was resplendent in a great expanse of bright colored linen and a beaver hat as black and shiny as his face balanced rakishly at an angle to just maintain the equilibrium. When he waved a tawny hand in gesture elucidative of his point, diamonds flashed from his thick fingers.

There had been a time not many years before when the Honorable T. J. A. L. Graves had been plain "Tolliver's Tom," one of a hundred slaves in the same condition and not unhappy in their lot. Now he rode in a carriage while his former master walked (and incidentally paid for the carriage). He dressed in broadcloth adorned with the many colors of the rainbow, and the Tollivers still wore the faded and threadbare uniforms they had graced at Shiloh. When the rising legislator, rolling past in his cushioned chariot, met either of them, it was the ex-slave who turned his eyes away and felt himself out of place; a Tolliver looked always the gentleman, never more than in the genteel poverty which was engulfing the family. Somehow, when he came face to face with those of the old regime, Graves felt the Honorable sink into plain Tom. It was among his own people, on occasions like the

present, that he sipped the honey from the flower of achieved greatness.

"Yass, *indeed*, gen'elmen," he was saying; "I espress my intention to use my affluence with the gov'ment to prognosticate an' furnish faw ev'ey colahed family a mewl an' fawty acres of land. I esplained to the gov'ment that the colahed man was the truly an' auspicious ownahs of this yere sumptuous country, an' furthersome that the int'res' of the Erpublican pahty remanded a necessitous condition faw the aforesaid gen'elmen to exacise the inadvertent an' Gawd-given right of the ballot. Consequence is, the ballot is done givened, an' the fawty acres is a-gwine to be; likewise per contra the mewl. Where the land comin' frum, you ast? Why, o' co'se frum the white man, niggah. Aint yo' got no cerebrain un'erstan'in'? Wa'ant they rebels? In *co'se* dis yere land! White man own it? Huh! Gov'ment done tek away they votes an' guve them to us. Don't you 'low it kin tek away tha' land too? Aint it a consequent affERENCE that the gov'ment gwine to do p'ecisely like I say? Else what fo' my name Lincoln, essep I mean to inoculate the colahed race outah the land of Egypt into a subsequentious land of milk and honey."

His eyes rolled around benignly on his hearers till the whites showed, and brought to him a vision of Major Tolliver and his son approaching the postoffice store. He continued defi-



antly, but in a perceptibly lower tone.

"Yass, indeed! White man shorely got to git out an' hoe. They-all's chil'-en got to intend the same school as yo'-alls. Sho's yo' bawn! Further mo'over—" Mr. Graves had meant to keep his seat as a protest of equality registered before his colored brethren, but something threatened impending trouble in the young captain's face which brought him to his feet at the last moment with a precipitancy scarcely dignified. "Howdy, Marse Toliver! I was jes' a-sayin' that the cotton crap shorely does need rain. How is yo' health? Tol'ble, I hope. I was a-hearin' yo' felt right puny Howdy, Cap'n?"

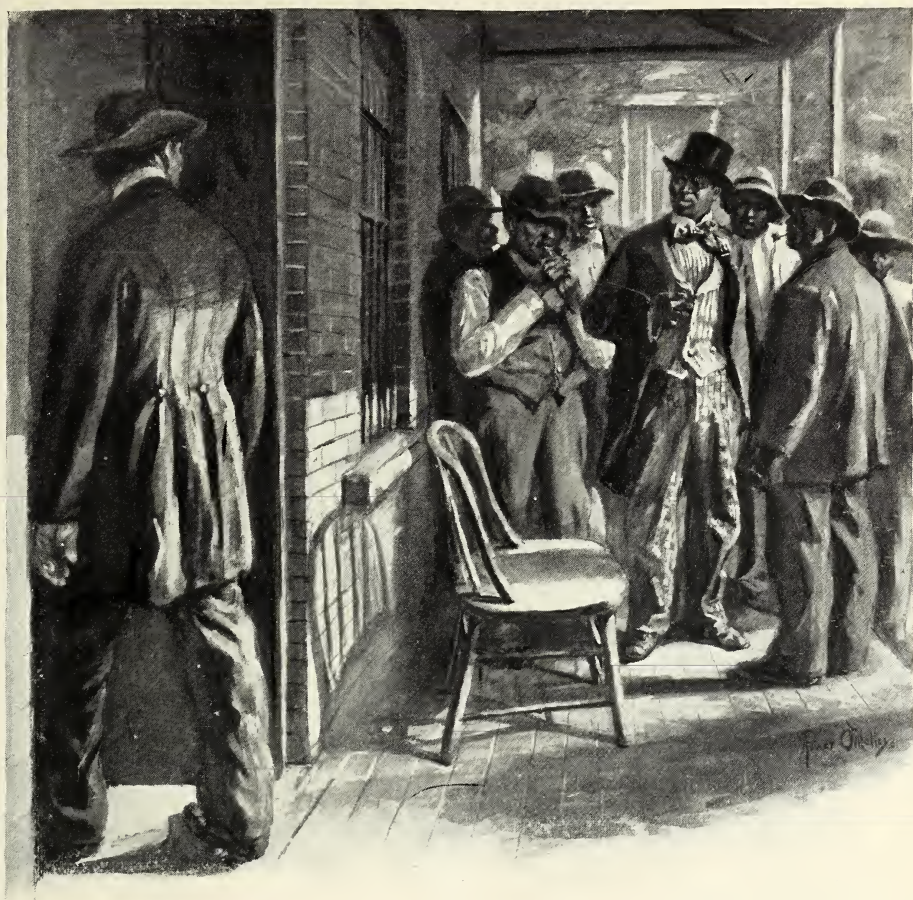
The colored man Graves belonged to a legislature that was composed of members of whom a considerable percentage was black and a still larger number ignorant and corrupt. From the expensive cigar he smoked to the imported Brussels carpet in his house there was nothing he possessed that was not stolen from the state. "Pe'-quisites," he called them. He felt it was worth thirty years in the cotton fields to have come to the whip hand at last; the lean years of servitude were but a preparation for the proper appreciation of these years of plenty. He rolled in luxury, and it had never occurred to him that the good times were not to last always. He took the goods the gods provided and with the improvidence of his race let the morrow care for itself. That Tolliver and his friends paid for them in increased taxes only added zest to his enjoyments. He was wont to drive up to the forced sale of some old plantation merely to exult over the white-haired, threadbare gentleman who was being

sold out under the sheriff's hammer. It made him rage because these bankrupt types of the old nobility bore themselves so finely. They were the men who had been on horseback for hundreds of years and were now on foot, but they still looked the fearless rider and showed the refinement of the race in every movement. Let him assert himself as loudly as he might, Graves yet felt these quiet, poverty-stricken soldiers the master and himself the servant.

Looking back unexpectedly from the door of the postoffice, Dick Tolliver caught the snarling impotent look of evil on the face of the negro. Luckily for Graves the words that accompanied the look did not carry.

"Thass the man—him an' his high-steppin' paw—I'm gwine to mek eat dirt. Yo' all hear me. I'm gwine to mek 'em git down on tha' marrow bones to Mister Graves toreckly. Sho's yo' live, I am. His paw's done mo'gaged till he caynt rest, an' the man who holds the mo'gage is jes' a-honin' to go to the House at Washington. Well, he gwine to stay to hum 'less he fo'close that mo'gage. I 'low to be a-puttin' out now to see him 'bout it."

He strutted down the sunny side of the courthouse square with a great admiration for himself. At two "Blind Tigers" he stopped to get whiskey to prime his courage, for though Colonel Langley was more or less connected with Graves and his party politically, he was scarcely one to tolerate interference in a matter of this kind. Not that he doubted for a moment that Langley could be brought to do what was so evidently in line with his own interests. Even though Langley had



‘THASS THE MAN’

been a Confederate soldier and hence was not so amenable to reason as the carpet-baggers, yet Graves did not suppose him capable of such folly as leniency toward one of the men who had attacked him so bitterly for his apostasy.

In front of the Cass cotton gin a group of renters were discussing the situation. To them it was intolerable. It was bad enough for Graves and his kind to rob the public right and left under the protection of law, but Graves had passed the limit of endur-

ance when he had undertaken to drum his fellow-legislators into line in favor of the carpet-baggers' bill for the mixing of races at the public schools.

Buck Pettis sat on a bale of cotton and whittled leisurely as he talked.

“An’ I ’low he’d orter be strung up fer his insolence. Then we-all would be rid of him fer good. Hit aint bad enough tew be a-takin’ the caounty’s money fer nigger schools, but he must aim ter make the chil’en of we-all herd with niggers at the school-house. Hyer he comes neow a-puttin’ on dawg. He



"lows he is the biggest toad in the puddle—toxicated as Adam's off ox, tew."

"Someone orter kill the derved nigger," drawled another. "Hit fair mads me ter see him."

"He'll jes' nachally get shot one of these hyer dark nights, anyhow," put in Tobe Meadows, cutting at the rank dog-fennel viciously with his whip.

"O yes, that's easy tellin'. I'm a-cravin' ter do it tew, but I caint. Why? 'Count of these hyer Yankee soldiers. If a fellow c'ud git him in the night—but he air tew cute, an' stays pow'ful close then."

"Well, they c'n send the whole Yank army daown hyer, an' I haint a-goin' to enjure hit to send my little 'uns ter the same school as niggers."

Pettis shut his knife and slipped down from the bale.

"Look a hyer! I'll tell yo'-all what let's do. Let's Ku-Klux him this ve'ay night."

The others drew close and eagerly nodded approval.

"Howdy, gen'elmen! Looks like we gwine to have a storm," the victim of their plot called over to them cheerfully, as he passed by.

"Looks like," agreed Tobe Meadows with grim geniality. "We air a-needin' one mighty bad."

Colonel Langley's greeting to Mr. Graves was almost as cavalierly as that of young Tolliver. He wheeled around in his office chair without seeing the proffered hand.

"That you, Graves? Thought I recognized you when you were coming up the stairs by that convict shuffle of yours. Haven't been lynched yet, eh? I rather 'lowed they'd get round to do it to-day. Plenty of time yet, though."

"No, sah! I don't approximate that I'm like to be."

"Oh, you don't. Wish I had your sublime trust in human nature. Thought mebbe you'd come round to get me to pull you out of the hole."

"No, sah. I has the United States army with me," retorted the negro.

"That's good. You'll need it," returned the colonel cheerfully. "If I were you I'd tote it along with me handy for use in emergencies. You've been cutting a pretty wide swath in that legislature of yours one way and another. I'm afraid some of the constituents you—ah—misrepresent are liable to cut short your promising career. Boys will be boys, you know."

"Aw! Go 'way, Cunnel. I aint afeared. Yo' a-funnin', sah."

"May I ask you to what I am indebted for the pleasuah of your company?"

"Huccome I yere? I come, sah, to contravene with yo' consarnin' the fo'-closah of a mo'gage—a mattah of pre-disposing int'res', sah."

"Quite right, Graves. Ev'ay mortgage has an interest of its own—peculiarity about mortgages. The interest is a funny thing if you leave it alone. Grows faster than a fifteen year old nigger."

"I referenced to int'res' in anothah sense, sah—a mattah of int'res' to yo' an' me connected with the Tolliver mo'gage, sah."

"Interest to you? Well, that's a good one. Confound your impudence. where do you come in? I was undah an impression that Major Tolliver and I were the pahties to the mortgage."

"In a public capacity I introducts myse'f inter the mattah, sah—as one who is the gyardien of the people."



Cunnel. Bein' as I am one who knows——"

"Oh, I see. You have come to offah me your legal services. Ve'ay kind I'm sure, but when I need advice I'll let you know." And the colonel wheeled back to his desk abruptly.

"No, sah! Yo' misconstrut my meaning," corrected Graves, and proceeded forthwith to unfold his mission.

Colonel Langley's eyes glittered warningly as the negro made clear his purpose. A close observer might have seen that he was holding himself in tightly by an effort of the will, but Graves was hardly in condition to make nice distinctions. He only noticed the colonel sat very quiet and gave him his undivided attention.

"If I understand your position, it is that I am to foreclose the mortgage which I hold on the Tolliver place, or in the event of my declining to do so you will throw the colored vote against me at the coming election. Am I correct?" asked Langley.

"Yass, indecd, sah! Thass my ultimato. Yo' see yo'se'f——"

Colonel Langley walked past him to the door and threw it open. The man who swung round savagely on Graves was no longer the mild-mannered acceptor of reconstruction and the new era, but the leader of that renowned fire-eating cavalry regiment known as Langley's Lambs. His eyes blazed like live coals.

"Get out of heah!"

"Sah!"

"Get out of heah, I say. Quick, before I break ev'ay bone in your black body."

The doctrine of the political equality of the colored race which the colonel

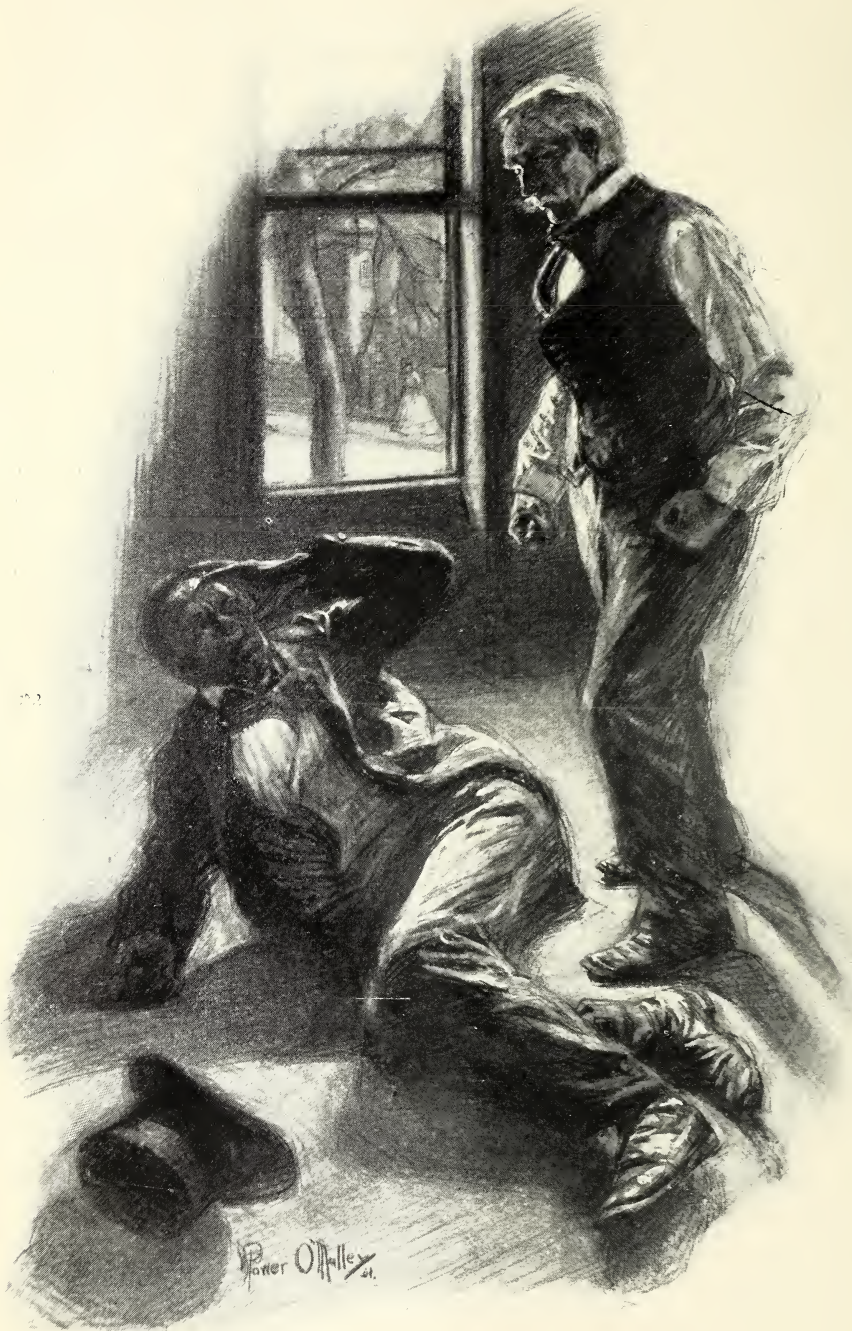
had been enunciating so persistently during the past year had given place to the training and the instincts of a life-time of slaveholding. He saw before him "Tolliver's boy Tom" blandly proposing to him a course of dishonor to serve a petty grudge of his own, and his eye roamed longingly to a hickory sapling a country client had inadvertently left on the office table that morning. Unfortunately for himself, Mr. Graves chose that moment to assert his new-found right to freedom of speech.

"Sah, I reminds yo' that I is a citizen of this yere country jess the same as yo'se'f; ev'n mo' so, since yo' were a traitor. Toby shore the gov'ment has consented to ovahlook yo' pas' deliquescence at my profound instigation, but yo' mus' show evidence of repentance"—the colonel's hand dropped to the table quietly—"yo' mus' tek a seat at the mohners' bench an' be a seeker, sah. Neow, this yere Tolliver aint nothin' but a mossback rebel an' a pusillanimous thief, 'cos——"

Mr. Graves stopped, warned at last, but he was too late. Langley had forgotten their later differences and remembered only his boy friend Hal Tolliver, who had pulled him out of the White River when he was drowning, and the gallant major who had ridden with him at Helena, Pea Ridge, and Chickamauga.

"Don't yo' dass touch me, sah," screamed Graves, backing to the door. "Don't yo' do it. I'll cut yo' heart out, fo' suah. I aint a-gwine to low no white man to—Ouch! Quit! Fo' de Lawd, I wont nevah no mo'—Ouch! Sho's yo' bawn, I was jess funnin'. Yo' done killed me, Marse Langley."

The colonel tossed aside the hickory



*Drawn by M. Power O'Malley.*

"LAWD, I WONT NEVAH NO MO'."

and smiled down ruefully at the writhing, grovelling politician huddled at his feet. He had already broken with the friends of his past and now on his office floor lay his wrecked future. He knew he had just made himself a hopeless political impossibility. But he did not mind that, for he was profoundly weary of reconstruction politics. What hurt him was that by his own hand he had destroyed the last fragment of the new theory of life he had built for himself out of the ashes of the past.

He had come back from the war ready to adapt himself to new conditions. He believed in schools for the negroes to fit them for the citizenship which he foresaw must come. He argued with his friends that the only safe thing was to grant the franchise to the negroes under certain educational qualifications. He believed in progress, in the development of the new South regardless of the conditions which had prevailed in the old. In the eager pursuit of these things he had tried to forget the animosities of the past and had hurried back into the political arena with large-hearted hopefulness. His charity had extended even to the carpet-baggers so far as to believe they were working with him for the best good of the country.

Meanwhile his friends watched his course in amazement. To Tolliver his position seemed a defection from honor and a compromise with principle, and he told his friend so, hotly. Others of the irreconcilables went so far as to say that he had sold himself to the mammon of unrighteousness. After a few rebuffs Langley had grown too proud to make further advances. The breach widened till he faced social ostracism. For himself

he could stand even that, but it cut him to the heart that he must bring this on his daughter Nondice, since his son's death at Gettysburg the only pledge that remained to him of his dead wife.

His life had been threatened again and again by the young fire-eaters of the "invisible empire." He had paid no attention to their notices save to look more sharply to the condition of his weapons. Night riders of the Ku-Klux had more than once made an attack on him, and one family still nursed a hot-headed young man who had been carried back from a midnight raid with one of Langley's bullets in his leg.

To make matters worse the Colonel had lately been much harassed with doubts as to the wisdom of his position. The Utopian solution of the matter which had once been so plain to him was now becoming every day more unlikely. He saw the former masters disfranchised and the voting power conferred on a mass of ignorant negroes who had been their slaves. He saw corruption everywhere and apparently none willing or able to check it. The property of his old friends was slipping from them by exorbitant taxation, and he wondered where it was all going to end.

Colonel Langley thought of these things sadly as he locked his office and passed into the street. At the foot of the stairs he came on Major Tolliver and a group of former confederate officers telling war stories. Most of them had been in Langley's regiment, but they had no word for him now. They drew aside from him as though he had the plague. He would have given all he possessed in the



world for the right to join freely with them, but he knew they were more bitter toward him than to one of the carpet-baggers, because they looked on him as a renegade and a traitor. They shut him out from the memory of the cause he had loved and fought for at their side. He passed them with head held high, but with a heavy heart.

\* \* \* \* \*

The note of the mocking bird and blue jay was stilled, and the hanging nest of the oriole swayed gently in the breeze without sign of life. At intervals the hoarse croaking of the frogs from the cane brake filled the night. The girdled trees in the cotton field on the "yon side the sleugh" cast long wavering shadows from their bare dead branches, and looked as ghostly in the moonlight as the unearthly, white-draped figures which stole over the fence and silently followed the footpath which led through the swamp.

On the wide verandah of his house Colonel Langley smoked a last pipe before retiring. He was in a sombre mood, and looked over wistfully at the slight, graceful figure of the young girl who sat by his side. She reminded him so vividly of her mother as he had known her twenty years before, that presently he forgot his pipe and let it go out while his mind wandered in the bypaths of memory. Hal Tolliver and he had been married on the same night to friends as devoted as themselves. Their two sons had been within a month of the same age and had been inseparable since the time they could toddle across from one plantation to the other. Fathers and sons had fought side by side throughout the war. Now his boy lay

dead in an unknown grave on the field of Gettysburg, and Dick Tolliver was learning to believe that his father's lifelong friend was a timeserver. The young fellow had used to be a constant visitor at the house, but of late he had entirely ceased his visits. On his daughter's account the desertion of the lad had cut him deeply. He did not know that the proud young girl had demanded of her lover a greater belief in her father than he could give—an assurance that he was right not only in intent, but also in deed, and that she had given him his dismissal because he could not approve the course of the Colonel.

He was awakened from his reverie by a pair of warm young arms about his neck and a soft cheek nestling against his. The Colonel sighed again as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe and put it in his pocket.

From across the brake a single shot rang out and echoed through the night. Yet a while, and a scattering volley followed. Colonel Langley disengaged himself hurriedly from the arms of his daughter.

"It's that nigger Graves—they're killing him," he explained, and ran into the house to get his rifle from the forked limbs nailed to the wall on which it rested.

"I reckon I bettah put across and see if tha' ain't anything I can do," he called to Nondice as he ran along the corduroy road which led to the swamp.

A score of men in the grotesque habiliments of the Ku-Klux Klan had disposed themselves about the house for the capture of Graves. They were already battering on the doors, but several ineffective shots from inside had warned them to expect resistance.



*Drawn by M. Power O'Malley.*

"SHE WAS THE WIFE OF THE MAN THEY WERE SEEKING"



One or two unmasked figures lounged about the fringe of the woods in front of the house, neither assisting the attack nor interfering with it. Among these was Dick Tolliver. He had been attracted by the noise of the firing, and stood watching events with a cool aloofness. He would be no party to the killing, but he would not lift a hand to save Graves. The legislator and his kind had stolen by means of law all the property left the planters after the war. The young Captain thought of all the rich black bottom land, good for a bale of cotton to the acre and more, that used to belong to his father in the old days; then of the few acres of red washed-out, worn-out hillside, too poor to raise anything but thin, scrubby corn, that still remained to him unmortgaged; and thinking of this he smiled cynically at the retribution about to fall on the negro.

The front door burst from its hinges and a dozen men rushed pell-mell into the house. A tall negress confronted them undauntedly with a rifle in her hands, and warned them back. She was the wife of the man they were seeking, and she fronted them with a scornful audacity that checked them an instant. Then the tide rolled forward and swept her with it.

They searched the house from top to bottom without finding him, nor could they get a word of information from his faithful wife, who stood with folded arms and watched them. At last, beneath a loose plank of the floor, they found the cowering wretch. A rope was thrown around his neck and he was dragged into the yard, many eager hands tugging at the rope.

From the skirt of the sleugh came running a man, with gray hair flow-

ing free and eyes alight with the fire of battle. He flung himself between Graves and the avengers, ordering them sternly back. These men had been in the regiment which he had commanded for years, and instinctively they gave ground at his command. Langley took advantage of their surprise to cut the rope and back with the negro to the porch. Then a roar of anger broke from the Klan at the man who had dared to balk them of their prey. They remembered his desertion of their cause and threatened with bitter curses to now wipe the score clear. Meanwhile the brave, gray-haired old man covered them steadily with his rifle.

"Fo' Gawd's sake, Marse Langley, don' let 'em git me," moaned the terror-stricken wretch, crouching on the porch behind the Colonel. "I gwine to defeat that school bill they-all so set against. O Gawd, keep Abraham Lincoln Graves frum the Ku-Klux. I aims to be a good niggah frum this night. Yass, indeed, Lawd. I promises to git religion if yo' stands by me this once—jess this onct. I won't nevah pester yo' agin. O yere they air a-comin'. Fo' the good Lawd's sake, Cunnel, stan' by me. I ain't holdin' no gredge fer that whuppin' yo' guv me. I p'intedly loves yo' fer it, 'cos I know I was a needin' the bud right smart. I'm aimin' not to devil ary mo' in politics, sah. I aspects to resignate frum the legislature, fer true."

"Come outer there, Colonel Langley, lessen yeou wants we-all should shoot yeou tew," cried Buck Pettis.

The Colonel seized the moment to promise, on behalf of the negro, that the bill should be defeated. He made Graves solemnly swear after him to



work against it. But the men had gone so far they refused to be content with anything less than the life of the negro. Colonel Langley stood firm.

"Ve'ay well," cried Buck savagely. "Jess as you like. We'uns will send yeou erlang uv the nigger."

"*No you won't*," drawled a voice behind him.

Pettis turned as if he had been shot. Dick Tolliver walked past him and ranged himself beside the Colonel.

"Well, if thet hain't the derndest trick," ejaculated Pettis.

Dick Tolliver had been swept into a quick revulsion of feeling toward the man he had so often ridden behind. His father might have a quarrel beyond healing with Langley, but his father's son would not stand by and see these night-riders shoot the old man down. No, he remembered a certain sultry day at Chickamauga when his regiment rode through fire against the Union lines. Dick had been shot at the ebb of the charge just after a brigade of blue-coated troopers had burst on their lines to hurl them back again. One moment he was riding with gray figures all about him, the next he lay alone on the ground, scarce a hundred yards from the Federal lines, with a bullet through his thigh. Then came a solitary rider through the smoke straight toward him, leaped from his horse and lifted him to the saddle, and galloped back amid a storm of cheers from both lines. The man who had ridden back for him was the colonel of his regiment, and he was the same man who now held the porch against a score of infuriated, hot-blooded raiders. Dick resolved to stop the murder at all costs. The old man might preach sedition to the niggers till the

crack of doom for him, he was resolved not to have to tell a certain girl he knew and loved that he had let her father be killed before his eyes.

There was something in the situation that reminded these unread and not very imaginative renters of the old days in camp when they were all fighting together for the lost cause, something in the sight of their old colonel and young captain, standing with head thrown back, side by side, to withstand their attack that was suggestive of the forlorn hope Langley's Lambs had often led. Unaccountably there stirred in them the impulse to let out the well-known rebel yell. Tobe Meadows had been Captain Dick Tolliver's orderly, and now he tossed his shapeless felt hat into the air with a cheer.

And so it happened that Major Tolliver, hurrying through the woods to keep his son out of mischief (for a frightened negro had told him that Captain Dick was lynching Graves), heard the rebel yell flung into the air again and again; and fearing it meant trouble, he pushed on the more rapidly. But when the sweet strains of Dixie floated to him through the night he was puzzled as well as alarmed.

He reached the scene to see a terrified negro with a rope still around his neck slinking away into the cypress brake and a swarm of ghost-like Ku-Kluxers giving a reception to his son Dick and Colonel Langley. Many of them had thrown aside their hoods, and he recognized several of the old regiment. Something choked up in the major's throat as he went forward to shake hands with the colonel.

"Seems like old times, Dick, before these blame politics cut in between us. Reckon I was too impatient with you.

Come to think of it, I was wrong all the way through. To hear me talk a man might have allowed the war wasn't yet ended. If you say so, the boy and I will come up and talk over that mortgage to-morrow."

The colonel laughed happily out of a radiant face.

"Shucks! I was more to blame than

you, Hal. Hadn't any mo' sense than to think I could make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. Cayn't you and Dick come right up to the house now? Non-dice would like right smart to see you. But we'll have to talk about something else besides the mortgage. Tha' isn't anything to say about it. I burnt the confounded thing to-day."

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## Midnight in the Cañon

By DuVal Warwick

WITHIN, the glowing cone-coals light the room,  
Without, the compact darkness closes in,  
And thrusting wind-gusts make sharp, shaking din  
At pane and door; whence, whooping through the gloom  
Like braves upon a raid they bear the boom  
Of brooding storm. Silence, and then a thin  
Keen lightning bolt stabs with its javelin  
Yon rocky height. The torrent's chafe and din  
Is hushed in the fierce following roar, and soon  
Rap, rap, with thousand knuckles knocks the hail.  
The cabin rocks with wind-waves, and the crisp  
Of lightning snaps and stings, when lo! no lisp  
Of storm is heard, and 'neath the silv'ring moon  
The new-dropt snow spreads o'er the range its veil.

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# The Evolution of Beautiful Stockbridge

By Mrs. H. M. Plunkett

WHEN and where did this evolution begin? It had its origin in the mind of a lady, who had seen in some mount of vision a pattern according to which she believed Stockbridge could be fashioned. In 1853, when Miss Mary G. Hopkins preached her crusade of beautification, she had an ordinary, straggling, unkempt country town to begin upon. There were no sidewalks save the narrow foot-paths following the natural conformation of the ground, up hill and down dale. The public highways participated in the same lack of "grade," with muddy hollows here and there, and flourishing borders of weeds on either side, and occasional garbage heaps that slowly exuded their pernicious miasms into the surrounding air. There were but few shade trees, and the most shocking feature of all was the graveyard, which was directly on the main street, wholly without paths, and outlined by a three-rail fence, so defective that wandering cattle could and did break through and browse. The present generation, accustomed to our well-kept cemeteries, can form no adequate conception of the apathy and indifference manifested by our forefathers for the burial places of their dead. A grave once made, its occupant in it, and a headstone placed, the surviving relatives seldom visited

it till another was made beside it. Whittier says:

"Our vales are sweet with fern and rose,  
Our hills are maple-crowned;  
But not from these our fathers chose  
The village burying-ground."

The dreariest spot in all the land  
To death they set apart;  
With scanty grace from Nature's hand  
And none from that of Art.

"For thus our fathers testified,—  
That he might read who ran  
The emptiness of human pride,  
The nothingness of man."

Now so much care is bestowed on them that they are very attractive spots. Forty years ago Fanny Kemble said: "The Americans take you into their cemeteries to amuse you," not realizing that they were at that period the best examples of landscape gardening extant among a people who emigrate "in the line of green," and whose inmost souls yearn for landscape beauty.

In spite of this neglect, there was so much natural beauty in Stockbridge that G. P. R. James, the English novelist, chose it as a home for his declining years, saying that he "had known many localities where individual features constituting landscape pageantry were vastly more imposing, but nowhere had he seen the most desirable of them all grouped in a combination so charming and complete."





AT THE RAILROAD STATION

The judicious visitor to Stockbridge will make his entry over the "Field Hill," for thus can he discern its natural beauty in perfection. All students of the literature of the last century remark the dearth of appreciation of natural scenery, but certainly there were some souls sensitive to it, and in the year 1786 Miss Morton, of New York, who afterwards became the wife of the first Josiah Quincy—president of Harvard College—paid a visit to Madame Dwight, who occupied a house on "The Hill." She probably arrived at nightfall, and so was unprepared for the vision that greeted her eyes in the morning. She writes: "The morning after our arrival, on opening the window-shutters, the beautiful view of the valley of the Housatonic, softened by the wreaths of mist which were rising and dissipating over the mountain in the beams of the morning sun, burst on my delighted vision.

"It seemed to me like a sight of fairy land. I cried out, 'Oh, Madame Dwight, it looks like the happy vale of Abyssinia! There are the river and

the mountains. Why did you never tell me how beautiful it was?'

"My friend seemed surprised at my enthusiasm. Familiar as had been the prospect to her, she scarcely realized how beautiful it was, and though she shared my pleasure, could not sympathize in the rapture the scene awakened in my mind."

During the decade 1840-1850 there had been an awakening in Berkshire in regard to horticulture and floriculture. Prof. Albert Hopkins had established his beautiful garden in Williamstown; his brother, Mark, the president of the College, had produced his fine discourse on "The Connection Between Taste and Morals," and a Berkshire horticultural society had been formed—rural æsthetics were in the air; and in 1850 Pittsfield had established a Rural Cemetery, at the dedication of which Dr. Holmes, then a summer resident there, recited a poem, in which he says:

"Spirit of Beauty! let thy graces blend  
With loveliest Nature all that Art can  
lend."

All these influences were not lost

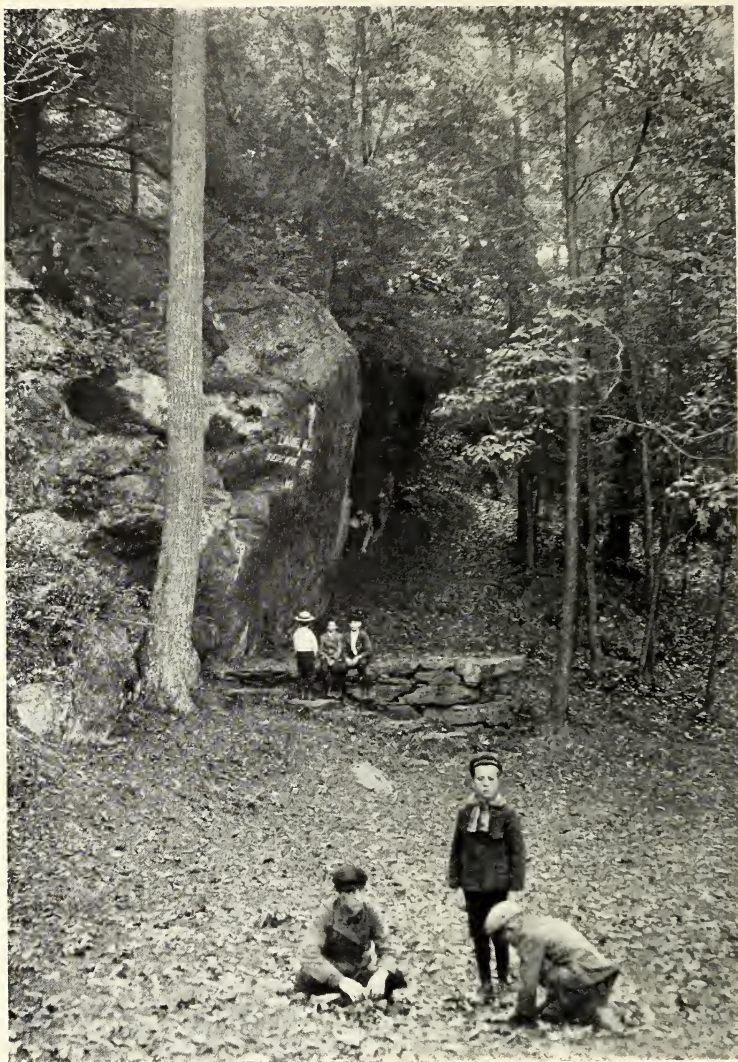
on the susceptible soul of Miss Mary G. Hopkins, a woman of rare steadfastness of purpose, and she exemplified David Dudley Field's remark that "all enterprises of reform have received their start and impetus from one, or at most a very few persons." The action she took is thus described by Mr. E. W. B. Canning, who for thirty-five years was the faithful secretary of the Laurel Hill Association. This was by no means her first altruistic effort, for she was often seen on horseback laden with a bag of comforts for sundry sick and needy ones, but the summer of 1853 was one of unusual stir in Stockbridge.

"The professional man at his studies,—the merchant behind his counter,—the mechanic in his shop,—the farmer in his field, and even the children on their way to or from school were repeatedly interviewed by a lady on horseback—she was the embodiment of the gospel of æsthetics, whose daily journeys over the high and by-ways were in advocacy of beautifying the town. Her earnestness and enthusiasm secured her listeners wherever she went. Her words were brief, pointed, zealous, and effective; their purport was, 'Men, women, and children of Stockbridge; God has made for us a beautiful world, are you aware of it? Berkshire is a glorious portion of it, do you know it? Stockbridge is the jewel of Berkshire, do you know *that*? Will you take the hint which the God of Nature has given you in the beauty of your surroundings, and make them more beautiful? If so, lend hands, and teams, and tools, and by your combined action it shall be done. I want your aid in resolve, in labor, in money: come each, come all, to Laurel Hill on August 24th, where we will tell you our plans. Let us make Stockbridge the paradise of towns—the joy of the whole earth.'"

On the 22d of August notices were posted in the public places, inviting all citizens to assemble on Laurel Hill, to

take measures for the regular improvement of the burying ground, the streets, the walks, and the public grounds. The meeting was held, and addresses were made by Hon. D. D. Field, Rev. Dr. Hopkins, Hon. Theodore Sedgwick, Edward Tompkins, Esq., Hon. J. Z. Goodrich, Rev. Henry M. Field, Rev. Louis Dwight, Charles Sedgwick, Esq., Rev. B. Fowler and others. It was decided to organize a society, and in accordance with the laws of Massachusetts the association was formed on September 3, 1853, "for the purpose of ornamenting the public streets and squares of the town by planting and cultivating ornamental trees," etc. The twenty-two men and seven women who thus "organized" took the name of *The Laurel Hill Association*, from one of the most unique features of the scenery of Stockbridge. Few towns have such a bit of unsophisticated nature in close proximity to its streets. This eminence is directly on the main thoroughfare, and is formed by a small mountain on the summit of which, and in the interior of a grove, is a perpendicular mass of rock; and except for the making of a road to the rostrum at the base of the rock and the cutting of underbrush, all still exists in a primeval state. With cunning concealment of their art, its proprietors have made a rostrum approached by rustic steps, as if Nature herself had expected that on each twenty-fourth of August some gifted man would ascend them and give a stimulating and uplifting address. It was within the shadows of this forest that the Indians held their councils and smoked their pipes of peace, and here they roasted in barbecue the ox presented to them by Washington him-





LAUREL HILL

self, in recognition of their services in the Revolutionary War. Laurel Hill was given by the heirs of Judge Sedgwick to the town of Stockbridge in 1834, but a town hardly knows what to do with a mountain, and after one incendiary fire on it, the Laurel Hill Association obtained a deed of it from the Sedgwick heirs in 1866, and in it rests the authority to care for it and to

say to what uses it shall or shall not be put.

The first practical step was to provide some of that money, which "answereth all things," and Miss Hopkins announced that six hundred dollars could be depended upon for a working fund, one hundred of it having been pledged in labor. The association then appointed an executive commit-



tee, and from the fact that one committee was appointed to confer with a road-maker concerning the grade of the road, the water courses and street crossings; another to study trees and hedge material for the graveyard, etc., we may realize how unformed Stockbridge then was. It was a winter of preparation, and in 1854 active operations began. *Downing's Rural Essays* were wisely adopted as a guide in hedge-planting. The association at once provided for the intellectual life of the community by determining to invite some able man to address them at each of their annual meetings. At these meetings many poems have been read and much bright talk from temporary sojourners has been given, following addresses by many notable people, some of the subjects being: "Arboriculture," by B. G. Northrup; "The Higher Education We May Derive From Nature," by Mr. Henry Alden; "Methods of Making Our Homes Beautiful," "Village Improvement Societies in Their Educational Bearings," "Trees," "Homes," and "The Village Green." These addresses constitute an education in themselves, and Miss Hopkins accurately measured the power of the human voice, with an earnest personality behind it, to uplift and inspire, when she insisted on the value of this feature. She never rested till seats were provided for the listeners on the Hill, and the last touch for comfort was given by providing an awning to protect the eyes of the speaker from the level rays of the westering sun. Here, in a natural pulpit, have been given the forty-three addresses that have materially helped on the beautification, which may be

said to revolve as it were about Laurel Hill as a sort of natural pivot.

The executive committee, which was to hold meetings at least once a month during the summer, was cleverly divided into sections, to each of which was assigned the oversight of a portion of the town. Of course, Mr. X. was not going to be outdone by Messrs. Y. and Z., and soon a generous rivalry in vigilance sprang up. Then a plan, too elaborate to be given here in detail, was evolved, by which every man, woman and child might become a member of the society. Mr. Cyrus Field sent fifty dollars to be offered as prizes, in sums of ten dollars each, in whatever way might best serve the purposes of the association; M. Pomeroy, of Missouri, sent two hundred dollars to be applied to the improvements of the burying-ground, and Miss Hopkins, by whom this donation came, was "set over" the improvements in and around the cemetery. It is not always that the enthusiasm that can inspire others is united with a sound, practical judgment, but this lady was mistress of that system of economics that does not consist wholly in "going without," but desires the best things and makes sure of getting one's money's worth while securing them, and her vigilance never suffered any relaxation.

Fifty cents was to be paid for every tree set before July 1, 1855, in places designated by the committee on the grounds of the Congregational Church, said trees to be any of our forest trees, such as elm, maple, pine, etc., each not less than ten feet in height, and the evergreens not less than six. A silver cup was to be given to the planter of



TUCKERMAN BRIDGE

the best fifteen trees; six dollars to the planter of the next best, and ten dollars to the planter of the best fifteen fruit trees or ornamental trees outside the Plain; and ten dollars to the maker of the longest and best side-walk. One kind-hearted citizen—the father of the man who was the faithful treasurer—set a long row of cherry trees just outside his farm fence “for the birds and the boys,” and there they stand to-day. In 1880, Mr. Cyrus Field offered a prize of one hundred dollars “for the greatest improvement of premises,” and it was awarded to Henry Van Loan, “whose neat house and grounds redeemed from a swamp by assiduous toil, in spite of limited resources and a permanent lameness, as a home for his aged mother, has won the admiration of all.”

In 1855 the leading physician of the town was made the general superintendent of the operations of the society, for a “reasonable compensa-

tion,” for though full of public spirit and civic pride, he could not afford to do the work for nothing, but his practice called him to all sections of the town and his vigilant eye would be apt to discover the vandals who girdled trees, defaced bridges, and broke lamps. He became the president of the society and remained such as long as he lived.

The spirit of improvement was now thoroughly awake, and the ideal of the association was thus set forth at the annual meeting:

“We mean to work till every street shall be graded, every side-walk shaded, every noxious weed eradicated, every water-course laid and perfected, and every nook and corner beautified,—in short, till Art combined with Nature shall have rendered our town the most beautiful and attractive spot in our ancient commonwealth.”

The spirit of rural betterment so pervaded the air, that great improvements were made also in the churches, and a mortuary chapel was built in the cemetery. Each department clamored

for "an appropriation." At first the greatest effort was directed to tree planting, 423 trees being set in the first year, many of them by children and some by parents on behalf of some particular child. Sidewalks and foot bridges could wait. Eventually there were about 1,700 trees planted in original positions, many more replacing dead ones, and the society was the "procuring cause" of the planting of many others by private parties, one newly made half-mile of sidewalk being wholly shaded by trees planted by the abutters, many private door-yards also sharing in the general furore, till in 1878 it was found necessary to cut down some trees that too greatly shut out the sunlight. The dream of the secretary of the association was that every highway should be shaded by trees on either side of the road to the town line. This is not yet quite realized. There was no reckless destruc-

tion of even infirm trees; if any decaying limb was seen on any of the ancient trees, a solemn consultation was held as to who could best be entrusted with its removal. It was not turned over to incompetent persons who sometimes think they know much better what shape a tree should have than its Creator—and cut and saw what should be a graceful elm, into the semblance of an attenuated feather-duster, or still worse treat it after a fashion indignantly described by Dr. Holmes when, in 1830, there had been a general pruning of the trees around Harvard College:

"Go on, fair Science; soon to thee  
Shall nature yield her idle boast;  
Her vulgar fingers formed a tree,  
But thou hast trained it to a post."

In 1855 the association planted a hedge of Norway spruce around the cemetery, had paths made, and monuments and headstones reset. At this



THE CEMETERY



time the Sedgwicks secured a literal God's *acre*, and surrounding it with a hedge erected one of the most interesting family burying plots to be found between the two oceans—to which many pilgrims come each year to visit the grave of Miss Catherine—the first American woman to achieve international fame as a writer. She sleeps surrounded by heroes and sages of her own race and by her side lies the faithful negress Mum Bet. Very soon the town co-operated in the construction of an iron and stone fence around the whole cemetery, and finally a permanent superintendent was hired.

The secret of the success of the association was *careful attention to detail*; no item of expenditure was too small to be attended to. If wood was cut on

Laurel Hill, it was sold, and its proceeds used to buy "protections" for exposed trees. The grading and construction of sidewalks began; here a strip, and there a strip, and the experienced know that of all rural operations the digging, sifting, carting and distributing of gravel eats up money fastest; but, little by little, it was accomplished, and being done, the association charged itself with keeping the

edges of the roads trimmed and removing weeds, gently remonstrating with rubbish-dumpers, and those who let their animals pass unattended through the streets, after the abolition of fences—a matter of individual volition. By careful deference to all legal rights, and the exercise of gentle tact, the town was induced to eke out the funds of the society in many points, and there

never was any serious friction. One of the minor evils to be remedied was the throwing of papers carelessly about. Notices asking people to avoid the practice were posted about the town, but after various experiments in offering rewards for gathering them in, the society decided to regularly hire this bit of public housekeeping done. Much amusement was caused by an



THE GRAVE OF CATHERINE SEDGWICK

offence in this line, of Mr. H. D. Sedgwick, the present president, who, in leaving the postoffice carelessly tore off the cover from a newspaper and tossed it down. It was spied by some observant eye, and promptly mailed to him.

In 1858, Miss Hopkins became Mrs. John Z. Goodrich, but this occurrence certainly caused no abatement of interest in what may be called her public



ST. PAUL'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH

housekeeping. At each meeting she had some neglect to call attention to, or some improvement to suggest.

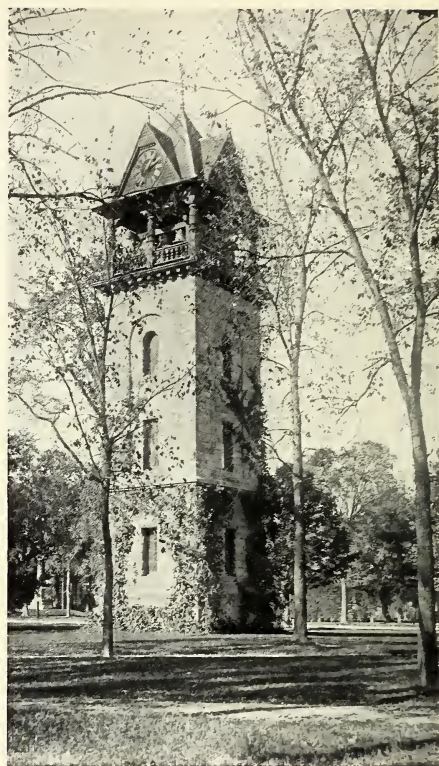
When the Civil War came on, the association devoted all its energies, time and money to the aid of the soldiers from Stockbridge, one hundred and thirty-four of whom had gone to the front. During this period enough was spent for the town to keep the sidewalks in order, but as soon as the war closed, the association returned to its former work. The ten intervening years had begun to tell in the growth of the trees. Meantime a public water supply had been introduced, so that now the fountains that had been given to the society could achieve their destiny; a fine building had been given by Mr. Goodrich to contain the library, presented to the town by an-

other son of Berkshire, and other progressive steps had been taken.

Mrs. Goodrich was greatly distressed by the neglected corner of a pasture which "gave" on the street, in which the Stockbridge Indians had buried their dead, and now that the thrifty hedge, fine iron and stone fence and careful tending, had made the cemetery an attractive spot, this neglect seemed all the worse by contrast. The natives were part of the State, and before 1734 were scattered in the towns of Stockbridge, Great Barrington and Sheffield. Very few white men had any intercourse with them, though the ubiquitous curse of savage tribes, the whiskey seller, had found them out. In this case he was a Dutchman from over the border of "York State." In 1734, Rev. Samuel Hop-



kins, of West Springfield, was greatly moved on behalf of these "souls to be saved," and he called on Col. John Stoddard, of Northampton, one of the Indian commissioners of the Province, in regard to their betterment. They conferred with Stephen Williams, of Longmeadow, and applied to the Indian commissioners at Boston, who held funds of the "Society for the Promotion of the Gospel in Foreign Parts," and who then asked Messrs. Hopkins and Williams to visit the Indians. Their sachem, Konkapot, expressed his personal willingness to be taught, but wanted an expression of opinion from his people around a regulation council fire. It took place in the "Great Wigwam" in Barrington on June 8, 1734, where the reverend emissaries had arrived after two days' toil through the "howling wilderness and one night lodging in the forest." For four days the project was discussed. Konkapot was a remarkable man, and would be so rated by civilized standards. He was indorsed as "a strictly temperate man, very just and upright in his dealings; a man of prudence and industrious in business." The second Indian in influence was fond of Dutch whiskey, and, having been approached by its sellers, it was a hard task to win his consent; but at last he gave it, and to the end of his life was faithful to his temperance pledge. A unanimous vote finally crowned the request that they should receive a Christian teacher, who was found in the person of Mr. John Sergeant, then a tutor in Yale College. He began his work in October, and the Indians gathered material and built a small rude church and school-house. The dusky worshippers were sum-



MEMORIAL TOWER

moned by a conch shell. Now on the spot where their rude edifice stood is a fine tower of blue stone erected by Hon. D. D. Field, with this inscription:

"This Memorial Tower marks the spot where stood the little Church in the Wilderness, in which John Sergeant preached to the Indians."

In place of the conch shell is a full chime of bells. Four families moved from other parts of Massachusetts to form the nucleus of a missionary settlement, and then and there was inaugurated an experiment in "benevolent assimilation" not without its moral for the statesmen of the present day. They built their homes on the Hill, while the Indians were scattered in the meadows along the river, where



the women cultivated little patches of corn, while the men were fishing and hunting. The scattered remnants of the tribes were concentrated in Stockbridge, and were to be taught agriculture and housekeeping. Mr. Sergeant had the satisfaction of receiving eleven into the church, and nine were baptized during the first year. The converts pledged themselves to abstain from intoxicants. In 1736 Governor Belcher desired to see some of the Indians and their pastor took a delegation to Boston, where they made such a favorable impression that the provincial legislature ordered a church 30 x 40 feet to be erected, also a suitable schoolhouse. The "Mission House" on the Hill is still standing. Mr. Sergeant was able to preach without an interpreter in two years. His death occurred after fifteen years of strenuous labor.

The fame of the mission drew other Indians till they numbered four hundred. They were admitted to all the privileges of citizenship, and their many-syllabled names appear on the church and town records as deacons, select men, assessors, constables, etc. Berkshire being a frontier region, they were of more value than a line of forts in protecting the settlements from the incursions of the French and hostile Indians. In 1755 Governor Shirley had nearly every warrior in his expedition against Niagara. In the Revolution they were invaluable as scouts to the regular troops, two companies of them fighting through all the war. At the end of fifty years the white population had so increased, and had bought so much of the original allotments of

land, that they preponderated in every way, and the Indians accepted gladly an invitation from the Oneidas to remove to a township in Central New York. But their nomadic instincts in the end conquered, and repeated removals have taken them to White River, in Ohio; Green Bay, Michigan; Lake Winnebago, and lastly to Shawnee County, Wisconsin, where two



THE INDIAN BURIAL GROUND

hundred and fifty of them compose a little Christian community, ministered to by a native pastor. Through all their wanderings they have preserved a two-volume copy of the Scriptures sent to them by Rev. Dr. Ayscough, chaplain to the Prince of Wales. When remonstrated with because Mr. Sergeant was a dissenter, he replied, "What if he be a dissenter? He is a good man, and that is everything. It

is time these distinctions should be laid aside, and the partition wall thrown down. I love all good men alike, whether churchmen or dissenters." The Laurel Hill Association acquired the title to the land where the Indian dead were buried. Mrs. Goodrich collected money enough from the people in the town to supplement what the association felt justified in expending, and in 1877 a monument was erected. It is a most unique structure, a tapering monolith of unhewn stone, on a firm foundation surrounded by a cairn of cobble stones, save at the front, where a polished tablet bears this inscription: "*The Stockbridge Indians—The Friends of our Fathers—1734-1877.*" The next year the Rev. Mr. Slingerland, the native pastor of the remnant, came on, and gave to the association a complete but painful account of the present condition of his vanishing race.

The association also bought a disused cannon to complete the structure, and placed an iron railing about the monument that the town of Stockbridge had raised to its own soldiers, and they also assumed the care of the plot where stands the memorial erected to the memory of Jonathan Edwards, by his descendants.

But the attentions of the Laurel Hill Association were not all directed to mortuary affairs. When the railway station was burned they induced the directors to erect an æsthetic stone building, by adding a round sum to that which would otherwise have been invested in the ordinary wooden structure of small towns. They then bought one piece of land and the railway authorities bought another, which united, and carefully planted and kept,

form a pleasant park, and the adjacent meadow is seemingly part of it, as the eye takes no cognizance of the lines of ownership. The freighting of the railroad and every unsightly object have been relegated to some railroad back kitchen, and the arriving stranger seems to have landed in the midst of a well-kept park, dotted with such magnificent elms as can grow only in the rich alluvial meadows that border leisurely flowing streams. Even the street lamps are of most artistic pattern, and the bridges that span the streams are models of beauty. When the town has appropriated enough money to buy the common strap-iron ladder pattern, some generous summer resident has put his hand deep in his pocket in supplementary proceedings, and lo! a beautiful structure has been made; and the society has built a fine retaining wall as its approach and covered it with climbing vines. The association also sought and obtained permission to plant vines about the cellar-hole of a burned house. No unsightly object but must wear its veil of greenery. The streets have had some narrow escapes from unæsthetic features: when it was proposed to build a livery stable and blacksmith's shop directly on the main thoroughfare, some beauty-loving individuals combined to buy the intended site, and managed to obliterate the offensive structures, building instead the pretty Casino.

A pathetic interest attaches to one of the bridges—the one that leads over the river from Laurel Hill to the Icy Glen—a bit of nature as unique in its way as Laurel Hill itself, and described as follows:

"It is a deep narrow gorge, cleft in Little Mountain. The roughly wooded sides de-





"WHERE ART IS COMBINED WITH NATURE"

scend to the base of the mountain, which it completely penetrates from south to north. the air is dank, the shade gloomy, and the climbing arduous."

But in spite of its difficulties the young people of Stockbridge make a

torchlight procession through it in August of each year. It was formerly the property of D. D. Field, but in 1891 he gave it to the Laurel Hill Association. The suspension bridge that formerly spanned the river had fallen, so





STOCKBRIDGE MEADOWS

that a long detour was necessary to reach the Glen from Laurel Hill. Mrs. Goodrich, now aged, and warned that life was waning, resolved to remedy the defect, and making her will, devoted a portion of her property to the placing of a substantial bridge over the stream. The association arranged legal affairs in such a way that the graceful new structure was in position, so that she was able to see it before her death in 1895. It bears the legend: "*The gift of Mary Hopkins Goodrich, 1895.*"

Just at this period a son of Dr. Adams, who had been the active and vigilant president for twenty-five years, had sent a sum to be used in some memorial to his father, and it was used in the making of a pathway from Laurel Hill, which was now surveyed and set with boundary stones, to connect it with the bridge. The inscription was cut beside it: "*This path is a memorial to Lucius S. Adams, M. D.—The Be-*

*loved Physician,*" and thus a chain of the properties of the Laurel Hill Association bearing the names of four benefactors was completed—Sedgwick, Adams, Hopkins-Goodrich, and Field.

In one sense, the work of the Laurel Hill Association might, as said before, be called the public housekeeping of Miss Mary G. Hopkins, for she allowed no neglected corners to exist, and where there was the possibility of amendment she brought the matter to the attention of the committee in charge of the derelict section; but her power of making a limited sum do its utmost was often exhibited. After the early enthusiasm had cooled, it became more difficult to raise money, and before the association had learned to limit operations to the actual cash in hand, it had, in 1855, a deficit of \$97.91, but this was the last time a shortage occurred for beautification. The stress of the Civil War, however, again brought them \$3.67 in debt, but Miss Abby D.

Woodbridge, whose death took place at this time, made the association her residuary legatee, and after purchasing a suitable monument for her, they had more than \$3,000 of invested funds, and these were augmented to more than \$4,000 by legacies from two other loyal daughters of Stockbridge. This assured income was a great element of success. Having demonstrated their ability to accomplish things in the most efficient and economical manner, the town invited the association to supervise the lighting of the streets, the making of paths in winter, and sprinkling the streets in summer time, the society owning the appliances and employing laborers, but the town supplying funds for part of the cost. Their annual expenditures averaged about \$250, till the above municipal functions were added to their labors, when the outgo was at once much more than doubled; but the entire total for forty-four years was only \$21,916.87.

Hundreds of applications for the constitution have been complied with, but the most important element of any village association—a contagious enthusiasm—cannot be supplied from

outside. Depend upon it, those communities thrive best whose civic life is nourished through its best citizens by the heart blood of a devotion that involves self-sacrifice. Here, Dr. Adams, a busy physician, was president for twenty-five years, and until his death; Mr. E. W. B. Canning, its secretary for thirty-five years, only dropped the pen from a nerveless, dying hand, and Mr. Daniel R. Williams, its accurate and indefatigable treasurer, with one brief interval when he visited California, served it for forty-five years, still coming to its meetings after his active labors ceased. His name is seldom absent from the record of two hundred and seventy-six meetings. Mrs. Goodrich was never absent till her strength gave out. Victor Hugo has called the nineteenth century "the Woman's Century," and certain it is that through the inspiring enthusiasm of one woman, who knew the power of expressed appreciation of the work of others, Stockbridge Plain from the railway station to beyond the Tuckerman Bridge has been transformed into a wonderful Lady's Mile, and the adjective is equally applicable to the lady or to the mile.

## Washington-Greene Correspondence

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A large collection of original letters written by General Washington and General Greene has come into the editor's possession. It is our intention to reproduce in fac-simile those of the letters which present the most interesting details and side lights on the great events of the period covered, even though some of the letters may have been previously published.

The reproduction of these letters in chronological order will be continued through the following ten issues. In the first letter General Greene tenders his resignation from the Quartermaster's Department, and requests an expression of the opinion entertained of his conduct and services since entering the department. The second letter conveys General Washington's reply, couched in words of praise for the manner in which General Greene acquitted the duties of his office. Printed copies of these letters appear on page 227.—EDITOR.



Camp Neplank's point

Aug<sup>t</sup> 5<sup>th</sup> 1780.

Sir

The time for which I engaged  
to act in the Quarter Master's department  
at the request of the Committee of Congress  
for cooperation is almost expired; and as I  
cannot exercise the Office any longer  
consistent with my own safety, I am to  
request your Excellency will take measures  
for relieving me <sup>as soon as possible</sup> from the disagreeable  
predicament I am in ~~as soon as possible~~.

In the mean time I shall be exceedingly  
obliged to your Excellency for the  
pains you entertain of my conduct  
and services since I have been in the  
department, as you alone are the best  
judge of the propriety of <sup>one or more of the other</sup> ~~them~~. The  
business is truly disagreeable and

distrusting, and has been so for a long time; notwithstanding if it had been possible for me to have got through it this Campaign consistent with my own safety <sup>and the public good</sup> and upon the plan which Congress proposed, I would readily have done it. But from the knowledge I have of the department, I know it is utterly impossible to follow the system and answer the demands of the service, and to attempt it at this critical season, will most assuredly defeat our plan of operations and bring the Army into the greatest distress.

It would be a folly for one to attempt to combat the prejudices of public bodies with hopes  
of

of success: Time alone can convince them that their measures are destructive of their true interest, as well as highly injurious to some of their most faithful servants.

I am sensible my conduct has been viewed by many in a very improper light, and I am persuaded many think the business can be done with more method and at a less expense than it has been. I wish it may be the case; but am much mistaken if the nature of the business is capable of more system or will admit of less expense; if the plan of the war continues upon the present scale, and the Army on its present footing. I have endeavoured to the utmost of  
my



my power to enter into the spirit or  
intention of your Excellency's measures  
and if my conduct has not been  
satisfactory to Government and to  
yourself it has been owing to a want  
of abilities and not inclination.

I am with great respect

Yours Excellency's

Most Obedient

Humble Servant

(Karl)

De

This Excellency

General Washington

Head Q<sup>r</sup>. Orange-Town  
Aug<sup>r</sup> 15<sup>th</sup> 1780

Sir,

As you are retiring  
from the Office of Quarter Master  
General, and have requested my  
sense of your conduct & services  
while you acted in it, I shall give  
it to you with the greatest cheer-  
fulness & pleasure. —

You conducted the vari-  
ous & important duties of it with  
capacity & diligence — entirely  
to my satisfaction — and as far  
as I had an opportunity of know-  
ing — with the strictest integrity!

When you were prece-  
ded on to undertake the Office in  
March 1778 it was in great dis-  
order & confusion — & by extraor-  
dinary exertions you so arran-  
ged it, as to enable the army to  
take the field the moment it  
was necessary, and to move with  
rapidity after the enemy when  
they left Philadelphia.

Yours

From that period to the  
present time, your exertions  
have been equally great - have  
appeared to me to be the result  
of system - and to have been well  
calculated to promote the inte-  
rest and honor of your Country  
- and in fine I cannot but add,  
that the States have had in you,  
in my opinion, an able, upright  
& diligent servant.

I am Sir

Y<sup>r</sup> Obed<sup>t</sup> Serv<sup>t</sup>

G. Washington

May<sup>r</sup> Gen<sup>l</sup> Greene.



Gen. Greene to Gen. Washington.

CAMP VERPLANK'S POINT,  
Aug. 5th, 1780.

SIR:—The time for which I engaged to act in the Quarter Master's department at the request of the Committee of Congress for co-operation is almost expired; and as I cannot exercise the Office any longer consistent with my own safety, I am to request your Excellency will take measures for relieving me as soon as possible from the disagreeable predicament I am in. In the mean time I shall be exceedingly obliged to your Excellency for the sense you entertain of my conduct and services since I have been in the department, as you alone are the best judge of the propriety of one and merit of the other. The business is truly disagreeable and distressing, and has been so for a long time; notwithstanding if it had been possible for me to have got through it this Campaign consistent with my own safety and the public good upon the plan which Congress proposed, I would readily have done it. But from the knowledge I have of the department, I know it is utterly impossible to follow the System and answer the demands of the Service, and to attempt it at this critical Season, will most assuredly defeat our plan of operations and bring the Army into the greatest distress.

It would be a folly for me to attempt to combat the prejudices of public bodies with hopes of success: time alone can convince them that their measures are destructive of their true interest, as well as highly injurious to some of their most faithful servants.

I am sensible my conduct has been viewed by many in a very improper light, and I am persuaded many think the business can be done with more method and at a less expense than it has been. I wish it may be the case; but am much mistaken if the nature of the business is capable of more system or will admit of less expense; if the plan of the war continues upon the present scale, and the Army on its present footing. I have endeavoured to the utmost of my power to enter into the spirit and intentions of your Excellency's measures and if my conduct has not been satisfactory to Government and to yourself it has been owing to a want of abilities and not inclination.

I am with great respect  
Your Excellency's  
Most Obedient  
Humble Servant  
(Signed) NAT'L GREENE.

His Excellency  
General Washington.

Gen. Washington to Gen. Greene.

HEAD QUARTERS, ORANGE-TOWN,  
August 15th, 1780.

SIR:—As you are retiring from the office of Quarter Master General, and have requested my sense of your conduct and services while you acted in it, I shall give it to you with the greatest cheerfulness & pleasure.—

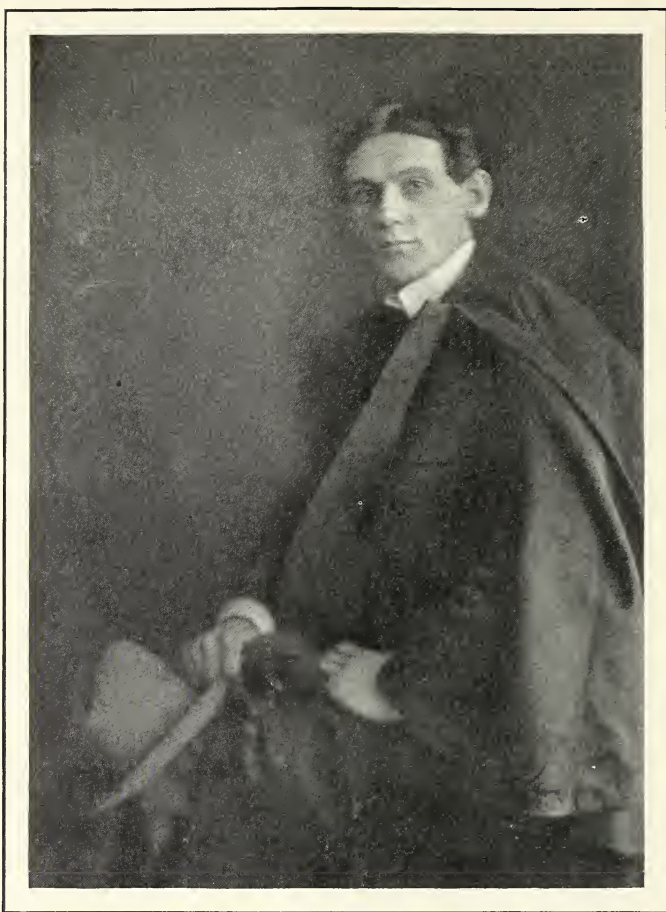
You conducted the various & important duties of it with capacity & diligence—entirely to my satisfaction—and as far as I had an opportunity of knowing—with the strictest integrity.

When you were prevailed on to undertake the office in March 1778 it was in great disorder & confusion—and by extraordinary exertions you so arranged it, as to enable the army to take the field the moment it was necessary, and to move with rapidity after the enemy when they left Philadelphia.

From that period to the present time, your exertions have been equally great—have appeared to me to be the result of system—and to have been well calculated to promote the interest and honor of your Country—and in fine I cannot but add, that the States have had in you, in my opinion, an able, upright & deligent servant.

I am, Sir,  
Yr. H'ble and Obed. Serv.  
(Signed) G. WASHINGTON.

Maj-Gen. Greene.



*Photograph by Eva Watson.*

## Charles Grafly's Work

By Vittoria C. Dallin

**I**N the summer of 1895 I made my first visit to one of those unique and interesting places, a studio of an American artist in Paris. To reach it we entered an old gateway leading from 115 rue Notre Dame des Champs, passed the lodge of the concierge, entered another gateway, and found ourselves in a picturesque courtyard, on two sides of which was

a low rambling building. Here we found the sculptor, Mr. Charles Grafly of Philadelphia, preparing to cast in plaster a figure upon which he had been working for many months.

Mr. Grafly was enjoying the advantages that a second visit to Paris gives to an artist,—advantages quite different from those of his first visit,

in that he knows definitely what he wants to do, and can concentrate his energies, undistracted by the novelty and fascination of Parisian student life. As Mr. Grafly had gone to Paris immediately after his marriage, and as during his sojourn a little daughter had come to him, it is not surprising that we found in his studio a work which revealed some of his highest artistic qualities as a sculptor and also some of his tenderest and best feeling.

Those who are fortunate enough to see in a studio a work while the clay is still moist and the very finger marks are upon it, revealing the artist's struggle to make matter express the inner vision,—with the sculptor himself near by, unconsciously helping the impression by his own personality,—experience a rare pleasure. Such a pleasure I had when I saw for the first time the "Vulture of War" in Mr. Grafly's studio on the rue Notre Dame des Champs.

Entering from the sunny courtyard the effect of this powerfully modelled figure of heroic proportions, expressing the inhuman force that retards man's progress, was overwhelming. This impression was deepened as the sculptor described the whole group, of which this is only a fragment—a group of four figures representing "War." In it man is being pitted against man. The central figure, "War," swings a man in the form of a scythe, his outstretched arm and hand holding a flaming torch forming the blade; across the "scythe" rests the dead form of a woman, representing death and destruction. Upon "War's" back is a vulture fol-

lowing after to reap from the carnage his impious harvest.

The whole atmosphere of the Paris studio revealed the sculptor's character as a man of fertile imagination, of independent, original personality, ever grappling with the problems of expression, and ever virile and conscientious in his work; in short, a man with a mind teeming with ideas and a hand well equipped for embodying them. A year before in his studio in Philadelphia, I had been interested and puzzled by the multitudes of sketches tucked away in corner or upon shelves, showing his tireless effort to express life as it appears to him.

In March, 1901, the "Vulture of War" and a number of other works that have helped to establish Mr. Grafly's reputation as one of the ablest of the younger American sculptors—in fact, practically the same exhibit that won for him a gold medal at the Paris Exposition of 1900—were on exhibition at the St. Botolph Club in Boston. It was one of the most interesting of the season's collections there.

Mr. Grafly was born in Philadelphia in 1862, and was educated in the public schools of that city. At the age of seventeen he began to learn how to reduce figures in marble for a firm in Philadelphia. This practical work was supplemented by his art studies at the Spring Garden Institute and afterwards at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts.

In 1888 he went to Paris, and while there he studied modelling under Henri Michel Chapu and drawing under Bougureau and Fleury. When, after four years, he returned, he



brought with him two ideal busts, "St. John" and "Dædalus," as well as a nude female figure, "Mauvais Présage." The "Dædalus," a striking bronze head, exhibited at the St. Botolph Club, belongs to the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. "Mauvais Présage" was awarded *mention honorable* at the Paris Salon of 1891, and is now in the permanent collection of the Detroit Art Mu-



PORTRAIT BUST OF MRS. I.

seum. These three works were exhibited at the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago, and were awarded a medal and diploma.

After returning from Paris in 1892, Mr. Grafly was appointed instructor in modelling at the Drexel Institute and also at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. The latter position he still ably fills.

While he was in Paris in 1895,

modelling the "Vulture of War," Mr. Grafly studied under M. Jean Dampit, a French sculptor of striking and picturesque appearance, reminding one of a Florentine of the fifteenth century, whose brilliant work has won him many honors, and who is most generous in giving his helpful, searching criticisms to American sculptors.

In 1897 Mr. Grafly exhibited in Philadelphia, a bronze group, the "Symbol of Life," and in 1898 another called "From Generation to Generation." These formed two important parts of the St. Botolph Club exhibit. They show many of his characteristics as a sculptor, such as his knowledge of the human figure; the strength of his modelling; his penchant for symbolism; his tendency—is it not almost a mannerism?—to suggest by touches, rather than to model with precision, certain details of the figures, like fingers and toes; his uncompromising adherence to facts independent of conventional ideas of beauty and proportion; and the decorative quality of his work. He evidently believes with Benvenuto Cellini that the proper subject for a

sculptor is the undraped human figure, and the figures in these groups, like those in most of his works, are nude.

Mr. Lorado Taft, an accomplished Chicago sculptor, who by his generous appreciation and charming sketches of his fellow sculptors is winning for himself the title of the "American Vasari," thus speaks of the "Symbol of Life" and "From Generation to Generation": "I have



MEDAL DESIGNED BY MR. GRAFLY

never passed that strange and impressive group, the 'Symbol of Life,' without walking around it, and around again, so big and masterly is its workmanship. I don't know why he made the splendid woman larger than her companion; I don't know why he gave her that ungainly pose, except that they may keep step; I don't know what that thing in her hand means, the globe of ivory and the stalk of wheat, and I don't want to know. I positively decline to enjoy my art with a guidebook or a 'key,' but I glory in the construction of those two figures; the bigness of handling; the gravity of the faces and dignity of carriage; the hanging of the flesh upon the bones; the sinuous flow of the surface, so contrasting in the two; the power and subtlety of modelling of all things essential, and the noble disregard of im-

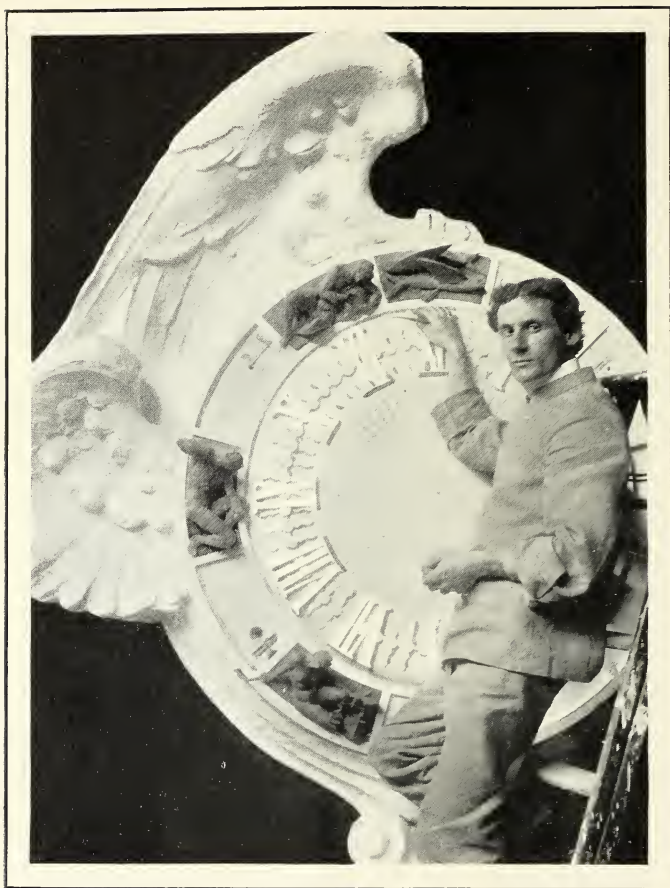
pertinent and importunate details. I delight in the very way in which the nails are not done. This is great work, and though I prefer for my part a more solid mass, a suggestion of the stone, rather than the bronze treatment, I envy the man who made this little masterpiece.

No less wonderful in its modelling is the group, . . . 'From Generation



A DETAIL OF THE FOUNTAIN





MR. GRAFLY MODELLING A CLOCK

to Generation.' It is even more cut up in mass, but the figures are simple and in every way admirable."

In looking at the "Symbol of Life" I could not be so philosophical as Mr. Taft, for I wanted to know the answers to the questions he asked and to many more.

It takes a poet to understand a poet and a sculptor to understand a sculptor. However, in works that endure, "he who runs may read," not their full meaning, perhaps, but the vital elements of greatness. As Mr. Grafly himself says, the figures must

speak for themselves, unaided by symbols, interpretations or accessories. Those who looked on the statues on the pediments of the Parthenon, in the days of Phidias, read meanings in them that the most erudite scholars of to-day can only guess at; yet the smallest fragment of them is precious to us. Is not the reason for this that they are truthful revelations of nature and life, that they possess the beauty, "the elements of distinction," the subtle harmonies and proportions that the artistic mind alone can perceive and



express with power, and with the charm of taste and poetic suggestiveness?

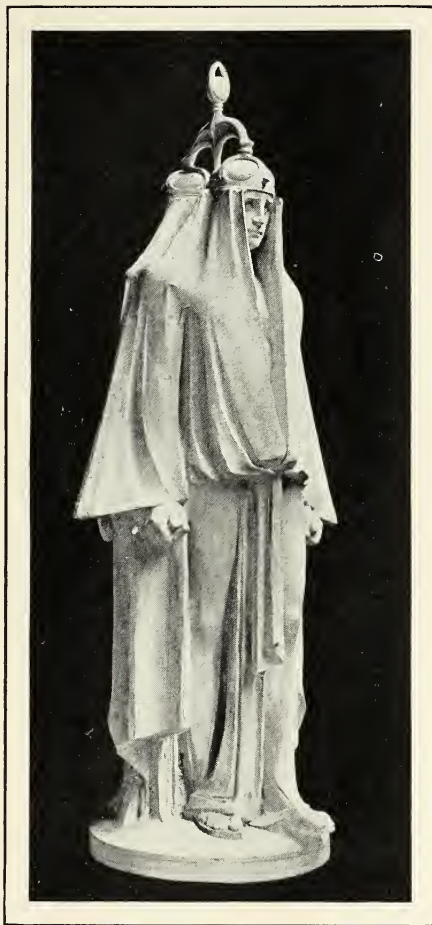
Mr. Grafly has modelled many characteristic busts. That of his mother, shown at the St. Botolph Club, received a medal at the Atlanta Exposition, and gives a striking impression of life and character. The latest bust executed by him, and a colossal one, is of General David D. Porter, for the Smith memorial to be erected in Fairmount Park. It is vigorous and effective. But among all that he has modelled it seems to me that the one of his wife is the finest. It reveals a delicacy and tenderness, a searching after the beautiful and distinguished that do not always seem so evident in his work. A woman would like to be modelled in the spirit in which this is done.

Among the most striking works shown at the St. Botolph Club were five groups in plaster that had never been exhibited before, and that show how some of Mr. Grafly's time and energies have been expended since

he finished "From Generation to Generation."

These groups were the models for the details of the main fountain in the eastern esplanade fronting the government building at the Pan-

American Exposition at Buffalo. The subject of the fountain is "Man." The crowning figure, which is double, so that the same effect is produced from either side, represents that being, so mysterious in his origin and destiny; whose powers are so incalculable, while he is yet so impotent; who though wrapped about with the shadow of the unknown as a garment, looks out upon life with courage and a resolute will. A photograph only of this figure was shown at the St. Botolph Club; but the other details were there. "Man"



THE CROWNING FIGURE

is upheld by a group of five figures clasping one another's hands and moving slowly upon a circular plinth. They have bowed heads and they represent the five senses working in unison and in subjection to him. In the figures the sculptor has aimed to



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#### THE FOUNTAIN

express by pose or expression the characteristics of each sense.

The fountain has a basin thirty-five feet in diameter, and this is supported by four groups of crouching figures, a male and female figure in each, representing the struggling emotions. For instance, one group typifies love and hate, and another ambition and despair. The water comes from an architectural feature at the foot of the

crowning figure in a great dome, enveloping the supporting group of the senses, and falling into the basin, overflows and envelops in turn the groups supporting it; then over some steps past turtles which bear spheres on their backs, and return jets of water to the basin.

When I first saw the four supporting groups, their crouching forms and a certain primeval element in them

suggested those strange figures peering out under the stage of the theatre of Dionysos at Athens. I admired their decorative effect; and the impassioned realism in them impressed me all the more because I understood only in a vague way what these beings, so tense with human emotion, really signified.

Certainly the whole conception of the fountain is original and unconventional. Ordinarily we associate the idea of sprightliness and sportiveness with flowing waters; but here the figures seem to suggest the grim

struggle of life unrelieved by optimism.

Mr. Grafty's works show that he is interested in life—in the forces in life that have manifested themselves through the ages. One cannot see them without being impressed with the high intellectual quality of his mind, with the vastness of his conceptions and the power with which he embodies them. Therefore, it is no wonder that his fellow sculptors look forward, as they do, to every new work from his studio, and prophesy that still greater things may be expected from him in the future.

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## Be True

By Marion Pelton Guild

THE little song I made to you,  
When locks were brown and heart was gay,  
The song I had no right to make,  
I thought to-night to put away;  
The old, old tune I played to you,  
To disavow for shame's white sake.

But song and tune, in spirit guise,  
Hold me with deep, exacting eyes;  
"One only fate is due to us;  
Though heart is still and locks are gray,  
And hope must climb the starry way,  
Be true to us! Be true to us!"





COLORADO SPRINGS AND PIKE'S PEAK

## Colorado Springs and Round About Pike's Peak

By Francis Walker

THE history of the settlement of our western towns does not have, usually, that individuality which gives so much interest to the history of the early settlements on the Atlantic coast. It is not only that the beginnings are removed from the present day, often, by scarcely a generation, which of course deprives it of the attraction which is found in the description of past conditions of social life, but also that the western country was for the greater part so uniform in its topography, so sparsely populated by the aborigines, and so easy of access, that the surplus or adventurous population of the eastern states swept over it like a great flood, changing the wilderness

or prairie into prosperous farms by a process which, though immensely impressive in its grand outlines, lacked the variety of circumstance and incident which gives opportunity for the historian as opposed to the statistician. These settlements, furthermore, were usually made in territories long recognized as belonging to the United States, so that in the founding of their governments there were few conflicts concerning jurisdiction, while the plan of political development was uniform and preordained. Some cities, indeed, like Santa Fé or St. Louis, have a history which in point of time at least might be compared with that of St. Augustine or Philadelphia; and there are some, too, of very recent origin.

which, owing to the peculiar circumstances of their situation and development, are not devoid of interest. Among these stands Colorado Springs.

Doubtless the first and perhaps the most permanent cause of the celebrity of Colorado Springs is that it lies at the base of a splendid mountain which, rising at the very edge of a vast plain and rendered conspicuous by the absence of contiguous mountains of great elevation, is one of the most striking points of the Cordilleras—the famous Pike's Peak. It was this peak which attracted the admiration of the earliest explorers, which was the guidepost of the early pioneers as they toiled across the plains, and which still draws thousands of tourists in search of the marvellous or beautiful.

The city lies but four or five miles from the eastern base of the foothills, and about a dozen miles from the Peak proper, but the distance appears to be much less. To the north, east and south the great plain extends for hundreds of miles, interrupted in a few places near the mountains by picturesque bluffs. Thus, to the north of the city, in the direction of Denver, are Austin Bluffs, and beyond is a low range of hills lying like a "blue line" on the horizon, known as the "Divide." Far to the south, over a hundred miles, may be seen, on a clear day the Spanish Peaks, with their lofty serrated outline. To the east, the rolling prairie stretches like the ocean. The Rockies cut off the western sky with their massive bulk,—besides Pike's Peak, its satellites, Bald Mountain, Cheyenne, Monte Rosa and others. Cheyenne is by far the most beautiful, and has been said to

be "the broadest mass of blue and purple shadow that ever lay on the easel of nature." It was the favorite mountain of Helen Hunt; and it was of Cheyenne that she wrote the following lines:

"By easy slope to west, as if it had  
No thought when first its soaring had begun,  
Except to look devoutly to the sun,  
It rises and has risen, until glad,  
With light as with a garment clad,  
Each dawn, before the tardy plains have won  
One ray; and after day has long been done  
For us, the light doth cling reluctant, sad  
to leave its brow."

The middle of the granite wall is pierced by a gate—the Ute Pass, a passage through the mountains by which Nature herself ordained that it should be the route and point of settlement. In the "sub-arid" region which extends from the mountains eastward to about the hundredth parallel of longitude, water, also, is a consideration of primary importance in determining routes of travel and places of settlement. The Arkansas River through its tributaries drains the Pike's Peak region, the principal stream in the vicinity being the Fountain, or, as it was originally and more picturesquely styled by the French trappers, *La Fontaine qui Bouille*. At the source of this stream, and giving rise to its peculiar name, are found most of the mineral springs which have done so much to make the region famous.

The mountains with their forests of yellow pine, spruce, piñon, red cedar and aspen are chiefly remarkable for their huge mass and deep chasms. The plains are more extraordinary in the eyes of an eastern observer.



A STREET IN COLORADO SPRINGS

Whether of adobe, alkali or sand, they roll farther than the eye can see, brown in winter, green for a few weeks in summer, clothed with buffalo grass, bunch grass, grease wood, yucca and cactus, and in the spring with a profusion of brightly colored flowers. Yet these plains, for many months so destitute of verdure, furnish excellent pasturage for the almost extinct buffalo, the fast vanishing antelope, or their present tenants, horses, sheep and cattle. They have, too, a singular beauty not always appreciated by those who look for green fields and shady trees. On these plains, indeed, trees are rarely found except along the banks of streams where the willow flourishes. The lights and shadows on the prairie are as varied as those at sea. A wonderful sight is a sunrise on a keen December morning; the brown prairie takes a rosy hue, while the snowy mountains appear in a coloring of almost translucent pink.

Descriptions of scenery may seem scarcely relevant in the history of a town; yet geography is the very basis of history, and the history of Colorado Springs is indissolubly bound up in its environment. It is appropriate, therefore, to notice one more condition—the climate. The great altitude of this region, which is about 6,000 feet, and the extremely small amount of precipitation have combined to give to it a climate that is tonic and dry. The value of these qualities for restoring health, especially in cases of pulmonary and allied diseases, is well understood. The dryness of the atmosphere also gives to it a wonderful clarity, which greatly enlarges the range of vision, and gives to the vivid coloring of the mountains an extraordinary vigor.

History furnishes no record of man's first appearance in this region, where, doubtless, for ages past the Indians fought with one another as the Utes and Pawnees used to do be-



fore the white man came. The great Spanish explorer of the plains, the unfortunate Coronado, probably did not even enter the state of Colorado, as some have thought, when he toiled across Kansas in 1540. But other Spaniards came here later, though no important or noteworthy explorations seem to have been made. The district indeed was not a part of New Spain, but lay within the old French Louisiana territory of which Spain had possession for but a few years. The first American explorer was Lieutenant Zebulon M. Pike, who was sent out in 1806, shortly after the United States acquired the territory from France. He left St. Louis on the twenty-fifth of June, and camped at the foot of the Peak just five months later. He sighted the Peak on the fifteenth of November, and, deceived by the peculiar atmosphere, expected to arrive at the base in a few days' journey; but it was not until the twenty-fifth of the month that he reached it. He called it the "Mexican Mountain," and vainly attempted to ascend its snowy heights. He met many hardships with heroic courage, but they seem to have given him a bad opinion of the country, which he declared to be barren eight months of the year and uninhabitable to such a degree that it formed a natural and, as he thought, a desirable barrier to the westward expansion of our settlements. His rather unepic name became attached to the great mountain on account of

this exploration.

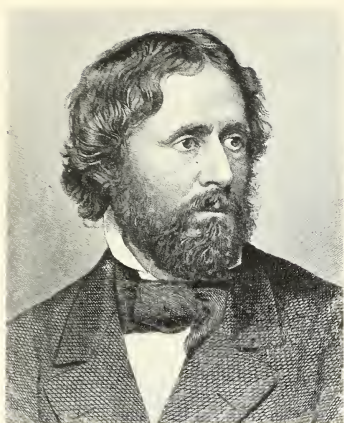
The next visit worthy of mention was that of Lieutenant Long in 1819. In 1843 came Frémont, the "Pathfinder." He examined the region with some care, and, better informed than Pike, he regarded it as possessed of great possibilities as a grazing and agricultural country. Ruxton, an Englishman, stopped in his wanderings at this place in 1847, and his memory is preserved in the name of Ruxton Creek, a tributary of the Fountain.

The first white inhabitant appears to have been a pioneer and trader, Jimmy Hayes by name, but more commonly known as "Jimmy." He came in 1833, and entered into a steady trade with the Indians. Many years after, he was assassinated by a band of eleven Mexicans who looted his camp. This was a sad blow to the Indians, to whom he had been a faithful purveyor of the goods of civilization, especially whiskey, and they pursued the marauding "greasers," and killed them.

A party came from Kansas in 1858 and camped near the Garden of the Gods; later, another party came and built a log cabin. The advantages of the place were evident, and schemes for locating a town were projected. It was given the alluring name of El Dorado. In 1859, Colorado City, familiarly known to-day as "Old Town," was in fact located, and three hundred dwellings were erected the same year. The settlement was



LIEUTENANT JOHN M. PIKE



JOHN C. FREMONT

straggling, in order that all might have access to water from the streams. This water was soon afterwards applied to agriculture. The settlers, in order to protect their claims, formed an association known as the El Paso Claim Club, which determined and guaranteed titles to the land. It was also the rude nucleus of government, and exercised criminal jurisdiction. These settlements were made with much difficulty, because the journey was long, the only means of transportation being by packs or wagons, no railways having then reached even the Missouri River, while the rivers themselves were not practicable for navigation. The route, too, lay across sandy plains, which were then called deserts, though a better knowledge revealed their grazing and agricultural possibilities. Yet in spite of these difficulties, the wagons came in great streams, drawn by the magic word—gold!

The settlement at Old Town suffered through the outbreak of the Civil War, because the route of the Arkansas Valley was inconveniently

near the scenes of conflict, and the pioneers preferred the more northern course of the Platte.

In 1862 the territory of Colorado was formed, and was defined so as to include this region, which, before that, was considered a part of Kansas. Old Town was made the capital by an act of the territorial legislature, but never became so *de facto*. The legislators met there once, in a little three-room cabin that still stands, but after three or four days they moved to Denver,—because, as one of them put it, Denver had more mules and more whiskey. At any rate, it was on the important route to the mountains—the Platte Valley. Importations from the East came via Denver, and then were hauled southward along the base of the range, seventy-five miles, to Old Town. There were three stopping places on the way, which were known as Dirty Woman's Ranch, Clever Woman's Ranch, and Pretty Woman's Ranch.

There was little agriculture at first, and indeed the land seemed little suited to it; but the methods of irrigation were soon learned, and applied with considerable success. This innovation is credited to one Fosdick, who constructed a ditch off the Fountain, and began a garden, in 1860. The land along the streams was quickly taken up, under the rules laid down by the El Paso Claim Club. The system of irrigation was learned from the Mexicans, although it had been long applied on a considerable scale by the Mormons in Utah. One authority declares that there was ten times as much land under cultivation in 1865 as there is to-day.

There was no regularly organized



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THE GATEWAY, GARDEN OF THE GODS

government before 1861, though a provisional government existed in Denver which had some authority. Each locality spontaneously provided for its own necessities, and the El Paso Claim Club and the People's Courts were generally competent to regulate property rights and preserve order. In criminal process the methods were very summary. There were no jails, so, as in ancient Saxon days, recourse was had to banishment. The only other penalty was hanging; but this extreme punishment was only visited in cases of murder and horse stealing. When the territory was organized in 1861, the acts of the El Paso Claim Club were given judicial recognition. Commissioners were appointed to organize the county for the region about Pike's Peak, and it received the name of El

Paso, that is, "The Pass," so named after Ute Pass. The first commissioners elected were A. B. Sprague, B. F. Crowell and John Bley.

Colorado was so far away from the seat of war that it was but little affected by it, yet some recruiting was done in El Paso County, almost entirely for the Union side.

The grasshoppers did more damage than the Confederates. A western grasshopper plague is like the plagues which broke the will of the hard-hearted Pharaoh. The sky seems filled with the lively insects, and the grain disappears before their omnivorous appetites.

Conflicts with the Indians marked the early history of the place. The Utes, short and thick set, lived in the mountain valleys and "parks" up the Pass. The plains were held by vari-





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#### CATHEDRAL SPIRES, GARDEN OF THE GODS

ous tribes of Missouri Indians, particularly the Pawnees, Arapahoes, Cheyennes and Sioux; they were tall and excellent horsemen. These barbarians pursued a perennial feud in which the Utes, swooping down from the mountains, were generally successful, and carried off the ponies and women of their enemies. With the whites the Indians were at first friendly, but hostilities began with the massacre of the Hungat family in 1864. The outbreak of war threw the inhabitants of Old Town into a panic, and they sought refuge in a log house, while agriculture was continued by men under arms. The Indians committed a good deal of promiscuous robbery and murder. The federal government, bending all its energies to the suppression of the rebellion,

could not send any aid, but authority was given to raise three regiments of Colorado volunteers, under the territorial government, and to these El Paso County contributed its quota. In November the troops were moved against the Indians, marching down the Arkansas Valley, and thence to Sand Creek, where they surprised them in camp. The Indians, being taken unawares, and most of their ponies captured, were compelled to fight on foot, and over five hundred of their warriors were killed. Some of the Indian women and children did not escape the slaughter. The whites lost twelve killed and forty wounded. The combatants on both sides were about equal.

The trouble continued in the three following years. In 1868 a scouting

party of twenty-eight was surrounded by Indians and fought them in pits which they dug with their knives. They managed to send information of their peril to the settlements, and the Indians retired, killing such straggling settlers as they could reach. There were no more important Indian fights. The Indian question was settled by the construction of the railways, which rapidly developed the white settlements and drove away the buffalo and the antelope.

Wendell Phillips is reported to have said: "I see the Indians have begun tearing up the Pacific railroads. This is a move in the right direction." How futile were such efforts, how narrow and prejudiced such sentiments! It was the protest of the *a priori* theorist and the sentimentalist against the irresistible and, on the whole, beneficent advance of civilization. Although often crude and summary in their methods, the pioneers were essentially in the right. To support the Indian claim to the exclusive possession of those vast regions was to uphold the most rigid and reactionary doctrine of vested rights, a theory of right that would have condemned the French Revolution, the abolition of slavery and many of those great movements which have worked for the welfare of the mass of struggling humanity and the progress of the race. Such

opinions as this are condemned by both practical good sense and broad philosophy, though they are too commonly found in circles where these standards are replaced by an uninformed idealism.

With the close of the Indian wars we come to the end of the first period of the history of this region—the pioneer period. The introduction of the railway marks the beginning of civilization. The moving spirit in this great work was General William J. Palmer. Trained in the service of



GENERAL WILLIAM J. PALMER

the Pennsylvania Railway, schooled in the great Civil war, this enterprising and cultivated gentleman might be compared with those leaders of colonization of early days whose names have become household words—a younger Winthrop or an Oglethorpe. He was the real founder of Colorado Springs.

General Palmer first came to this place in July, 1869. He was

then engaged in the building of the Kansas Pacific Railway, which ran to Denver, and conceived the idea of a railway from Denver southward skirting the eastern base of the Cordilleras. In the winter of 1869-70 he received a letter from Captain Colton, suggesting the location of a principal railway point at the mouth of the Ute Pass and the confluence of the Fountain and Monument. General Palmer promptly wrote to Governor Hunt to buy two quarter sections at that

point; but the governor, with commendable zeal and forethought, secured 6,000 acres. General Palmer raised the purchase money by subscription. Other tracts were secured soon after, so that the company which purchased it was soon in the possession of 10,500 acres. It was necessary to secure this land, in order to make the venture financially practicable.

The methods of developing the settlement in Colorado at that time were unusual and of considerable historical interest. It might be concisely described as a return to the colonizing system of Baltimore and Penn. Usually the western settlements were developed by the chance movements of individuals, acting without organization or conscious social purpose; but Colorado was the field in which the plan of organized coöperative movements was revived. As General Palmer has said, the Civil War had taught men how to work together on a large scale; the officers of the Civil War were men who had received the most thorough training in that sort of business management.

The first colony in Colorado was started by a newspaper man named Meeker, and was established in the valley of the Cache la Poudre in the spring of 1870. The settlement was named Greeley, in honor of the famous editor. It was determined to follow the same plan in this undertaking. As General Palmer says:

"With the opening of Colorado, conditions almost as novel as those which existed for the transatlantic Puritans or Quakers, or for the great Mormon experiment in the valley of Salt Lake, presented themselves. It was like crossing the sea to reach the shores of a new country, full

of attractions, some even unknown in the one from which sail had been set, but by reason of the deficient rainfall and otherwise quite unadapted to the old conditions and land laws. Heretofore the western immigrants had straggled out individually and dropped down, each on his own self-supporting quarter section, without at the first, society, schools, churches, friends, roads, or any of the ameliorations of life. They left the process of cohesion to be carried on later. Although stimulated by ambition, it was after all a hard lot, and a long struggle for fortune, with few enjoyments by the way. In Colorado the colony plan came again into practice. To use the words of an observant writer of the day, 'Capital, influence and organization united to make her settlement systematic and rapid. In the old times a settler would have had to wait many years, perhaps a lifetime, to have gathered around him for himself and his children, the comforts which are here in Colorado Springs. Now we go West and find civilization ready made to order, waiting to receive us.'

The first condition for the successful planting of the colony was, of course, the building of a railway. The Kansas Pacific reached Denver in 1870. In the autumn of the same year the Denver and Rio Grande Railway Company was organized, and decided to build at once as far as Colorado Springs. Like most railways in the West, the projected line ran into an undeveloped country; it was the duty of the railway to develop it. Pueblo then had only six hundred and sixty-six inhabitants, Colorado City but eighty-one. Evidently there was little prospect of immediate profits from transportation; there were no inducements in the way of subsidy or land grant from the federal government; while there was of course no possibility of local aid in subscription to bonds, since the country was hardly inhabited. Invest-





DR. WILLIAM H. BELL

ment was made practicable, however, by the opportunity opened to those in control of the enterprise to buy up land at the important points. It was arranged that subscribers to the railway enterprise should have the privilege of subscribing also to the land company. The principal speculation was at Colorado Springs. Money was raised in the United States, chiefly through General Palmer, and in England through Dr. William A. Bell, one of the principal associates in the enterprise.

The construction of the railway, the Denver and Rio Grande, was begun on July 27, 1871; it reached Colorado Springs on October 21 of the same year. Meantime the town site company had been organized in Denver, June 26, 1871. The officers were elected, and authorized to construct roads, bridges, a hotel, etc.

Colonel Greenwood went as engineer and the leader of the first detachment of about two score settlers. The first town stake was driven on July 31, 1871. The city was planned on a generous scale, with broad streets and avenues. Water was brought from the Fountain River by

a ditch. The company also planted trees, and spent over two hundred thousand dollars in general improvements during the first year. This was carried out through the association already noticed and now called the Colorado Springs Company. There was also a subordinate organization called the Fountain Colony, into which the actual settlers were admitted as members. The organization lacked a president; the other officers were as follows: vice-president, General Robert A. Cameron; secretary, William E. Pabor; treasurer, William P. Mellen; assistant treasurer, Maurice Kingsley; chief engineer, E. S. Nettleton. The trustees were General William J. Palmer, Dr. Robert H. Lamborn, Joseph C. Reiff, General R. A. Cameron, Colonel W. H. Greenwood and W. P. Mellen. Prospectuses were issued setting forth the nature of the organization and the objects of the enterprise. The following clauses show the conditions under which persons entered the colony:

"By arrangement with the Colorado Springs Company, the Fountain Colony is to have two-thirds of all the town lots and lands owned by said company; also two-thirds of all the villa sites on four hundred and eighty acres reserved for the springs proper. A town is being laid out in the centre of the larger tract, under the name of Colorado Springs, which will be the present terminus of the Denver and Rio Grande Railway. The town will be subdivided into business and residence lots, varying in price from fifty to one hundred dollars. The adjoining lands next to the town will be cut into smaller subdivisions, for gardening and fruit growing, at an average price of two hundred dollars for each tract. The profits arising from the sale of lots and small subdivisions of land will be devoted exclusively to general and public improvements, such as building ir-



HOME OF HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

rigating canals, ornamenting public parks, improving streets, building bridges, erecting a town hall and schoolhouses, constructing roads to mountain scenery, with the payment for surveying and of the necessary current expenses. Any person may become a member of the Fountain Colony of Colorado, who is possessed of a good moral character and is of strict temperance habits by the payment to the treasurer or assistant treasurer of one hundred dollars, which will be credited to him, in the selection of such lots and lands as he may desire. . . . Each certificate of membership will entitle the holder to select either a business and residence lot, or a residence lot and a piece of outlying gardening or farming land under the colony canals; or in lieu of the above-mentioned selections, a villa site at La Font, in the immediate neighborhood of the Springs. Within four months from the date of selection every member will be obliged to make such improvements, on some portion of his land, as his means will justify, such improvements to be satisfactory to the board of trustees or an executive council hereafter to be chosen from among the members of the colony."

Provisions follow for forfeiture in case of non-fulfilment of conditions and in respect to various other matters. The name Colorado Springs was now definitely applied to the place. It appears to have been used as early as 1867; but for some time it was called the Fountain Colony.

The springs, which give rise to the name, are situated at the base of the mountains, about seven miles away, in what is now known as Manitou, but what was then known as La Font. However, on a great plain stretching for hundreds of miles, such distances are insignificant, and the title of the Springs was given to the most important point in the neighborhood.

The first frame house was begun by J. P. True, on July 31, 1871. Alva Adams, since then twice governor of the state, began the second in August. In February, 1872, the settlement had acquired a population of six hundred. The evidences of civilization began to appear. Only a few women came at first; during the first winter there were but three, of whom Mrs. Palmer was one, and Miss Rosa Kingsley, daughter of the celebrated English novelist and divine, another.

In 1872 Colorado Springs was incorporated as a town. The first trustees were W. B. Young, Edward Copley, John Potter, R. A. Cameron and Matt France. Two churches were built in this and the following year; and in 1874 the Grace Episcopal Church was completed, and Canon Kingsley preached the first sermon.

In 1873 there was an Indian scare, and the settlers organized for defence under Matt France. There was no fighting, but the Indians lifted a good many cattle. In 1874 the population had reached 3,200, and there were 850 buildings. In the same year Colorado College was founded.

The life in Colorado Springs, as might be expected from the peculiar circumstances of its origin, was quite

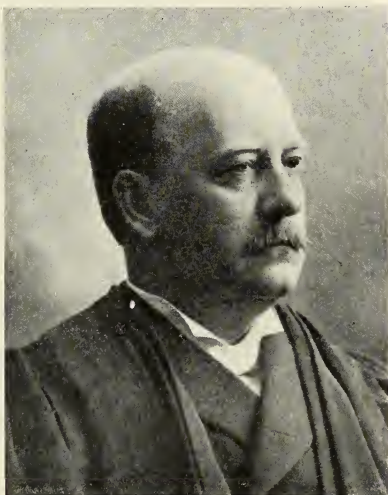
different from that of the ordinary frontier settlement. There was a large number of cultivated people; but it was a very unconventional society. Perhaps the situation was best described by an old pioneer, who remarked to a stranger whom he met a few miles north of the city: "Don't you never go thar, pard. Don't never set foot in that ar town. Why ther ain't a place whar you can get a smile in the hull camp, and they keep six Shakespeare clubs runnin' all the year 'roun'!"

The chief amusements, to those who had time for such things, were found, of course, out of doors, in riding, mountain climbing and hunting. Game was plentiful, and Nature presented herself in a most novel and attractive garb. There were also indoor diversions and unconventional social functions. The chief event of this

sort was the Christmas ball at General Palmer's wonderful Glen Eyrie, where he had established his home. People came to Colorado from all over the world for their health, and gave to the place a very cosmopolitan character. The English element was so large that the place received the nickname of "Little Lunnion." Even in these early days it was regarded as one of the show places of the West, and was visited by many distinguished people.

The chief economic resource was

sheep and cattle raising, and in those days it was more fashionable as well as more profitable to be a rancher; but a considerable part of the population came to enjoy the beneficent influences of the climate, and their occupations were those of idleness. In 1877 and the years immediately following, the great mining boom in Leadville brought many people to the country. A considerable interest in these silver camps was held in Colorado Springs.



PRESIDENT WILLIAM F. SLOCUM

Colorado Springs became a city in 1876, the same year that Colorado was advanced to the dignity of statehood. There was still a good deal of rivalry between Colorado Springs and Colorado City, though the latter was steadily dropping behind its more energetic and more prosperous rival. One of the contributory causes to the steady growth and superior attrac-

tiveness of the Springs was, doubtless, the strict regulation of the liquor traffic. A rule was adopted according to which the Colorado Springs Company would make no sales of land without a clause in the title deed restraining the owner from manufacturing or selling liquor. This was imitated from Greeley. Various attempts at evasion were made, the most unique being what was called the "Wheel of Fortune." A wheel was placed in the division wall of a room, so that it revolved partly in one



room, open to the public, and partly in another concealed from view. The purchaser would place his money on a spot on the wheel bearing the name of the drink desired, and the revolution of the wheel brought the required article. The company brought an action against the proprietors in 1874, claiming the forfeiture of the land, and this was decreed, the matter being finally settled by a decision of the Federal Supreme Court in 1878. This rule prevented Colorado Springs from acquiring some of the most unfortunate characteristics of a western frontier town. General Palmer wrote at the time concerning it: "I regard the temperance clause at Colorado Springs as doubling the value of the property, because people will want to come here for nice homes, and they will want to raise families free from the temptation of liquor shops. . . . My theory for this place is that it should be made the most attractive place for homes in the West—a place for schools, colleges, literature, science, first-class newspapers and everything that the above imply."

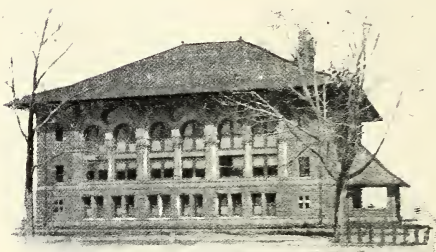
This ambition has been fulfilled in a very large degree. A most important step was taken in the foundation of a college. In 1874 the company offered seventy acres of land and ten thousand dollars for this purpose. It was decided to put the enterprise under Congregational auspices, which have done so much for the cause of education since the settlement of the country. The first trustees of the college were W. J. Palmer, W. A. Bell, W. S. Jackson, R. A. Cameron, Henry McAllister and T. N. Haskell. The college received the name of Colorado College. The doors of the



YOUNG MEN'S DORMITORY, COLORADO COLLEGE



PERKINS FINE ARTS BUILDING



THE N. P. COBURN LIBRARY



RESIDENCE HALL FOR YOUNG WOMEN



ANTLER'S HOTEL, COLORADO SPRINGS

preparatory school were opened in May, 1874. The first president was the Rev. Jonathan Edwards. Palmer Hall, the first college building, was erected in 1878. The early years of the college were a struggle for existence, in which it was generously aided by the men who started it, and by others who saw its possibilities. The beginning of its present prosperous career may be dated from 1888, when the Rev. William F. Slocum assumed the presidency.

The College is admirably situated in the heart of the residence part of the city, its campus commanding extensive views of the Rocky Mountain Range with the great peak in the foreground. It has been developed along the line of the best eastern institutions, its faculty being largely drawn from the older universities, and contains a number of unusually able men who find they can work better in this climate than nearer the seaboard. The science faculty, which is a strong one, is rejoicing in the erection of a new laboratory building which will cost,

with its equipment, two hundred thousand dollars.

Students are drawn to the College from all sections of the country, forty States being represented by them last year, and constantly increasing numbers are coming from the Middle West and also from the South to avail themselves of the advantages which the College offers. The Eastern States also send their complement of students as it is found that one can often regain health and continue the college course at the same time. Still others come because they have discovered that a thoroughly Western institution, such as Colorado College, puts them in touch with western life, and with the opportunities which are rapidly opening up to college men in the new country.

The greatest value of the College lies in the influence which it exerts over the life of this part of the country which is destined to play an increasingly important part in the history of the United States. The graduates of the College, many of them young peo-

ple of sterling character and intellectual force, are already exerting a most salutary influence on the public and private life of the State, and, in fact, throughout this whole region, and this will, without doubt, become more and more the dominating factor, directly and indirectly, in influencing the political, economic and social views of the people. The College on account of its unique position, its ideals of scholarship and its unusual moral power has before it an opportunity of rare usefulness. As this has become recognized, generous people both East and West have contributed to its support and no doubt will do so in increasing ratio in the future. Its beautiful library building is the gift of a Massachusetts man and was designed by Robert A. Andrews, a Boston architect.

Already Colorado has taken a leading position in the educational movement of the West, and Colorado College occupies a commanding position in this movement.

Under the able and liberal management of President Slocum, it has grown greatly in numbers, in equipment and endowment, and promises to be one of the chief institutions of learning between the Missouri and the Sierras. The college, which is co-educational, possesses several well-appointed dormitories, a handsome library building, well supplied with books, a conservatory of art and music, while large new laboratories are being constructed to meet its increasing needs and opportunities. Students are attracted from a constantly expanding constituency. The curriculum is conformable to the high standards of the New England colleges,

and the staff of instructors is large and drawn from the graduates of the best universities of the country. The college is the centre of the considerable intellectual life of the city which is particularly enriched by the departments of æsthetic culture. In Rubin Goldmark, the director of the Conservatory of Music, the city possesses an artist who has already made a national reputation as a composer. Several of his compositions have been performed by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The Musical Club of Colorado Springs is closely identified with the college, and brings to the city for its concerts a number of artists of reputation each year. The Conservatory of Fine Arts, under the direction of Mr. Louis Soutter, not only gives opportunities for practical study under an accomplished painter, but also, by means of its gallery and occasional exhibitions, furnishes inspiration to the student. These are advantages which few Western communities possess in an equal degree.

The first newspaper was *Out West*, started under the editorship of an Englishman, J. E. Liller. It became a daily in 1873, and changed its name to the *Colorado Springs Gazette*.

Social life was not neglected, and various clubs were organized. The leading club was the El Paso, of which Dr. S. E. Solly was for many years the president. Dr. Solly is an Englishman, the son of a Royal Academician, and a gentleman who has done much to give distinction to the place, not only in the exercise of his profession of physician, but also as a social leader.

Neither was the material develop-





POOL AND BATH HOUSE, GLENWOOD SPRINGS

ment of the city neglected. The first water works were built in 1878, and have since been several times enlarged, drawing the water from the snows of Pike's Peak. Within about a year a great task was completed in the Strickler Tunnel, which pierces the Peak itself, in order to obtain the more abundant supplies of the western slope. In 1886 an electric lighting system was introduced, and in 1887 electric street transportation. The sewer system was established in 1888. Colorado Springs soon became a railroad centre, and is now a station or terminal of six roads. These material improvements were the natural accompaniment of a rapid growth in population, and mark the development of a new period of civic life.

A history of Colorado Springs since 1890 would be chiefly statistical, and would display a great growth in population, approximately doubling in the last decade, until it is now

about 28,000, a much greater growth in wealth, and in almost every way a highly successful development.

One fact in particular gives character to the last decade: Colorado Springs has changed from a city of health seekers, and a railroad and market point of the ranchmen, to a great centre of gold mining finance. Without entering into the statistical details, we may notice a few of the more remarkable facts and incidents. Gold was discovered in 1890, near timber line, on the hills of the high table-land west of the Peak, in the now famous Cripple Creek district. At first little attention was paid to it, except by a few enthusiastic prospectors, and the expert geological opinion was against the probability of valuable deposits in that region. In two or three years, however, the people of Colorado Springs woke up to the fact that they had found a bonanza. Fortunately her citizens had entered largely into the work of



MANITOU

developing the district, and they thus came into control of most of the better mines, and made Colorado Springs one of the principal mining centres of the world. Some very large fortunes were made. The most sensational instance was that of W. S. Stratton, a man who had spent the main part of his life in humble circumstances, and found himself the possessor of many millions. His principal "strike" was the "Independence," located I believe on the Fourth of July, a mine which he recently sold in London for about ten million dollars. Another fortunate man was James F. Burns, the chief owner and president of the famous "Portland" mine. These men have shown by their recent donations to Colorado College, and in other ways, that they desire to promote the welfare of the community in which they have prospered. With the development of these great mines and hundreds of

others, to say nothing of "prospects" and claims, mining speculation seized hold of the whole community. The richness of the district made an unusually large percentage successful. It was of course necessary to organize this business, and a Mining Stock Exchange was established, which soon had rivals. The amount of trading was very large, and now, it is said, it is larger than that of any other financial centre with the exception of London.

It is not possible, and might also not be appropriate, to attempt to give an account here of the character and production of this great camp. One incident in its history, the Cripple Creek War, formed an exciting episode in the life of the city. It was a conflict between the mine operators and the miners, similar to those which have frequently occurred in the notorious Cœur d'Alène district.

Since those exciting days the life



of the camp has passed without remarkable incident, except a disastrous fire which occurred in 1896. Shortly after, the Cripple Creek district was set apart from El Paso County, and together with some other districts, erected into Teller County. The camp is now a busy place where mining is carried on chiefly by large companies with great investments of capital.

Colorado City, owing to the rapid growth of both towns, is separated from the Springs only by a surveyor's line. The building of the Colorado Midland Railway through the Ute Pass, in 1886, revived the prosperity of the place. It remains to-day, however, as distinct from Colorado Springs in its appearance and government as in the early days. It has many of the undesirable characteristics of the frontier town. When, in 1873, the contest came between Old Town and the Springs over the location of the county seat, the citizens of

the former claimed the honor, declaring that it was a town "which had struggled hard against Indians, grasshoppers, drouth, hard times and adversities of all kinds. . . . Colorado City is a free-lawed place where one can engage in any business he chooses as long as it is an honorable one, *even selling liquor*." This rather pathetic appeal, which truly describes the situation, was unsuccessful. Yet Colorado City is to-day distinctly a thriving place. The capital of Colorado Springs and the East, seeking investments in ore-reducing mills and smelters, finds this a desirable location, and the black smoke that hangs over it is the sure sign of prosperity.

Manitou, also, once entered into rivalry with Colorado Springs. It was included in the original scheme of the Fountain Colony, as we have seen, and was called by the singular name of Villa La Font. Later it received the name of Manitou. The famous soda and iron springs are



CLIFF HOUSE AND SODA SPRINGS, MANITOU





MANITOU HOUSE

found here at the very base of the mountains. It became a great resort for tourists, and is provided with many hotels. The population is largely transient, and the town is comparatively deserted in the winter, when Colorado Springs is having its principal season.

Closely associated with the development of Colorado Springs and Manitou is Dr. William A. Bell, who owns near the outskirts of the latter place a charming villa, Briarhurst, where he dispenses a delightful hospitality. It was he who largely interested English capital in the development of the region.

From Manitou a railway runs to the top of Pike's Peak. The company which built it was organized in 1889, and the road was opened shortly after. It is nine miles long, and makes a vertical ascent of 6,600 feet. It is operated on the mechanical principle of the ratchet and cog.

Close to Manitou, also, is the famous Garden of the Gods, where Nature seems to have amused herself in constructing the most extraordinary shapes in pink and gray stone. This remarkable place was discovered to

the world by Louis U. Tappan, in 1859. Quite near it is Glen Eyrie, which combines equal singularity with more picturesquequeness. It is owned by General Palmer, who has made it a beautiful country seat.

There are many other points of in-

terest that might be mentioned if this were a travellers' guide; one more, at least, may be justified. About four miles to the southwest of Colorado Springs, at the foot of Cheyenne Mountain, lies the little settlement of Broadmoor. This is the summer resort of the people of Colorado Springs. The chief attraction to the visitor is the Casino, which was projected as a leading feature of the place by those interested in its development. The "old" Casino was built about ten years ago, after designs by Count Pourtales, one of the prime movers in the affair. He was then a resident of Colorado Springs, and is still a large mine owner, though he has returned to Germany. This beautiful building was burned down in 1897. The present Casino, though commodious, hardly repairs the loss. Not far from the Casino, at the foot of Cheyenne Mountain, are two cañons, perhaps the most beautiful features of this richly endowed place.

Society in the Springs is varied and attractive. Though small in numbers, it has a very cosmopolitan tone, and combines the refinements of the East with the freedom of the West.

The climate makes it possible to enjoy outdoor life throughout the year. In the winter, coyote hunting with greyhounds is a popular amusement. There are two country clubs. The Cheyenne Mountain Country Club, of which the late Thomas Henry Edsall was for a long time president, is at Broadmoor. To the north of the city is the Town and Gown Golf Club. Both of these clubs maintain various sports. In the summer a flower carnival attracts many tourists.

Wise management combined with remarkable natural advantages have given to Colorado Springs its present great prosperity. That the next few decades will witness a similar

progress seems more than a probability. The place has the key to the greatest gold district yet discovered in this hemisphere; but even if those riches should be exhausted, and that event seems far removed at present, it has such wealth in coal, in the possibilities of manufacturing development, and in the development of agriculture through irrigation, that its economic prosperity seems securely founded. But besides that, the wonderful beauty of the scenery and the salubrity and the invigorating quality of the atmosphere, are advantages which are well-nigh indestructible. Perhaps these are the surest foundations of its prosperity.

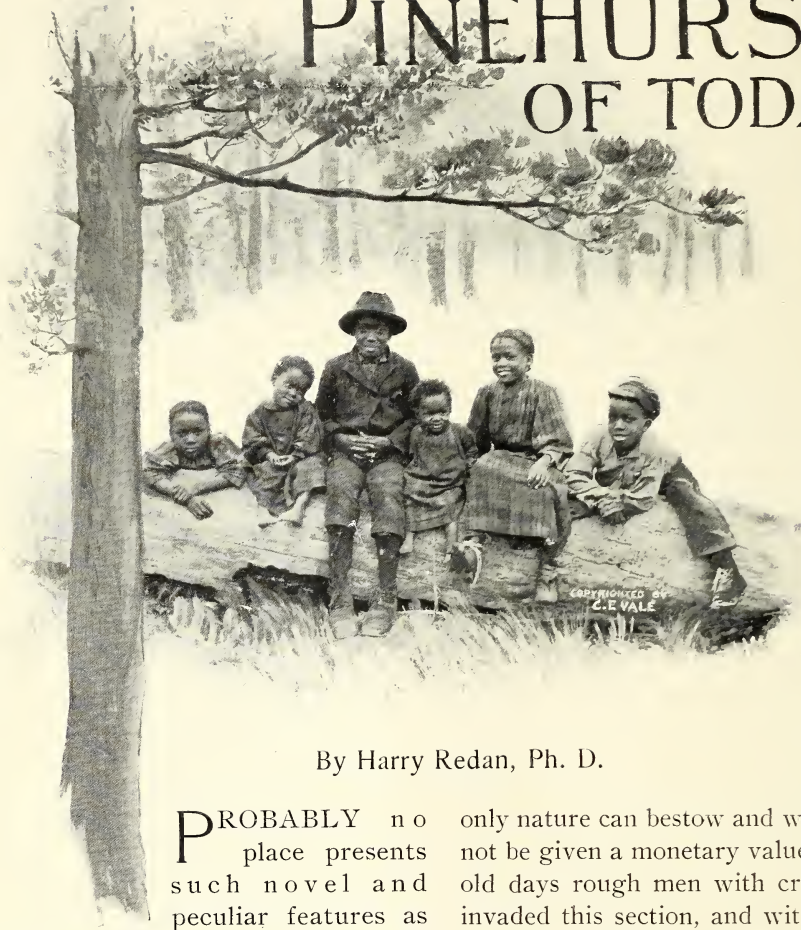
## Once on a Time

By Cornelia E. Green

ONCE on a time," the fairy stories say,  
Beginning always in the same old way;  
Telling of wonders of the long ago  
All hidden in the mist of years, as though  
Such golden glory now were gone for aye.  
Yet still in some fresh hearts the fairies play,  
And, when poor blundering cynics go astray,  
They long to show the help they used to show  
"Once on a time."

Perchance, when we are old and wise and gray  
With calm eyes seeing clearer every day,  
Our foolish unbeliefs we may outgrow  
And welcome the dear folk we slighted so,  
Learning at last that fairies came to stay,  
"Once on a time."

# PINEHURST OF TODAY



By Harry Redan, Ph. D.

PROBABLY no place presents such novel and peculiar features as the village of Pinehurst. Many of nature's grandest gifts to man sometimes remain undiscovered for a long time, and in the instance of this particular section we find hidden treasures which required only an investigating mind to lay bare. The sand-hill region of North Carolina in the long leaf pine belt has attracted man for a century, but the object of his quest changed with the times, and where once the only feature was the commercial products of the pine, now we find the main object to be the gift of health which

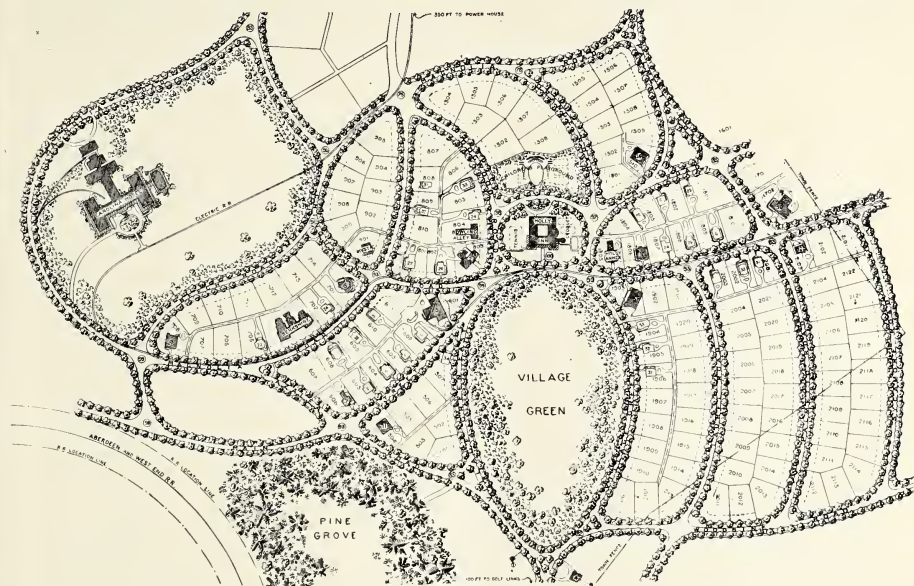
only nature can bestow and which cannot be given a monetary value. In the old days rough men with crude tools invaded this section, and with a ruthless hand attacked the noble pines, and after robbing them of sap, which was their life blood, from which to make spirits of turpentine, rosin and tar, they cut down the great trees for the timber. It remained for men of science to discover the great secret of this region and to call attention to its most valuable feature.

The sand-hill section of North Carolina consists of a belt forty miles long and seven miles wide in the southern part of the state, one hundred and forty miles from the coast and six hundred feet above the sea level, with



sixty to one hundred and fifty feet of sand underneath. The climate is equable and the general average of temperature is more nearly stationary than that of any other section. A party of scientific men, among them Prof. Kerr, the State Geologist, in their tours of investigation stopped awhile in this particular section, at that time familiarly called "The Sahara of the North State," probably from the fact that it was then in an uncultivated

level tends toward a supply of pure air, untainted by any malarial germs which could breed in low places. The sand acts as a natural filter for all water and provides a perfect absorbent for all precipitations, leaving the surface always free from any stagnant pools and permitting one to walk abroad without danger of taking cold from damp feet, even after heavy rains. The presence of the forests of the long leaf pine fills the dry, pure air with volatile health-



PLAN OF THE VILLAGE OF PINEHURST

and primitive condition. The first thing that struck the investigators was the fact that there had never been a single case of consumption or pulmonary trouble known to exist or originate in this part of the state. Following up this fact and seeking the reason therefor, proved the following conditions which were embodied in their report. The distance from the coast precludes the existence of damp or foggy atmosphere. The height above the sea

giving properties. The sand acting as a natural filter thoroughly purifies the water so that every one of the numerous springs gives forth abundant supplies of absolutely pure water free from organic impurities.

The geographic position provides an equable temperature so that sudden changes so fatal to weak lungs are avoided. Could man conceive a better combination of health-giving conditions than these?



THE HOLLY INN

When these facts became generally known the wiser ones among the sufferers began to investigate for themselves and to put to a test the claims made for this section, and soon the village of Southern Pines sprang up, composed of people from the New England States, and as the claims were verified by the numerous visitors whose health had been restored, the place attained a national reputation. It

was at this time that Mr. Tufts conceived the plan of establishing an ideal resort where people of limited means could not only receive all the health benefits to be attained, but could also find at the same time a means of livelihood. A tract of six thousand acres was bought and all arrangements made for the building of an industrial settlement. For the convenience of those who came to settle, a village was estab-



COTTAGES ON THE VILLAGE GREEN



lished, a number of cottages and a hotel were provided and an invitation extended to health seekers to make the section their home. Visitors came to take advantage of these inducements and found that not only did nature provide all the blessings promised, but that instead of being overdrawn, the advantages had not been half told, and that instead of requiring a permanent residence, the mere spending of a few

from New York and is reached by either the Seaboard Air Line or by the Southern Railway, special Pullman sleepers going direct from Washington to Pinehurst without change, connecting with the all rail routes from New York and Boston. Electric cars meet the trains and carry guests directly to the hotels.

The general arrangement of the village, as laid out by Olmstead, Olm-



VILLAGE STORE AND OFFICES

months in this nature's laboratory sufficed to restore the body to its healthy state and permit the visitor to return home during the milder season and resume his former business and residence.

It was this discovery that changed the policy of the owner and made Pinehurst a modern marvel. Instead of a colony it became one of the finest winter resorts of the South.

Pinehurst is only eighteen hours

stead and Eliot, the celebrated landscape artists, is pleasing and original. About one hundred and fifty acres are devoted to the village proper and this section is laid out more like a park than a town. The village green occupies the center and at the head stands Holly Inn, while on one side is the village hall and on the other is the Casino, and the postoffice, which is equipped with the most modern devices for the convenience of the public, and as the tele-





THE CAROLINA HOTEL

graph office is also here, communication may be had with all parts of the world. At the western end of the village on a hill and facing southeast stands the Carolina Hotel, which is in charge of the popular manager of the Hotel Preston on the Massachusetts coast, and for several years the successful manager of the Highland Park at Aiken in South Carolina. The Carolina, which is open between the first of January and the first of May, is capable of accommodating four hundred guests. It has fifty-four suites with bath. At no place elsewhere in the South are the comfort and wants of the guests so closely studied and so well supplied as at this perfect, modern hotel. The inside is finished in hard wood, each room is supplied with steam heat and telephone communicating with an exchange in the hotel office. An excellent orchestra provides music for

entertainment and for dancing. Nothing is left undone to please the most exacting patron, and the demand for accommodations is only limited by the supply.

A gentleman recently got off the train at Southern Pines, and taking an electric car found himself at the Carolina. He looked through the house and then out of the window at the vir-



DR. HALE AND PARTY AT PINEHURST

gin forest, and exclaimed, "How did this *ever* get here?" To the broad, liberal policy of the owner and the wisdom of his plan is due the attainment of such satisfactory and pleasing results. The broad piazzas, the fine billiard rooms, the music hall, the quaint Dutch room, and the great cozy sun parlors leave nothing to be desired.

Next in size to the Carolina is the

ward also furnish the desired comforts at a lower rate than the larger hotels. These are attractive houses and home-like in character.

Besides the hotels there are also about fifty cottages furnished for housekeeping, and apartments for persons wishing to live in a quiet, home-like way, with meals served at home or at the Casino, where New England



THE CAROLINA HOTEL FRONT

Holly Inn, which is capable of accommodating two hundred guests and is heated by steam, with electric lights and modern conveniences. The Holly Inn is presided over by Mr. James K. Hyde, from Hyde Manor, at Sudbury, Vermont, whose house has for many years maintained a reputation second to none in New England.

The Berkshire Hotel and the Har-

cooking is provided at very reasonable cost. The Casino has a ladies' parlor upon the lower floor, and the second story is occupied by a large reading room provided with the daily papers and periodicals; also a room for games.

The education of the children of visitors is carefully looked after by a capable teacher in both primary and grammar grades. Private tutoring in lan-



guages and the higher branches is also available. Religious services are held every Sunday forenoon at the village hall, conducted by ministers of various denominations, and in the afternoon by an Episcopal clergyman. The hall seats about two hundred and fifty people, and is equipped with good stage and scenery. During the season various novel entertainments are provided, the hall being in charge of an experienced

manager, who provides, besides a series of high-class lectures and professional entertainments, various amateur performances in which the talented guests participate.



DEER PARK ROAD

A new system of heating is provided for the Holly Inn and public buildings, as well as several of the new cottages, whereby the steam is brought from the power house two thousand feet distant and any desired temperature may be maintained day or night.

The entire community is supplied with water from the now celebrated Pinehurst Spring, and so pure is that water that the demand for it has extended far beyond

the village, and visitors who have used it demand it in their homes, so that it is bottled and shipped north. As the climate is so mild, the time is mostly spent out of



VIEW FROM STORE TOWARDS CASINO AND HOLLY INN



doors and the many pleasant walks, drives and wheeling through the pine forests give everyone an opportunity to enjoy the health-giving air.

Among the attractions is the deer park containing a herd of tame deer enclosed by woven wire fence. The deer, the Belgian hares and the pheasants inter-



THE GOLF CLUB HOUSE



VARDON PLAYING ON THE PINEHURST LINKS

est old and young alike. Sportsmen find in the neighborhood plenty of quail and other birds. Gunners who do not care to go for live birds will find trap shooting and clay pigeons available at the range nearby.

Adjoining the village is a dairy farm stocked with fine Jersey cows from which the supply of milk and cream is obtained to meet the wants of the hotels and cottages. The newly constructed green-houses, two in number, each one hundred and sixty feet long, make possible the cultivation of early vegetables, plants and flowers, with

which to supply the local market. In order to keep in perfect condition the many trees and plants in the town, a complete nursery is maintained.

Fine saddle and driving horses may be obtained from the well equipped stables, and the roads offer many inducements to pedestrians, who visit the primitive homes of the people, white and black.

The Pinehurst golf links cover two hundred acres, surrounded by a woven wire fence, and connected with the hotels by a trolley line. There are two independent courses of nine and eigh-



THE VILLAGE HALL

teen holes. In their construction neither time nor money has been spared to make them the best in the South. No two holes are alike. The variety of natural and artificial hazards forms a combination of exceptional attraction. The fair green is fifty yards wide and is kept in perfect condition by the steam roller. The putting greens are made of clay and are sixty feet square. These are rolled and watered every morning and sprinkled with sand, which gives them the accuracy of a billiard table. Harry Vardon, the English champion, after playing over the Pinehurst Links, stated that it compared favorably with any of the eastern courses. The Scotch professionals, Donald and Aleck Ross, are in charge of the links and their services are avail-

able as teachers. Tournaments are held weekly, and the annual tournament in April attracts expert golfers from every section of the country. The Golf club house is provided with over two hundred lockers, and the fine assembly room in the second story overlooks the links and provides a charming room for games and afternoon teas.

Pinehurst is a golfer's paradise.

Pinehurst is not a sanatorium and *consumptives are not received*.

Pinehurst has two physicians, its own electric light and power plant, its local paper, and steam laundry.

Its modern ice-making plant supplies the cold storage rooms at all the hotels by means of underground pipes.

Because Pinehurst is owned and controlled by one head and because no land can be bought it is the ideal place for a winter home for the health seeker, for the tired worker, for the run down business man, for the nervous invalid, or for the pleasure seeker.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale says, "Why don't you go to Pinehurst? You drink in new life at every breath and leave all worry behind."







### American Shrines III

"BUT MEMORY GREETS WITH REVERENTIAL KISS  
NO SPOT IN ALL THE CIRCUIT SWEET AS THIS,  
TOUCHED BY THAT MODEST GLORY AS IT PAST.  
O'ER WHICH YON ELM HATH PIOUSLY DISPLAYED  
THESE HUNDRED YEARS ITS MONUMENTAL SHADE."

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

# NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

NEW SERIES

NOVEMBER

VOL. XXV NO. 3



## Shelburne Farms

By Henry I. Hazelton

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THOMAS E. MARR

FROM the moment the visitor arrives at Shelburne Station (with its well kept lawn, tasteful buildings and its handsome freight shed) the handiwork inspired by Dr. Webb is apparent. The stone arched bridge and the smooth macadam road running to the gate of Shelburne Farms are of his creation. Rising gently along the road as one pro-

ceeds, the roofs of what at first seems to be a village of gray-roofed houses on a gentle elevation, is seen to be a collection of farm buildings whose extent impresses upon the mind of the visitor the immense size of the place. It is a mile and a half from the station to the main farm building, another mile and a half to Dr. Webb's house, then a good mile to the south to the great





ALONG THE LAKESIDE

breeding barn and exercising ring.

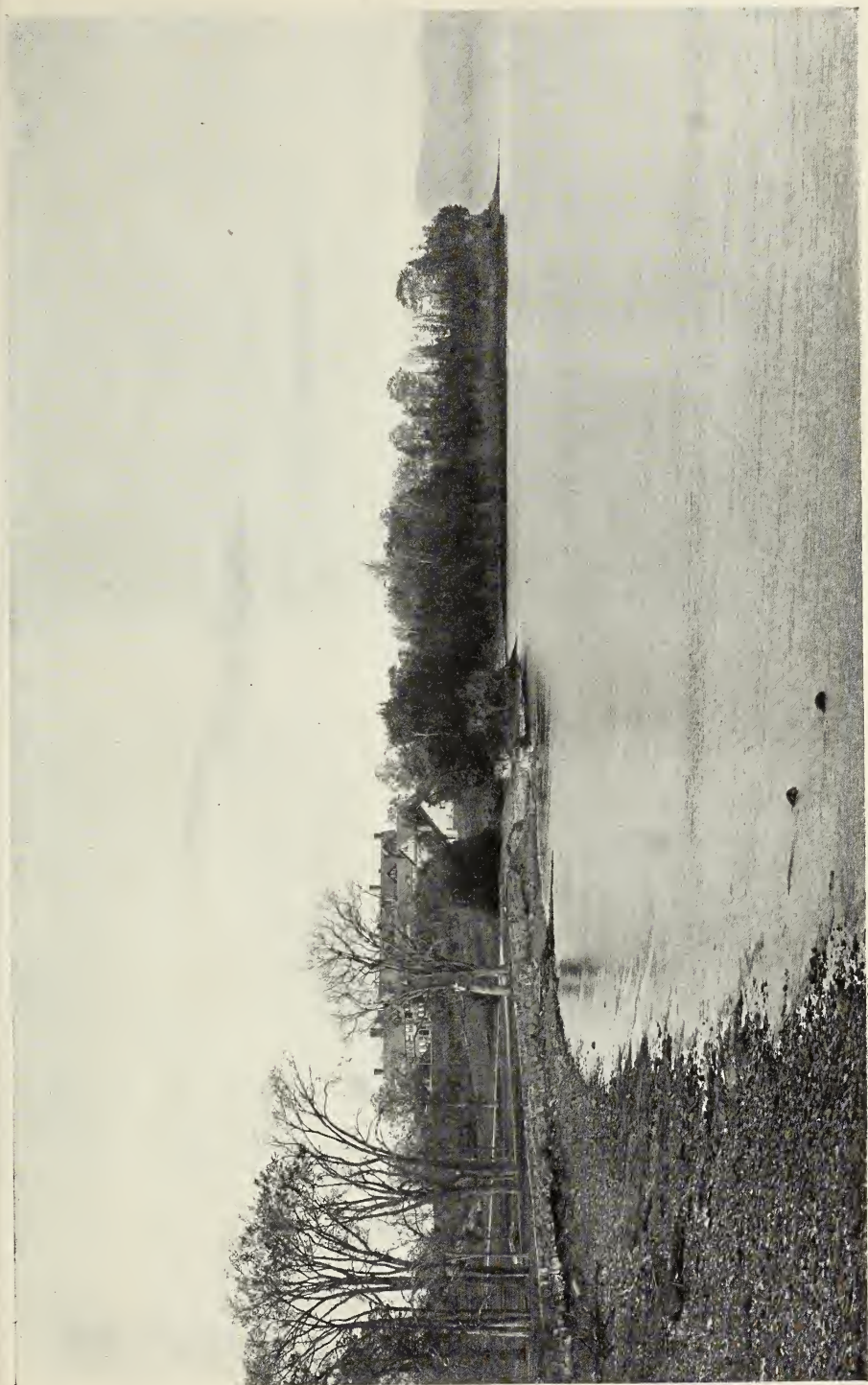
While on a visit to Burlington, Dr. Webb became acquainted with the beauties of Vermont and Lake Champlain and resolved to make his home in the city on its banks. Soon after, in the early eighties, he bought some farms to the south of the city and built up an estate which he called Oak Ledge. He soon decided to extend it on a large scale, and no fewer than thirty-two farms were acquired by purchase from small farmers until the estate comprises four thousand acres, rich in woodland and with a great diversity of scenery, which have been converted into a private park.

In a sightly spot on the shores of the lake a great country house was built, and around it were gathered all the facilities for the enjoyment of outdoor life which a country gentleman of re-

fined taste and genial hospitality could require for his family and friends.

All the fences were removed with the exception only of those about the grazing paddocks, and fine macadam roads now stretch for miles in every direction, making graceful sweeps around the gentle hills, and with the constant turns new vistas are presented which delight and surprise one. The roads pass through magnificent avenues of tall pines, whose rich foliage meeting overhead gives a cool and refreshing protection from the sun. They emerge on gentle slopes which embrace a vast expanse of undulating country thickly timbered on the Vermont side, while to the west lies Lake Champlain, extending for one hundred miles to the north and south. Beyond are the Adirondacks, with Mounts Marcy, McIntyre and Seward to the south-





LAKE CHAMPLAIN AND DR. WEBB'S HOME



THE OLD DINING ROOM

west and Old Whiteface in the nearer foreground.

Across the rolling country to the east, rich in woodland and luxuriant in its vegetation, are seen the highest points of the Green Mountains, Camel's Hump and Mount Mansfield. The charm of all these hills and fields and woodlands is in their ever-changing hues. The morning lights their crest as with a torch, the noon-day sun spreads its warmth in almost dazzling brilliance, the evening brings a leaden gray and the night throws their dark outlines against the sky; the green is never twice alike, and in the autumn the maple forests cover the mountains with rich color heralding the approach of winter. To study these changing pictures is the delight of a lifetime, and the visitor wishes that he might linger in a spot where Nature is so prodigal with her charms.

When Dr. Seward Webb selected the site for his beautiful country estate nature had prepared the way with such a lavish hand that his task was not to make a landscape but to adjust the artificial conveniences of his estate to as glorious a natural setting as is to be found anywhere in New England. In so doing he has arranged his substantial and perfect roadways so as to make them conform to the natural beauties of the country. The effect of this is extremely pleasing, for at every bend or turn in the road one is confronted with a new picture, each more beautiful than the last. If the visitor at this time of the year happens to be from the section where flow such rivers as the Hudson, Delaware or Potomac, he is struck at once with the different method pursued by that eminent artist, Jack Frost, in different latitudes. Whereas the autumn foliage in the regions men-





THE NEW DINING ROOM

tioned is a mass of vivid flame, fiery and intensely striking, that of Shelburne Farms is mild in effect, running the entire scale of all the greens and mild yellows and so blended as to seem almost as homogeneous as the merging tints of a summer sunset. The play of light on this glorious mass of color, varied according to the hour of the day, creates a scene of great beauty which, however, never becomes surfeiting. The artist who should have placed the scenery of Shelburne Farms on canvas is, unfortunately, dead. His name was Turner.

A distinctive feature of the estate is the good taste displayed in those parts of it where the beauty of Nature has been supplemented by art and industry, the consequent result being that the natural conditions have been adjusted only so far as to make them contribute to convenience and comfort.

Italy is the place for Italian Gardens, for fountains and orange trees, and for moonlight. To transplant the ornaments of a sunny clime to these sturdy hills would have been an incongruity, and Dr. Webb has none of them about him. The noble scenery of Shelburne Farms has been all sufficient. His home does not repel by stateliness, but is thoroughly in keeping with its environments. It is large tensive steam-heated conservatories, brick is the principle material for the walls which have an abundance of greenery about them, and the interior aspect is one of coziness.

For those who love flowers the excharms which the hand of man has nearly a mile from Dr. Webb's house, the rosary and nurseries are a source of delight. In fact the problem that confronts one is not how to kill time, but how to find time to enjoy it all ad-





A PICTURESQUE ROADWAY

equately and well, and more to be prized than all of Nature's physical charms which the hand of man has there brought to such a state of perfection is the pure, salubrious, bracing, Vermont air.

The lawn reaches almost to the door, while away at the foot of a gentle knoll

spreads Lake Champlain. Looking across from Dr. Webb's house, the Four Brothers' Islands may be seen in the distance, while to the northeast is Juniper Island, rising perpendicularly from the lake and surmounted by a lighthouse. Near it is Rock Dunder, sharp and black and rising thirty feet

out of the water like a ship at anchor, for which it was indeed mistaken in Revolutionary days.

The trees that fringe the water here and there add a charm to the distant landscape, which is at times concealed in part by spreading boughs. There is in the majestic tranquility of the lake and distant mountains on an autumn day an impressive, awe inspiring grandeur.

The scenery recalls incidents of the historic past of that section. Distance makes the imprints of modern civilization indistinct and half conceals them in foliage, and in the mists about the mountain tops. The hills and trees are as the Red Men saw them, as Champlain found them, and as they were when Ethan Allen and his little band crossed over to Fort Ticonderoga. The shores they embrace, as if in protecting arms, are hallowed by the memories of various encounters of Revolutionary times which greatly added to the renown of the New England farmers in their struggles for independence.

The country, quite level along the lake shore and hilly to the east, is never wearisome for driving, and the vistas from the hills are entrancing and ever changing.

Lake Champlain offers splendid opportunities for boating, fishing and sailing. Dr. Webb's steam yacht "Elfrida" is often seen during the summer season in the little bays and inlets of the lake. For this yacht, Dr. Webb has dredged out a harbor and constructed a breakwater where it can lie at anchor behind a promontory, safe and unseen, while a pier nearer the house affords a landing place for the family and guests.

The fact that the vast domain is given over largely to trees and grass, adds much to its natural attractiveness. Lovers of Nature, while there, feel that they are enjoying an absolutely unspoiled section of old Vermont, and that there is nothing finer to be found in the realm of Nature.

No attempt has been made to raise experimental crops on this farm. The largest portion of the cleared land, comprising about two thousand acres, is laid down in grass which yields about fifteen hundred tons of hay every year. Twelve thousand bushels of grain are grown on the arable land, and a large quantity of roots is raised, although most of the food consumed by the stock, for which the farm is famous, comes from outside sources. Every year a large number of trees have been planted, preference being given to those which thrive in Vermont, such as elms, maples and pines. The number set out annually has ranged from twenty-five thousand to upwards of one hundred thousand. In planting them, care has been taken in regard to the beauty of the landscape, as well as to utility, and the white pine forests have great value as timber lands. In addition to the trees mentioned, the Colorado spruce has been planted with great success. Half a mile from the house are the gardens in which is a large conservatory, and a rosary also under glass, about two hundred feet in length. The nursery adjoining this contains about one hundred thousand young trees and shrubs which are planted on the estate,—a work which keeps the forester with a large number of assistants busy the year round.

Most noteworthy, however, is the



live stock. Dr. Webb is an enthusiastic lover of horses and it has been his aim to do everything possible to improve the breed of Vermont horses. Believing that a good road horse is preferable to an indifferent trotter, and that the average farmer is unable to give the time necessary to train a perfect trotter, he has laid before the farmers of the State for many years the superior advantages of hackneys and French coach horses for country use and for market, and while

with some success. But it was not easy even then to overcome the deep-rooted prejudice which existed. Such horses bring from three hundred dollars to four hundred dollars cash on the farm, while the imperfect trotter is not a good work horse, not as good a roadster as the other and is harder by far to sell. The breeding stock, consisting of choice English hackneys, is housed in a building four hundred and seven feet long by one hundred and seventeen feet wide. In the interior,



THE BARN

the farmer's loyalty to the old Morgan stock has kept alive a strong prejudice in favor of the trotter, Dr. Webb has been able nevertheless to convert some of his neighbors to his opinion, but it was largely by making most liberal offers, and by dint of perseverance and hard work. After presenting an imported horse from France or England to each of several towns where the largest number of horses have been raised, he finally offered to buy the colts from the farmers, as soon as they had been weaned and in this he met

roomy box stalls surround an exercising ring covered by a trussed roof and completely sheltered. In the rear of this building are the buildings devoted to the growing stock, and beyond these are hundreds of acres of fine pasture land dotted with just enough timber to afford a refreshing, shady retreat to the stock turned out. The general headquarters of the farm are located in a building forming a square of about four hundred ten feet face. In this building are all the appliances which modern ingenuity can devise.





THE SLOPING LAWN



INTERIOR OF THE MAIN BREEDING BARN

Steam power is used in stacking hay in the mows. The grain bins, filled with corn and oats are built like those in an elevator and the barn has the same improved machinery for hoisting grain. In one wing of the building there is a blacksmith shop, also a paint shop and a carpenter shop, while the offices occupy the extreme end. In the other wing carriages and sleighs are stored, and on the extreme end a large room is used for the storage of robes and furs.

The variety of alluring diversions is almost bewildering. The hunting of English pheasants offers rare sport in its season, and it is something Dr. Webb can offer his guests which cannot be found elsewhere in the United States in anything like the same surroundings. This bird has thrived remarkably well in Vermont and its introduction has been attended with pronounced success. Several thousand

head of game, English pheasants, and quail from North Carolina were turned loose on the place about ten years ago. These pheasants in England make their homes in the woodlands; but in Vermont they nest in the meadows and show a disposition to prefer them a large part of the time. From fifty to seventy-five of these birds are corralled each fall in order to obtain their eggs for hatching in the spring. These eggs are set under hens which care for the pheasants with their own broods until they are able to take care of themselves. They require no urging when the time comes to start out independently in life. The introduction of quail from North Carolina has not meet with such success, as this bird requires a milder climate. There is besides, of course, the native woodcock, which requires little attention from the game keeper, and is abundant in the woods of this locality.

The master of Shelburne Farms,



Dr. William Seward Webb, comes from old New England stock, and the family name first appears in this country's history at the time when Richard Webb settled at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1636. He afterwards moved to Connecticut, where he took an active part in the administration of colonial affairs. General Samuel Blachley Webb, grandfather of William Seward Webb, fought at Bunker Hill with Warren, where he led a regiment of Minute Men, and was among the first to be wounded in fighting for his country's liberty. He raised and equipped at his own expense the Third Connecticut Regiment and took part in the Battle of Long Island, where he commanded the Light Infantry, with the brevet rank of Major General. He was on the staff of General Israel Putnam and an aide-de-camp to General Washington. He wrote the order for the promulgation of the Declaration of Independence in New York City, was wounded in the battles of Long Island, Trenton and White Plains and finally captured by the British, who refused to exchange him before the close of the war. He was master of ceremonies at the inauguration of Washington, escorting the President-elect to the place of inauguration and holding the Bible while Washington took the oath of office.

General James Watson Webb, the father of Dr. W. Seward Webb, was editor and proprietor of the New York

*Morning Courier*, which he merged with the New York *Inquirer*, under the title of *Courier-Inquirer*, the most powerful journal in the city at the time. He was appointed Minister to Brazil in 1861 and was sent to France as special envoy to impress upon Napoleon III. the principles of the Monroe doctrine, a mission which he performed with such tact as to prevent war with France. His mother, Laura Virginia, was the daughter of Jacob L. Tram. Dr. Webb accompanied his father to Brazil. After two years at Columbia University he studied medicine in Europe, and upon his return was graduated from the College for Physicians and Surgeons in New York. He entered St. Luke's Hospital for two years' practice and then established a good practice of his own. This he soon abandoned, however, for active business life.

In 1881 he married Eliza Osgood, daughter of William H. Vanderbilt, and in 1883 he was elected President of the Wagner Palace Car Company. His energy and ability increased its business enormously and he became largely interested in the development of other railroads.

Dr. Webb is devoted to his Shelburne home. He is a model citizen, sharing the responsibilities with his neighbors, sitting in the Legislature and taking part in public affairs, and has done much to forward the interests of his adopted state.





## When Me an' Ed Got Religion

By Fred W. Shibley

**L**ONG about the time me an' Ed was just gettin' on friendly relations with our 'teens, a young Methodist preacher just out from England got stationed on the Milton circuit an' took the notion of holdin' protracted meetin' in the little red schoolhouse. These revival services was a big event in the neighborhood in them days an' be yet, I've no doubt. You know, we never had much of public amusement or excitement, and a winter without a protracted meetin' was considered dull. The young folks 'specially enjoyed such a meetin', 'cause it was a place to go of a night, and what with the queer things that happened an' the funny experiences told by the converted, it stood us in place of a theatre. Father was a natural leader at such times, and as we kept the schoolhouse key, me an' Ed would be sent up early of a night to build the fire an' light the lamps. We

used to sock the wood to that old box stove till the top got red hot an' the pipe roared. Then we'd set around an' wait for the folks to come.

Old Henry Simmonds was always the first to arrive.

"Wall, boys," he'd say to me an' Ed, "I see you got a good fire goin'. But that ain't nothin' to the fire as'll roast poor sinners if they don't obey the call and come for'ard. Git religion, boys," he'd say. "Git religion early in life an' be an honor to your father an' mother."

Father never said nothin' to us 'bout gettin' religion, 'cause he thought us too young, but me an' Ed 'ud get mighty serious now an' then, as we was terrible 'fraid of dyin' an' goin' to the bad place an' welterin in the fires there. It was good an' real to us then, I tell you; for beside what old Henry Simmonds was eternally dingin' into our ears an' what "Long John" Clark, a local preacher with a powerful,

pleadin' voice and an earnest way with him, was always preachin' 'bout fire an' brimstone, we'd the old family Bible at hime, with its scarey pictures, to keep us shiverin' most of the time.

There was one picture in that Bible I'll never forget. It was 'long in Revelations an' was intended to show how an Angel come to lock up Satan every thousand years. There was Hell itself a rollin' an' tossin in flames, the smoke curlin' up in great clouds 'round about. Then there was the Devil in the shape of a horrible dragon with claw feet an' savage, sharp teeth, an' a skin on him like a rhinoceros, crouchin' back, while a tall Angel in bare feet an' long hair confronted him with a ponderous iron key. Blame if it didn't just about set our teeth to chatterin' every time we looked at that picture!

But it didn't take me an' Ed long to forget all about the Devil an' the bad place the minute we got out into the open air, with the sun shinin' overhead an' with some mischief or other in our minds. I guess we was too full of life to take things seriously.

Well, this fall, long comes the young English preacher to hold protracted meetin', and he was the most earnest young feller you ever see. He had the "penitentiary" bench full of "convicts" the first week, as old Dan, the French tailor, used to say.

Me an' Ed an' a few more boys set back by the stove an' made no move, but we could feel that the spirit or somethin' was workin' in us. We knew we was awful sinners, but we hadn't the nerve to go forward. Will Tinker went forward, after a bit, and I remember well how I wished I was him. I could catch a glimpse of him a blub-

berin' away an' gettin' saved at one end of the penitent bench, and when the prayin' was over an' the tellin' of experiences begun, me an' Ed 'ud whisper back and forth, after sizin' up the faces, and guess who'd got religion that night. Some would come up tearful an' look as if all their friends an' neighbors was dead an' buried; while others would be calm-faced an' waitin' eagerly to be called on to tell what the Lord had done for them.

One night, after me an' Ed had gone to bed an' I was just beginnin' to doze off, Ed scratched my leg with his big toe—a signal he had for openin' conversation.

"George," says he to me, "I'm goin' for'ard to-morrow night."

"You dasn't do it," says I.

"Yes, I dast," says he. "I'm goin' for'ard an' git religion."

Ed was such a positive feller that it kinder stumped me for a minute, but I dasn't let him see he'd had the courage to say what I dasn't.

"You go to sleep!" says I. "You're a fool!"

"Well, I'm goin' for'ard just the same," says he.

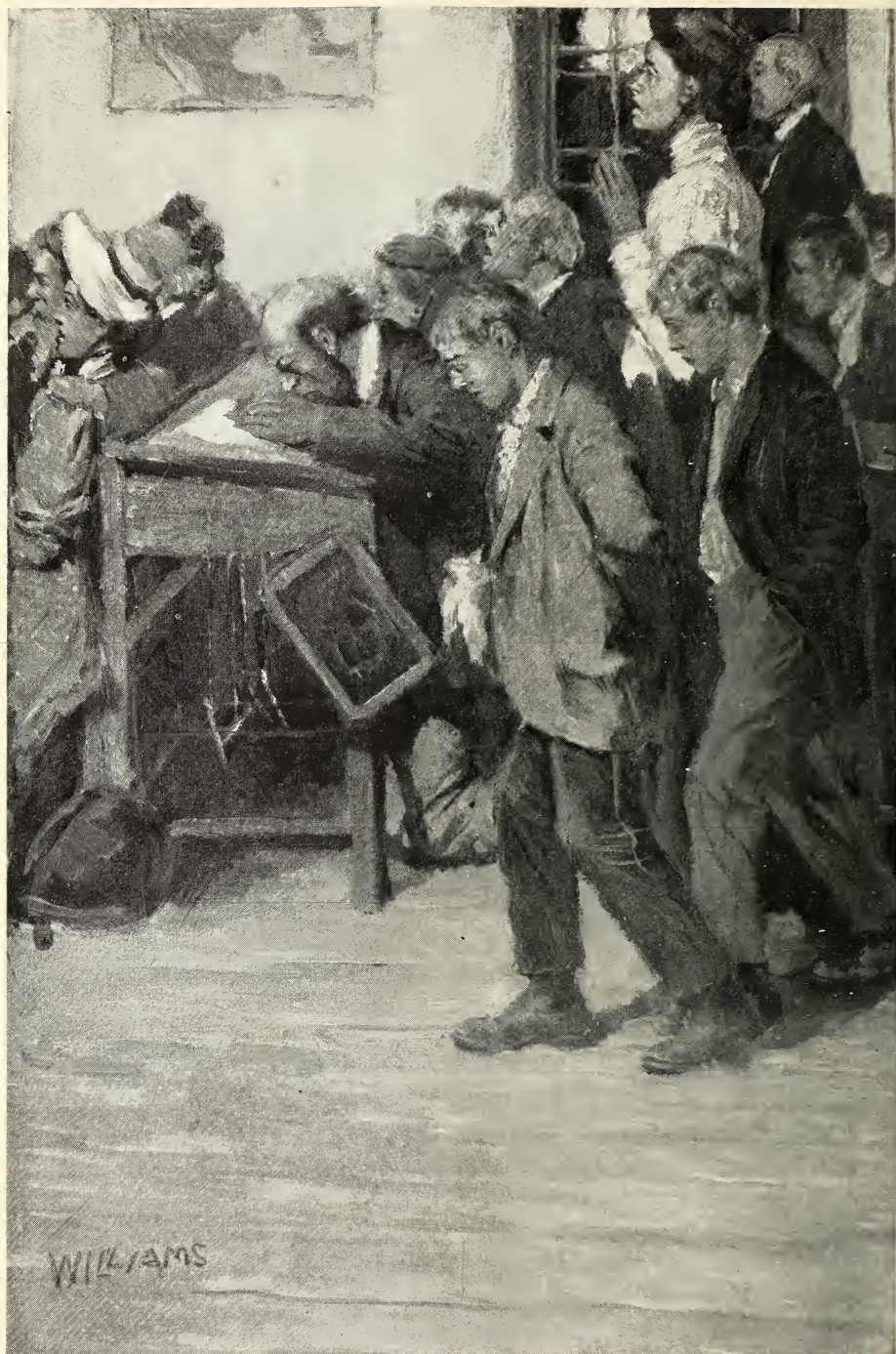
"You dasn't go for'ard without me," says I.

"I dare, too," says he. "I'll kneel 'longside of Will Tinker."

I lay an' thought, and was mighty uncomfortable. I knew if Ed went forward an' left me by the stove I'd be looked on as an outcast sinner, and Ed 'ud crow over me like sixty if he got religion an' I didn't.

But matters changed in my favor the next night. When the call to come forward came from the young preacher, Ed was pale as a sheet, and didn't stir.





*Drawn by C. D. Williams.*

"I MARCHED UP, WITH ED AT MY HEELS"



"I thought you was goin' for'ard?" says I in a whisper.

He chewed a sliver, but didn't say a word.

"Ain't you goin' to git religion?" says I, nudgin' him, for I see he was scart.

"George," says he faintly, "you go first; I'll foller."

That was what I wanted, and when the next call come I marched up, with Ed at my heels, givin' Tish Brown a wink out of my left eye as I passed her.

We knelt 'side of Will Tinker, who was still seekin'; and, diggin' our knuckles into our eyes, waited for religion to come.

"Felt anything yet?" says I to Will, nudgin' him.

"Not a blame thing!" says he, "and my knees is 'bout wore out!"

I could hear Ed mumblin' away, and so I started in to say my prayers, but it didn't seem natural, it not bein' bed-time.

By an' by 'long come old Henry Simmonds, who patted our heads.

"Good boys," says he in his croaky voice. "Save the lambs, Lord!" says he, and as he said it he stumbled over the end of a bench.

Will Tinker snickered right out, and I hid my face in my hands to keep from laughin'. Say! I never wanted to laugh so bad in all my life. Me an' Will 'ud look at one 'nother sideways an' then giggle to ourselves, but Ed kept as serious as a judge.

We didn't git religion that night or the next. Will Tinker give up in despair an' left off goin' for'ard, but me an' Ed hung it out.

Finally, one night in bed I felt Ed's big toe scrapin' along my calf an' I knew somethin' was comin'.

"George," says he, "I b'lieve I've got it!"

"Got what?" says I.

"Religion," says he.

"When did you get it?" says I.

"Well, I've been figurin'," says he, "and I guess I've got it."

I argued pro an' con, but couldn't shake him. I was in a pickle. I knew positive that I hadn't been moved a peg, but I dasn't let Ed get ahead of me.

Next night, while we was buildin' the fire, I says to him:—

"Ed," says I, "if you've got it, I've got it, too."

"Are you sure?" says he.

"Well, to tell the truth, Ed," says I, "I ain't dead certain."

"I guess you've got it, George," says he, "for you've looked solemn all day."

We stood up that night among the saved, and father talked very nice to us an' mother cried a heap.

The next day we started out to live a pious life, and carried our Sunday-school lesson in our pockets. We prayed for everybody we knew an' felt quite lifted up for nigh a week, and then the crash came.

It was this way: Up in the gables of our barn was four little star-shaped holes for the pigeons to come in an' out, and just below them holes a pair of martins had built their mud nest, and me an' Ed had been figurin' for some time how to get up there an' investigate the martin family. We could climb up just so far an' then have to give up.

Well, this day we started in to make a sure thing of them martins. We took off our boots, and diggin' our toes into the clapboards an' hangin' to the joist, began to climb. Up we went,



"DUM THEM THISTLES"

higher'n ever, and I got so I could just reach the bottom of the martin's nest, when I heard a yell from Ed an' see him tumble backward to the mow below. He struck kerflop in the soft pea straw, and at once began to holler. I crawled back as fast as I could, thinkin' he'd hurt himself. When I reached the mow I found him sittin' on a beam with one foot in his hand, the toes all twisted up an' him a cryin' to beat the band.

"Dum them thistles!" he says, sobbin'. "Gosh dum them blame thistles!"

He'd dropped fair into a bunch of straw full of thistles—dry, old, sharp, brown fellers—that run in like needles, and his feet was full of 'em.

"Do they hurt you, Ed?" says I, feelin' bad for him.

He let out a yell, and I see he was crazy mad.

"Gosh dum them thistles!" was all he could say. "Gosh dum them gosh dum thistles!"

When he'd quieted down some I started in to help him pick the thistles from his feet an' clothes, and I says to him:—

"Ed," says I, "I thought you had religion?"

"Dum them thistles—blame 'em!" says he. "Gosh dum 'em!"

"Ed," says I, "stop cussin'. You got religion."

"I ain't got no religion! Dum religion!" he howls.

"You're a backslider," says I, nip-pin' a long, ugly thistle from the calf of his leg.

"Dum religion!" says he, sobbin'.  
"Dum the martins, too," says he, glancin' up at them. "Gosh dum 'em!"

"Ed," says I, "you'll go to the bad place, sure."

"I don't give a dum!" says he.

"I'll go to Heaven," says I, "and you'll go to the bad place."

"Go where you like," says he. "There ain't no thistles in the bad place, anyhow," says he, defiant as you please.

He kept dummin' away savage as could be till he'd found the last thistle. Then we went to play over by the pig-pen.

That night Ed's big toe told me he'd somethin' to say, and I waited.

"George," says he, "I wish you'd give it up."

"Give up what?" says I.

"Religion," says he. "I ain't got it an' I don't want to go to the bad place alone."

In my heart I was glad to be let off from prayin' an' bein' solemn, but I made the most of it.

"Give me the green alley with the white rings," says I, "and I'll do it."

"I'll give you four brown marbles," says he.

"The green alley," says I, "or I stick."

"I'll give you five," says he.

"Nothin' but the green alley," says I, for I knew I had him.

He thought for some time an' finally wavered.

"Say 'dum religion,' same's I did," says he, "and I'll give you the green alley."

I had to say it, and then we both went to sleep. We was hardened sinners from that time on, until Ed growed up an' got to be a preacher himself.

One day I says to him, sittin' smokin' in his study, when he was preparin' a sermon: "Ed," says I, "do you remember that time we went up after martins and lost religion?"

Ed grinned. "You don't ever forget anything, George," says he. "What boys we was!"





# Isaiah Thomas, the Patriot Printer

By Frank Roe Batchelder

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



*Isaiah Thomas*

ISAIAH THOMAS was not a ready-made hero. He never wore khaki. He never engaged armies in single-handed combat and captured their strategic points. He never ran for office. He was only a printer, and—yes, to be sure, a patriot—a patriot of that large mould in which they cast the heroes of '76. George Washington and Benjamin Franklin thought him worthy of their confidence and friendship, and even in the community where he dwelt he is still a prophet remembered with honor. Perhaps I may yet pass him off for a hero. Let us see of what stuff he was made.

Benjamin Franklin called him "the American Baskerville," a compliment that has a meaning, for Thomas Baskerville was the first of English printers, in his time. But "the American Baskerville" was more than a master

of the press; he was a genius among rebels, and he put his life and property in jeopardy rather than wear a muzzle. He had the shockingly bad taste to be an anti-imperialist. Ah, I have lost my hero? And yet, he fought a brave fight against disappointment and loss, and conquered adversity, and left a record of useful activity that is worth the reading.

Isaiah Thomas was born in Boston, January 19, 1749, O. S., corresponding to January 30 of our calendar. His father, Moses Thomas, had been soldier, sailor, storekeeper, schoolmaster and farmer—a "jack of all trades and master of none." The iron that was in the son came not from his father, but from his mother, born Fidelity Grant, a native of Rhode Island and a good and capable woman. Of the four children she bore, Isaiah was the last. His father died in 1752, and the young widow managed to support her children by keeping a little shop. She was anxious that Isaiah should have a decent education and learn a trade.

In Middle street, near Cross, in Boston, there was a printing-office conducted by one Zechariah Fowle, whose business, for the most part, consisted in the printing of small books and ballads, which were hawked about the streets. Fowle had no children and he offered to take Isaiah, care for him as for his own child, give him a good education and teach him the art

of printing. The mother gladly accepted this offer, and Isaiah became an inmate of Fowle's establishment, where he was set to do the chores about the house and the printing-office. The boy was six years old and exceptionally bright and quick for that age. When he had been with Fowle for a year, or thereabouts, the printer persuaded the mother to bind the boy to him as an apprentice, to serve until he was twenty-one. Not without some misgivings, she consented to this, satisfying herself with the stipulation in the indenture of apprenticeship whereby Fowle bound himself to teach the boy "the art and mystery of a printer, also to read, write and cypher"; to give him "sufficient and wholesome meat and drink, with washing, lodging and apparel," and at the end of his term of apprenticeship to dismiss him "with two good suits of apparel, for all parts of his body, one for the Lord's Day, the other for working days, suitable to his degree."

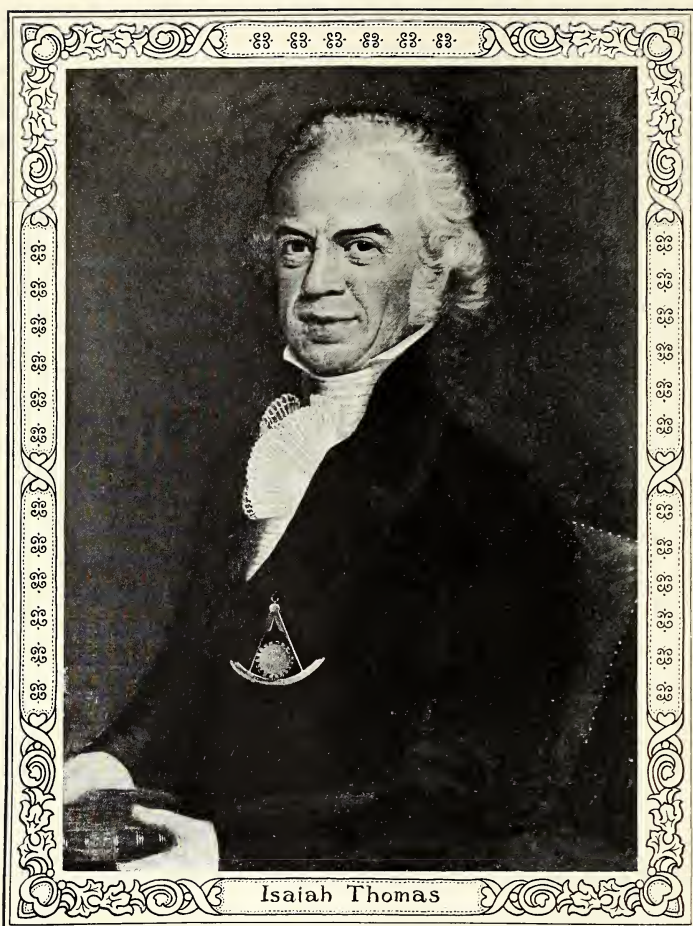
This indenture was made in June, 1756. The little apprentice, only seven years old, was no sooner permanently under Fowle's control, than the printer set him to doing all the menial work of which the child's strength would admit, and contrived to get the most he could out of his bargain. In the printing-office little Isaiah was the "devil," and about the house he did all kinds of servants' work.

Fowle was not actually unkind to the boy, but he did not keep faith with the mother, for he made no effort to teach the child to "read, write and cypher, or cause it to be done by others." The child's only teaching from books was in the form of a weekly lesson in the Catechism, and even at that tender

age the boy was bright enough to guess that the unlettered printer was even less able to understand the dogmas therein set forth, than was he. In later years, Thomas said that six weeks' schooling was all he ever had, and that was obtained before he left his mother's care.

As for teaching the boy "the art and mystery of a printer," Fowle seems to have been no better qualified to teach or to practise printing than he was to explain the dogmas of the Catechism. His printing plant consisted of one press and about six hundred pounds of type, in three fonts of different sizes. "A tattered dictionary and an ink-stained Bible" constituted the reference library of the shop, and even these were not used with intelligence. In short, Fowle was illiterate, a poor printer and a man of weak character, for, without being vicious himself, he engaged in the printing of licentious ballads and derived his main income from their sale—a common practice among printers of that time.

Even now, with the record of Thomas's after-achievements in mind, it is impossible to restrain a sigh of pity for the little fellow who, at six years of age, without having been taught to read or spell, was mounted on a bench, to enable him to reach the boxes in the cases, and there made to set the type for the immoral ballads that issued from the shop. It is not difficult to imagine their effect upon the impressionable mind of a bright boy; and in the newspapers and almanacs which he issued in later years, we find Thomas printing jokes, with a double meaning, which would now cause the publications to be debarred from the mails. As a rebuke to those



From the Portrait in Masonic Temple, Worcester

who talk about modern degeneracy, and sigh for the "good old days," I wish I might reproduce the first work Thomas did at the case. A yellowed copy lies before me. On it is endorsed in the handwriting of his later years, "Printed from the types first set by Isaiah Thomas at six years of age"; and underneath, in the same hand, is the comment, "Said to be written by Dean Swift." The ballad is entitled "The Lawyer's Pedigree," and of its character little more need be said than that Dean Swift wrote it and no pres-

ent-day publication with which I am familiar would care to reproduce it.

In these days, a man who would put such stuff in the hands of a boy would be considered a candidate for the penitentiary; how different were the conditions in 1755 may be judged from the fact that Fowle was considered an honest man, of good repute, and that the ballads he printed were sold openly on the streets of Boston.

Fortunately for the little apprentice, Fowle took a partner, one Samuel Draper, who was a sensible man and



an excellent printer. From Mr. Draper, Thomas really learned much of "the art and mystery of printing," and when Draper quitted the concern, in 1761, the young apprentice had received three years of practical training. He liked the work, and although he was now but twelve years old, he practically assumed direction of the work of the office.

In those days there were few wood-engravers in Boston. Thomas Fleet, who published the *Boston Evening Post*, had in his employ a negro who could make wood-cuts, which Fleet used to illustrate the ballads he printed and sold in competition with those issued by Fowle. Young Thomas set himself to imitate the negro's work, and in all he made a hundred or more wood-cuts, which were used to illustrate Fowle's booklets and ballads. These cuts were crude affairs, but they served the purpose of meeting the rival printer's competition, and, as Thomas says, they were "nearly as good as those made by the negro." One of these cuts, which was used as a frontispiece to the "Book of Knowledge," issued by Fowle, is reproduced on this page, from the original, and for a boy of fifteen, self-taught, it is not discreditable.

For ten or eleven years Thomas served his master faithfully. He learned early to look with contempt upon Fowle, whose incapacity as a printer he despised and whose selfish treatment—as Thomas thought—of himself aroused his resentment; but in the meantime he made many friends outside the office. He was good-looking, tall and self-possessed, and had a winning manner, which made him a general favorite, especially among wo-



men, for whose society he always evinced marked fondness. By hook or by crook he learned to "read, write and cypher," acquired a taste for reading and a passion for writing. He could put original matter in type without first reducing it to writing, and he confesses that he wrote "tolerable verses." I suspect that he was the author of many of the quaint rhymes which appeared in his Almanac years afterwards.

In 1766, Thomas quarreled with his master, and although he still had three years of his apprenticeship to serve, he resolved to quit Fowle and go to London, where he hoped to perfect himself in his art, to which he was now thoroughly wedded. He left Fowle without saying adieu, and sailed for Halifax, whence he hoped to work his way to London. In Halifax, however, he

found no opportunity for crossing the ocean, and was glad to enter the employ of Anthony Henry, the printer and publisher of the *Halifax Gazette*.

Henry was an easy-going Dutchman—an indifferent printer but a complaisant employer. The energetic young Bostonian made himself so useful that Henry soon left the entire work of editing and printing the *Gazette* in Thomas's hands, and slipped away frequently to enjoy his favorite diversions of hunting and fishing.

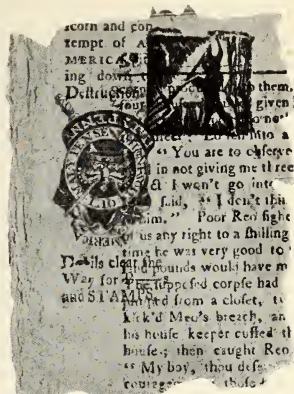
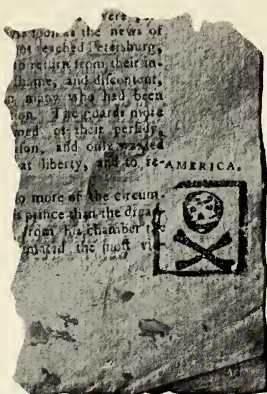
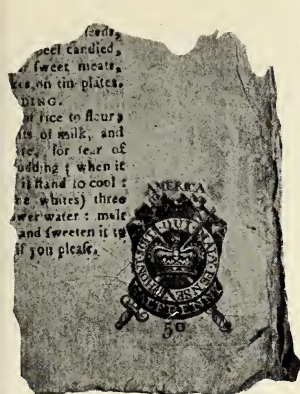
In Boston young Thomas had drunk at the fountain of rebellion, and he now had an "organ" under his control. Here really began his work for American liberty, which continued without interruption for the succeeding twenty years. During the seven months that he spent in Halifax, Thomas contrived to get himself and his employer into trouble on several occasions. The rebellious notions of Boston were not adapted to the atmosphere of Nova Scotia, the most loyal of the provinces, but of that fact Thomas took no account. Proof of this is found in the file of the *Halifax Gazette* for the period from Oct. 3, 1765, to April 1, 1766, when Thomas was virtually the editor of the paper.

In the issue dated October 17-24, 1765, there appears this allusion to the Stamp Act:

"The Publisher begs of those that are inclined to take said *Gazette*, to send in their names by the first of November next, as he should be glad to know the Number of Stamp Paper which will be wanting weekly."

The issue of October 31-November 7 was printed on stamped paper. Thomas filled a page of this issue with "fresh news" from Philadelphia, New

York and Newport, which set forth the violent opposition of the people in those towns to the Stamp Act; and in another place in the same issue he said: "Advertisements are taken in, and inserted as cheap as the Stamp Act will allow." He was determined to make the Act obnoxious to his readers. When he printed in the *Gazette* the statement that "the people of this Province are disgusted with the Stamp Act," the offence could not be overlooked by the officers of the Crown. Henry, the publisher of the paper, was called to account. He pleaded that in his absence from town an employe had made up the paper, and was let go with a reprimand and a warning that the offence must not be repeated. But Henry was too lazy to give his personal supervision to the paper, and Thomas was soon at his old tricks again. In the issue of November 21-28 he printed conspicuously "A Definition of Treason, from the *Boston Post Boy and Advertiser*," and in the week following, the *Gazette* appeared with turned rules, as if in mourning. Thomas artfully explained that this was done to give the readers of the *Gazette* a "correct representation of the *Pennsylvania Journal* of Oct. 30," which had appeared in full mourning, with a cut of a coffin, beneath which was printed the age of the paper and a statement to the effect that it had "died of a disorder called the Stamp Act." As the *Journal* had just been received in Halifax, this was a plausible excuse, but the Crown officers were now looking for an opportunity to punish Thomas, and when, a few days later, effigies of Lord Bute and the Stamp Master were found suspended from the public gallows,



Thomas was suspected—probably not unjustly—of being party to the offence. He was ordered before a magistrate, but there was no proof of his guilt, and the matter was dropped.

The white paper for the *Gazette* was necessarily brought from England, where the British stamp was printed on it in red, and the sheets were put to press so that the stamp appeared on the right hand lower margin of the front page. The *Gazette* of December 12-17, 1765, bore, in the place where the stamp should have appeared, the imprint of a rude cut, made by Thomas, which represented a skull and crossbones, enclosed in heavy lines, with the word "America" above. This was printed in black. In this issue appeared a note, as follows:

"As news is very scarce we cannot oblige the public with more than a half Sheet this Week."

It is reasonable to conjecture that the use of a half sheet was due not to the scarcity of news, but to the fact that Thomas had torn off and destroyed the other half, on which the hated stamp was printed.

A part of the edition of December 19-26 was printed on paper properly stamped: on others Thomas's imitation

stamp appeared, this time in red. The six issues following were printed on stamped paper, but in that of February 6-13 Thomas threw discretion overboard. He used the official stamped paper, but instead of allowing the stamp to appear in the proper place on the first page, he reversed the sheet so that the stamp appeared upside down at the left hand upper corner of the second page. In juxtaposition he inserted another rude cut representing a devil with a pitchfork in hand, accompanied by the words: "Scorn and contempt of America pitching down to destruction [here follows the reversed British stamp] D—ils clear the way for B—s and STAMPS."

"B—s" stood for "Bernards," an intimation to the people of Nova Scotia that they might expect to be ruled as the people of Massachusetts were being ruled by the hated royal governor, Sir Francis Bernard.

Thomas had so often offended that the Crown officers notified Henry that he must remove the *Gazette* from the control of his journeyman or lose the government printing, from which he derived considerable revenue. Henry knew little of politics, and cared less; he liked Thomas, and dismissed him



with great reluctance. But it was better for Thomas to go. He was violently rebellious; Nova Scotia was tamely submissive; and his longer sojourn in the province would undoubtedly have led to his arrest and trial for treason. It may have been his youth that had saved him up to this time, but as a matter of fact, at eighteen he had developed shrewdness and capability far beyond his years. His experiences in Halifax are especially interesting because they show how bold a stand for freedom he was willing to make in a hostile country.

Early in April, 1766, Thomas went from Halifax to Portsmouth, N. H., and found employment there as a printer. His old master, Fowle, heard of his whereabouts and invited him to return to Boston. He assented, and resumed his place in Fowle's shop, but his experience in Halifax had taught him independence, and after a trifling disagreement with Fowle, he left him finally, the master making no objection, although by the terms of his indenture Thomas had yet to serve more than two years of apprenticeship.

Space is lacking to narrate in detail Thomas's interesting experiences of the next four years. He desired to set up a printing business of his own. He went first to Wilmington, N. C., and thence to Charleston, S. C., where he was employed for three years by Robert Wells, a printer and bookseller. Thomas was here enabled to gratify his taste for reading while he made substantial progress in mastering the art of printing. Wells was a loyalist and Thomas must have let politics alone for the time, for he had no trouble with his employer, who, years afterwards, became one of his partners

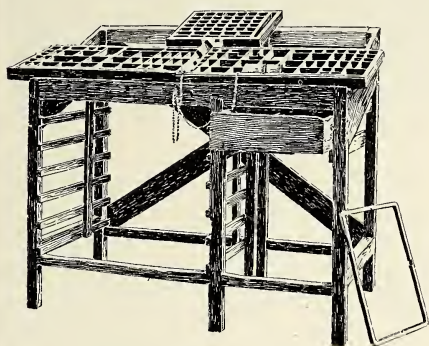
in bookselling. The most important event of Thomas's stay in Charleston was his marriage to Mary Dill, on Christmas Day, 1769.

In the spring of 1770, Thomas returned to Boston. He was now twenty-one years old, and bent on establishing himself as a printer in his own name.

The conditions in Boston were such as to arouse his passion for liberty and he became one of the boldest of the denouncers of British oppression, signalized at the time by the quartering in the town of the King's troops. The Boston Massacre had inflamed the people and Thomas poured oil on the fire, whenever he found an opportunity to do so.

In July, 1770, he formed a partnership with his old master, Fowle, to whom he was attracted by the fact that Fowle had a plant, while Thomas lacked the means to buy one. Eager to taste again the delight he had experienced in making the *Halifax Gazette* a lash for the royalist back, he at once projected a newspaper which should become an oracle of liberty. Of this purpose, however, he gave no hint in the modest announcement printed in the first number of the *Massachusetts Spy*, which was issued July 17, 1770, and distributed gratis through the town. The second number appeared on the seventh of August, and after that it was printed three times a week for three months, when Thomas wearied of Fowle's inefficiency and the partnership was dissolved. Thomas bought Fowle's interest in the concern, thus becoming the owner of the same press and types on which, as a child, he had taken his first lessons in the art of printing fifteen years before.

Thomas continued the *Spy* for three months, and then abandoned it, but only to prepare for a more ambitious effort. His new venture was a weekly, which retained the name, "*Massachusetts Spy*," but differed in form and matter from the original publication. Thomas provided for it an en-



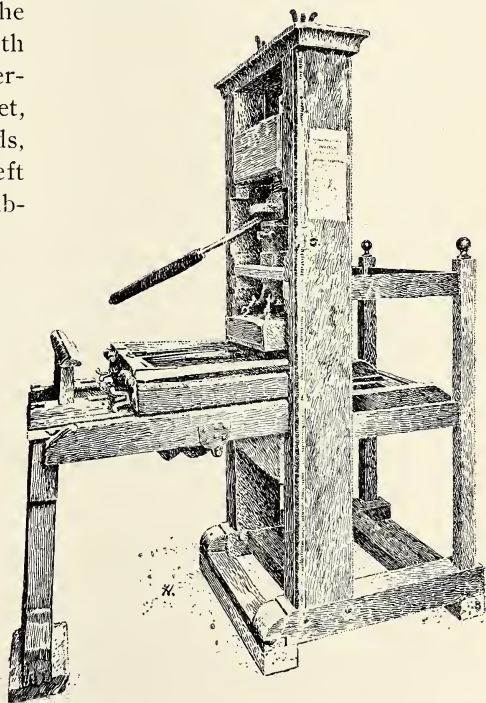
ISAIAH THOMAS'S TYPE CASE

graved heading. The letters of the title were profusely ornamented with scrolls. On the right were two cherubs selecting flowers from a basket, and underneath appeared the words, "They cull the Choice." At the left was a figure of the Goddess of Liberty, and beneath the title of the paper was the motto, borrowed from Addison's "Cato": Do THOU Great LIBERTY inspire our SOULS—And make our Lives in THY possession happy—Or, our Deaths glorious in THY just Defense."

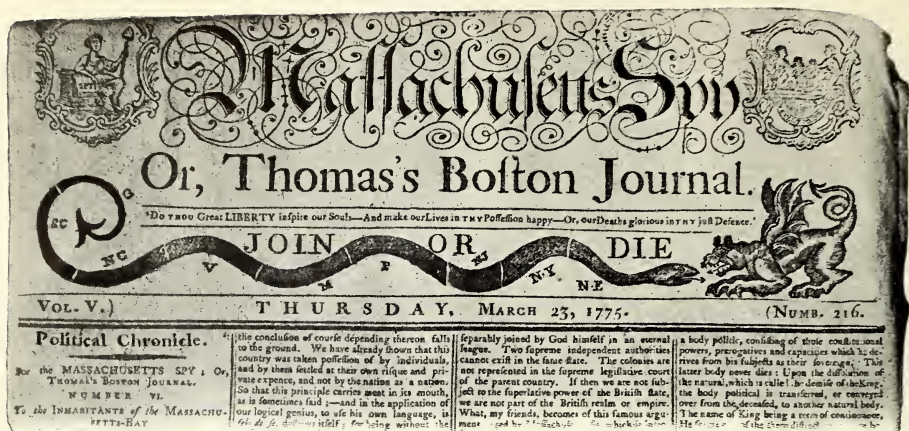
This sufficiently indicates the purpose to which Thomas dedicated his new venture. He was his own editor, printer, and publisher. Then, as ever, a forcible writer, he made his paper one that people were compelled to read. From a subscription list of less

than two hundred names, the *Spy* attained, in two years, a larger circulation than that of any other paper in Boston. This circulation was not confined to the province of Massachusetts Bay, for throughout the colonies the paper was recognized as a bold, aggressive champion of the people.

The *Spy* became so great a power in molding public opinion that the royalists were alarmed. They first attempted to subsidize Thomas in the King's interest; he scornfully rejected their proposals and declared irretrievably for the people. But the royalists were determined to silence him. In buying Fowle's interest, Thomas had assumed the latter's debt on the printing plant. With his creditor he had a verbal agreement that the sum should be paid within a year, but the creditor was a crown officer, and was induced by his



HIS PRESS



royalist associates to demand payment before the time was up. By this means it was hoped to deprive Thomas of his plant. The printer had no property, but his paper had won him many friends. They rallied to his support and loaned him the money to discharge his debt. So the *Spy* continued to launch its bolts at the King's supporters. They now endeavored to injure the paper by refusing Thomas news from official sources, such as the list of ships arriving and cleared at the port of Boston. This was done at the instance of Governor Hutchinson, who regarded Thomas with bitter hatred. Thomas gave him further cause to hate the *Spy*, by permitting one of his correspondents to contribute an article in which the Governor was denounced as a "tyrant and usurper." His jurisdiction was denied, and the Governor's Council was called upon to assume the government of the province.

The day after this invective appeared, Gov. Hutchinson convened the Council, and it was resolved to summon Thomas to appear before them. Three times they sent a messenger to the bold printer, to demand his presence in the Council chamber, and three

times he pointedly refused to obey the summons. Governor Hutchinson knew that he had no right to summons Thomas, but the Attorney-General was instructed to prosecute the printer for libel. The Grand Jury refused to indict, and Hutchinson was baffled.

The repeated efforts to punish Thomas made him famous, and put the name of the *Spy* in the mouths of Whigs and royalists alike, throughout the colonies. In North Carolina Thomas was burned in effigy; but the Whigs poured in subscriptions for his paper, and from New York, New Jersey, and even from Quebec, came appeals to him to set up presses in those places, coupled with offers of support. These offers he necessarily declined. He was threatened with assassination and the destruction of his plant; he responded with renewed attacks upon the royal policy. The five years from 1770 to 1775 were full of excitement for him. He was an active member of the Sons of Liberty, and meetings of those bold spirits were held at his printing-office. He gave himself, as well as his paper, heart and soul to the cause of freedom.

It is not practicable here to present



a digest of Thomas's utterances in the *Spy*. But it is worth while to note the change he made in the title of his paper, which became "*The Massachusetts Spy, or, Thomas's Boston Journal*," a change suggested, no doubt, by the fact that the publisher had become as famous as his paper, and the linking of the two names was "good advertising." The heading was further enlarged by the introduction of a cut representing a serpent divided into nine sections, which were lettered, beginning at the head, "N. E., N. Y., N. J., P., M., V., N. C., S. C., G.," those being the initials of New England and the other colonies. Facing the serpent, and in the attitude of attack, was a fierce dragon, supposed to represent British oppression. Above the divided serpent appeared the warning: "Join or Die!"

Early in April, 1775, the friends of liberty saw that the inevitable conflict was at hand. The threats made against Thomas became more menacing; he had assailed not only the civil officers of the Crown, but the officers in arms, and his friends warned him that on the outbreak of hostilities he would be the first victim of royalist revenge. Thomas was a man of high courage, but he was not so foolish as to disregard these warnings, for he also read accurately the signs of the times. He sent his family to Watertown, to assure their safety in the event of trouble, and after the tenth of April prudently avoided his usual haunts. He visited Concord, where he conferred with John Hancock and other members of the Provincial Congress, all of whom urged him to immediately remove his presses and types to a place of safety.

During the night of the tenth of April, Thomas dismantled his printing-office in Union street and carried his material across the ferry to Charlestown. Gen. Joseph Warren and Col. Timothy Bigelow, of Worcester, were among those who helped him to accomplish the removal quietly. Col. Bigelow urged Thomas to take his plant to Worcester; there, forty-two miles from Boston, he would probably be safe from molestation by the King's troops; moreover, Worcester was notoriously royalist, and the patriotic Bigelow was eager to have the people stirred to a sense of duty. He, with other leading Whigs of Worcester County, had previously invited Thomas to set up a press at Worcester and Thomas had agreed to do so, without intending, at the time, to abandon his Boston office. Now, however, destiny had taken cognizance of the printer's usefulness and henceforth would utilize his courage and his talents in the cause of Freedom.

Thomas put his material on the road to Worcester and then returned to Boston. During the two days following he was constantly in conference with the patriot leaders and on the night of April 18 he assisted in spreading the news that the British troops were crossing Charles River. In a public meeting at Charlestown, held the next morning, he made a bold speech, calling on the people to take up arms and resist oppression.

Thomas was regularly enrolled as a minute-man, and on that memorable nineteenth of April, with musket in hand, and often at his shoulder, he helped to drive the British back to Boston.

That night he lay at Medford. The

*Lucy Smith*  
**Worcester Magazine.**

NUMBER XV. VOLUME IV.  
For the *Second* Week in JANUARY, 1788.

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following morning he visited his family at Watertown, and thence started on foot for Worcester. On the way, he came upon a friend who loaned him a horse, and late at night, April 20, 1775, he entered the town which, except for one or two brief absences, was to be his home for more than fifty years to come.

The situation that confronted the patriotic printer was disheartening. Presses and types he had, but neither paper nor money, nor the means of procuring either. On his books were debits of three thousand dollars due from subscribers to the *Spy*, which, in times of peace, he would have been able to collect; now, on the eve of revolution, it became a nominal asset. He had a stout heart, however, and found a place in which to set up his press. His great need was for paper. John Hancock and Samuel Adams were in Worcester, waiting for the assembling of their colleagues with whom they were to proceed to the meeting of the Continental Congress at Philadelphia. To these friends Thomas disclosed his situation, and Hancock at once wrote to the Committee of Safety, then sitting at Concord, urging that paper be forwarded to Thomas. The Committee of Safety voted to send him four reams.

Thus supplied, Thomas was enabled to resume the publication of his paper, which appeared under date of May 3, 1775, as "*The Massachusetts Spy, or, American Oracle of Liberty*." At the top of the first page he printed: "Americans!—Liberty or Death!—Join or Die!" In this number appeared an account of the Battle of Lexington. On the margin of the first sheet pulled from the press, which

is still preserved, appears the memorandum: "This newspaper is the first thing ever printed in Worcester. Isaiah Thomas."

The Committee of Safety again sent paper to Thomas, but ordered him to bring his press to Concord, and there do the printing for the Committee, the army and the Provincial Congress. This plan was deemed impracticable, and a post was established between Worcester and Cambridge, by means of which orders were sent to the printer and work returned. Other printers, however, set up presses at Cambridge and at Watertown, and the official printing was committed to them. Thomas had paid in labor for the paper advanced to him, and owed the Committee nothing; but he was now left without work; subscriptions for his paper came in but slowly, and his circumstances were of the worst.

Late in May he went on foot to New York and thence to Philadelphia, with a view to bettering his business prospects. From his conferences with the patriot leaders he returned home with new zeal for the patriot cause, but without improvement in his business affairs.

In May, 1775, he was appointed postmaster of Worcester, by the resolve of the Provincial Congress, which established a temporary system of post offices and post riders; and in the fall of the same year, when Benjamin Franklin became the first "Postmaster" (General) under authority of the Continental Congress, he renewed Thomas's appointment. By reappointment under Franklin's successors, Thomas continued as post master of Worcester for many years. This was the only public office he ever held, and,



as he says, he "neither sought nor desired any other." He was too independent in thought and action to become the beneficiary of politicians, and was abundantly able to do without government pap.

In the spring of 1776 Thomas leased his newspaper and a part of his printing materials to two lawyers in Worcester, and with the remainder of his outfit went to Salem, where he intended to start a new business. The venture was not successful and he returned to Worcester for a time, but in 1777 he again leased the paper, and absented himself from Worcester. For two years Fate sent him thither and yon. He was engaged in a life-and-death struggle with poverty. His first few years in Worcester were full of disappointments and hardships. With his apprentices he slept on rags in the garret of his printing-office. Money was seldom in his pocket. To add to his unhappiness, his marital infelicities came to a crisis. His family consisted of a wife and three children, and Thomas had managed to provide for their support, but his wife's conduct became intolerable and he obtained a divorce from her on "statutory grounds."

While on a visit to Worcester, July 24, 1776, Thomas had the honor of reading to the people, assembled about the porch of the Old South Church, the Declaration of Independence that day received in Worcester by the hand of a post rider from Hartford. This was the first time the principles of that document were announced within the confines of Massachusetts. It must have been a happy day for the patriot printer who had done so much in helping to make that Declaration possible.

In the spring of 1778, Thomas returned to Worcester and took the *Spy* and his printing business again into his own hands. There he remained, devoting himself assiduously to building up his business and increasing the circulation of the paper, which continued zealous in the American cause.

In March, 1785, the General Court of Massachusetts enacted a law providing for a stamp duty of two-thirds of a penny on newspapers, and in July this was followed by a supplementary act taxing newspaper advertisements. To Thomas these duties seemed as odious and unwarranted as the Stamp Act which he had assailed when in Halifax. In the *Spy* he alludes to them as "a shackle which no legislature but ours, in British or United America, have laid upon the press, which, when free, is the great bulwark of liberty."

Thomas would not submit to the extortion and suspended the publication of the *Spy* in March, 1785. In its place he issued the *Worcester Magazine*, which was simply a continuation of the *Spy*, but in octavo form. After the repeal of the obnoxious tax laws, the *Spy* was reissued in its old form, in April, 1788. It suffered no further interruption. During the nineteenth century it changed editors and owners, several times but is still published in Worcester.

In the *Spy* and the *Worcester Magazine*, Thomas was a strong supporter of the government. He advocated the adoption of the constitution, which was not popular in Worcester County, and gave unqualified support to Washington and the Federal party.

It must not be supposed that the publication of the *Spy* was Thomas's

Or, American ORACLE of Liberty.

NUM. 219.

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sole means of obtaining a livelihood. He was a general job printer, but he also devoted himself to the more æsthetic work of printing and publishing books, which with him was at once a forte and a passion.

In 1774, more than a year before he left Boston, Thomas began the publication of the "Royal *American Magazine*." There is room for wonder at the patriot's choice of adjectives for the title, even though he italicised the word "*American*." Still more remarkable, when we remember the persecution to which Thomas had been subjected by Governor Hutchinson, seems the fact that he undertook to print in the magazine, in monthly instalments, that worthy's "History of Massachusetts Bay." On reflection, however, we are forced to admire Thomas's good business sense, which could rise above any personal prejudice he may have entertained for the author of the work. He recognized the merit of Hutchinson's "History"—a work no less entertaining now than it was then—and considered it a valuable "feature" for his magazine. After six months, Thomas sold the magazine to Joseph Greenleaf, who continued it until March, 1775. It was an ambitious venture, well printed, and illustrated with engravings, most of which were made by Paul Revere. In the first number appeared the familiar view of Boston, showing the British war-ships at anchor in the harbor.

Except for the issue of the *Worcester Magazine* as a substitute for the *Spy*, Thomas did not return to the field of magazine publication until 1789. In the year preceding he had established a printing-office and book-store in Boston, with a former appren-

tice, Ebenezer T. Andrews, as his partner. The store of Thomas & Andrews was "in Newbury street, at the sign of Faust's head," and here, from 1789 to 1793, inclusive, they published, monthly, the *Massachusetts Magazine*, an illustrated literary publication, which for its time was an important factor in the world of letters.

In 1792, Thomas published an almanac, entitled, "The Massachusetts Calendar, or an Almanack for 1772, by Philomathes," and another, with the same title, for 1774, "By Ezra Gleason." Who Ezra Gleason was I do not know. Perhaps that name, as well as "Philomathes," was a pseudonym for Thomas, for in 1775 he began the publication of "Thomas's New England Almanack; or, the Massachusetts Calendar, for the Year of our Lord Christ, 1775, &c., containing everything necessary and useful in an Almanac. To which is added, 'The Life and Adventures of a Female Soldier.'" This Almanac was continued by Thomas regularly until 1803, after which it was published by his son, Isaiah Thomas, Jr., until 1819.

The Almanac for 1772 contained a rude cut representing the Boston Massacre, with verses that in spirit, at least, suggest Thomas as their author:

While Britons view this scene with conscious dread,  
And pay the last sad tribute to the dead:  
What though the shafts of justice faintly gleam,  
And ermin'd miscreants ridicule the scene;  
Ne'er let one heart the generous sigh disclaim,  
Or cease to bow at FREEDOM'S hallowed fane;  
Still with the thought let Fame's loud clarion swell,  
And Fate to distant time the MURDER tell.





"Ermin'd miscreants" and "murder" were strong terms, but they were no more to the point than the cut which was printed on the cover of the Almanac for 1774. This was entitled, "The Wicked Statesman, or the Traitor to his Country at the hour of DEATH." The "wicked statesman" is represented as sitting at a table on which is piled his ill-gotten wealth. On his right hand is the figure of a hideous devil holding before him a "list of crimes" he has committed; a dragon, with open jaws, approaches him; and a snake has twined itself about his leg; while Death stands ready to plunge a spear into his heart. On the following page Thomas inserted the following:

PATRIOTISM, or the Love of one's Country, is one of the most amiable virtues that can be exercised among Mankind. How glorious must be the setting sun of that Man's Life, who has spent his Days in the Service of his Country! Whose sole delight has been in endeavoring to confer happiness on the present Race and to entail it on Posterity! On the contrary, how wretched, how intolerable, are the last Moments of one who has made it his Business to sacrifice Mankind to accumulate a little Pelf. Look at the Engraving of the first Page, and endeavour to form some faint idea of the Horrors that Man must endure, who owes his Greatness to his Country's Ruin, when he is about taking Leave of the World, to receive a just and proper Punishment for his Crimes. Let the Destroyers of Mankind behold and Tremble.

Those pages of the Almanacs not devoted to the calendar were filled with miscellany which ranged from "Patriotism" and "Jonathan Weath-erwise's Prognostications" to quaint recipes and verse which would now be considered too "spicy" for general circulation. The patriot publisher never lost an opportunity for preaching liberty and resistance to tyranny, and the Almanacs were as much the vehicle of his opinions as was his newspaper.

Thomas consistently and convincingly argued for the ratification of the Constitution. He not only approved the instrument in itself, but he knew that a failure to ratify it would plunge the country in economic chaos worse than that in which it was already floundering. For the better part of two decades he had suffered from the stagnation of business incident to the Revolution. The Constitution was ratified and his position was speedily justified. With the country at last on a tangible economic basis, his business

leaped forward to success. The circulation of his paper increased rapidly, his Almanac found a ready sale, and money flowed to his till. His struggles with poverty were at an end, and he was thenceforth to enjoy suitable reward for his patient endurance and unremitting industry. In this happy condition he was at last able to undertake the development of his publishing business on the ambitious lines he had long had in mind.

His business enterprise and sagacity were phenomenal. He built a paper mill, in order that he might provide his own paper, of a quality and at times to suit his needs; and that he might complete his work without dependence on others, he set up a bindery, which grew to large proportions. He formed several partnerships with printers and booksellers in different parts of the country, and kept sixteen presses busy, seven of them in Worcester. Many of his partners were former apprentices who had served their time with him, and the confidence and respect with which they evidently regarded their former master is an index to one phase of his character—his justice of dealing and his generosity.

Thomas carried on a general book-selling business, handling all the important books that came from American presses, and importing the best foreign books. His bookstores were scattered all through the States. With piping times of peace came so great a demand for books, from a people who for more than seven years had had neither money nor time to gratify their tastes for reading, that from this source alone he was in a way to accumulate a fortune.

A bibliography of the books pub-

lished by Thomas would fill many pages of this magazine. He printed little books of tales for children, textbooks, history—everything, in short, which was then put in type. He fully deserved the sobriquet, "Baskerville of America," bestowed on him by Franklin, for his work was elegant and accurate. The standard of excellence in his office was perfection, and he neither did careless work nor tolerated it in others.

In 1788 Thomas printed "A Curious Hieroglyphic Bible." This was a book of selected passages from the Bible, arranged for children, and illustrated with nearly five hundred wood cuts, which are most amusing to twentieth century eyes.

His great work was the folio Bible, which he published in 1791. This was the first folio Bible printed in America, and on it Thomas lavished unstinted pains and money. The book consisted of 1,012 pages, handsomely bound. Its heavy linen rag paper still has that rich "feel" that only the book lover can appreciate, and the clear type and bold impression are a delight to the eye. For this work Thomas ordered fifty full-page copper-plate engravings—a most expensive undertaking for that period.

At the same time that the folio was in hand, he carried through the press a fine quarto edition of the Bible, and completed both within a little more than twelve months. The folio was received with great favor among churchmen and was the object of admiration and envy among contemporary printers. Franklin, to whom Thomas presented a copy, expressed his admiration for the work in terms of high praise.



Subsequently, Thomas published several other editions of the Bible, in octavo, demi-quarto, and 12mo, all of which met with ready sale.

Another instance of Thomas's enterprise as a publisher is worth mentioning. Up to 1786 no music had been printed in America except from engraved copper plates. Thomas ordered from London a font of movable music types and produced the "Worcester Collection of Sacred Harmony," the first music printed from movable types in this country. In his preface to the book, the publisher takes the public into his confidence in a manner that seems not to have descended to twentieth century publishers:

\*\*\*Many Gentlemen, well skilled in Vocal Musick, generously lent their aid in furnishing him [the publisher] with such

tunes as are now most approved of, fitted to all versions of the Psalms; together with several Anthems, &c., which are judged to be good compositions.

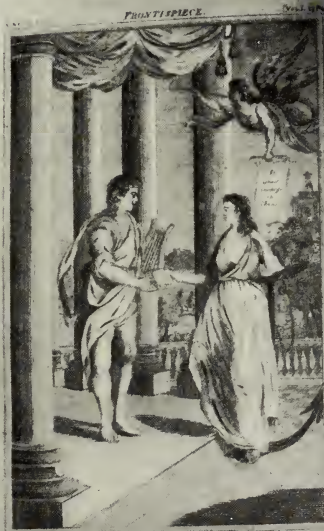
Notwithstanding the expence of executing this work has much exceeded his expectations, yet he hopes he has so far answered the intention proposed, as that the price affixed to it will not be thought unreasonable.

The Publisher, although unskilled in musick, hopes the following sheets are as correct as books of this kind commonly are. Great care and attention has been paid to make them so; and no cost spared to have them legible, and on excellent paper. Should any little inaccuracies have slipped notice in copying the tunes, he hopes they will be viewed with candour, and mended by the Observer's pen.

Should the Collection meet with the approbation of those, for whose use it is designed, it will add to the happiness of their

Very humble servant,

ISAIAH THOMAS.



By George C. Schenck, a New York artist.  
To be published by the author, at the  
FARM, on the River, at the City of New York.  
and at the City of New York.

THE  
MASSACHUSETTS  
MAGAZINE:  
MONTHLY MUSEUM

Knowledge and RATIONAL Entertainment.

CONTAINING,

Poetry, History, Biography, Mythology, Geography, Travels, Criticism,  
Philosophy, Mathematics, Agriculture, Architecture, Commerce,  
Novels, Tales, Romances, Translations, Fables, Parables,  
Fables, Historical Narratives, &c. &c.

OMNE IULIT PUNCTUM, QUI MISCUIT UTILE DULCI,  
LALTOREM DILECTANDO, PARITERQUE MONENDO. — J. W. S. C.

VOL. I.—For 1789.



PRINTED BY N. Z. & I. ANDREWS.

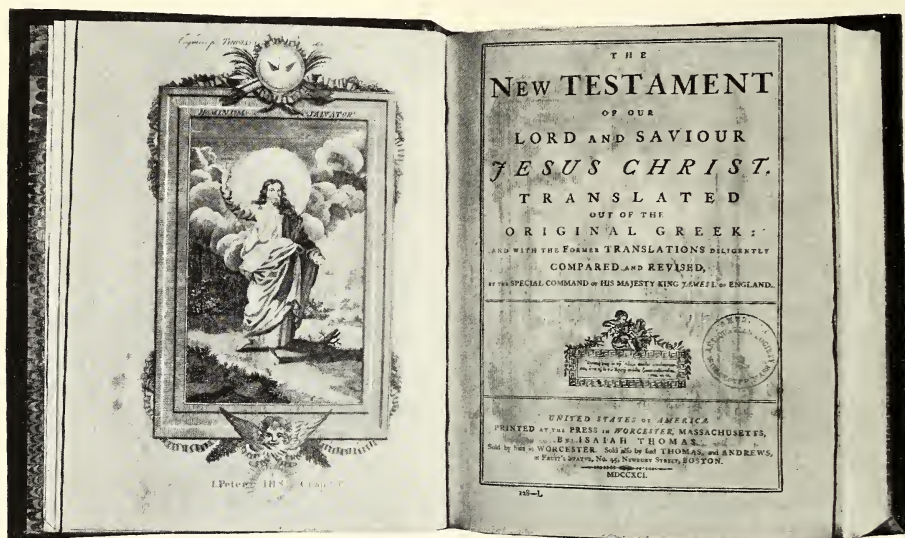
At the Office of the Massachusetts Magazine, and by the  
Author, at the City of New York, at the City of New York,  
and at the City of New York.



Thomas's enterprise as a publisher was fitly rewarded. He accumulated an ample fortune, and for the possession of it was beholden to no human being but himself. He was a self-made man of the very highest type, for he not only fought his way from poverty to wealth, but with only six weeks schooling as a basis, made himself a master of English composition and a familiar of English literature.

Thomas built for himself a house which was for those days an elegant

He enjoyed the warm friendship of Benjamin Franklin, who paid him a visit in Worcester, and whom he afterwards visited in Philadelphia, when the sun of Poor Richard was near the horizon. That he also enjoyed the confidence of Washington, who appreciated his services in the cause of freedom, is no mere tradition. Smith Thomas, a nephew of the great printer, was serving as an apprentice in his uncle's shop when Washington visited Worcester, in October, 1789. He has



mansion, and there passed the closing years of his life. This house is still standing, at the rear of the court house, in Worcester. Here he showed himself generously hospitable, and as he was easily the most distinguished citizen of Worcester, in his time, few persons of note visited the town without calling upon him and inspecting his extensive printing-office, bindery and bookstore.

Thomas was tall and handsome, possessed of winning and elegant manners, and fashionable in his dress.

left this note, which is of interest. "A boy of fourteen," he wrote, many years afterwards, "I was presented to Washington by my distinguished kinsman, Isaiah Thomas. I can never forget his words or my feelings on that occasion. 'Young man,' he said, 'your uncle has set you a bright example of patriotism, and never forget that next to our God we owe our highest duty to our country.'"

Thomas was a Freemason and through his activities Morning Star Lodge was organized in Worcester in

# Worcester Collection of SACRED HARMONY.

## P A R T II.

### PSALM and HYMN TUNES.

From the most approved ancient and modern Authors, with several Tunes never before published. Suited to all Metres usually sung in Churches.

**Affington. L. M.**

Happy the man who finds the Grace, The Blessing of God's chosen Race, The Wisdom coming from above, The Faith that sweetly works by love.

1793, with Thomas as its first Master.

Perhaps in no act affecting himself alone did Thomas more fully reveal his character than in his retirement from active business life in 1802, when he was but fifty-three years old. In less than twenty years he had made a fortune, and he had the good sense to resolve upon devoting his remaining years to a reasonable enjoyment of it. In 1802, therefore, he gave over his business to his son, Isaiah Thomas, Jr., who, also, loved "the art and mystery of printing," and was well fitted to carry on his father's work.

The succeeding eight years Thomas devoted almost wholly to the work of collecting material for and writing his "History of Printing," which was published in two octavo volumes, in 1810. No other man then living was so well qualified to write this valuable contribution to American history, and the work was admirably performed.

From the years of his apprenticeship in Boston, when a friendly bookseller had loaned him a volume now

and then, Thomas had been an ardent bibliophile. Now, with money in his purse, he was able to gratify his taste for the accumulation of rare and valuable books. In 1812 his library had grown to about three thousand volumes, which he kept in his house. He foresaw, however, that after his death the collection might not be kept intact, and in that year he suggested the organization of the American Antiquarian Society, proposing to give his library to the Society as a nucleus for a permanent collection. This Society was duly organized and incorporated, with Thomas as its first president. He presented to the Society a hall which he built at a cost of ten thousand dollars, and to this hall his books were transferred in 1820. First and last, he gave to the Society, in books, land, building and legacies by will, some fifty thousand dollars. Many writers and historians of later times have had cause to thank the founder of the Society for his beneficence. George Bancroft, when engaged in writing his



Monrovia, May 12<sup>th</sup> 1893.

Sir,

E. m.  
J. m.

Yours of the 14<sup>th</sup> ult. lately  
came to hand; since which I  
have received advice of the  
hundred & forty Dollars, being  
received by my Coy. in Boston,  
and I have placed it to your  
Credit.

The remainder of Vol.  
D. shall be put on, with  
a Quarto Bible with Concordance.  
Yours, Y<sup>r</sup>. humble servt.

Francis Thomas.

Mr. Hellogg.

"History of the United States," made extensive use of the library, and Francis Parkman, John B. McMasters and other historians have found it a treasure house of facts. The original building erected at Mr. Thomas's expense was enlarged in 1832, but the collection, for the increase of which he had made wise provision, outgrew the enlarged building, and a new one was

erected in 1853, within a stone's throw of the house in which Thomas had lived. This building, in turn, was outgrown and enlarged in 1877. To-day a still larger building is needed.

When Thomas bequeathed his library of 3,000 volumes to the Society, he valued it at "about five thousand dollars." To-day the collection includes more than 100,000 volumes, and its





TOMB OF ISAIAH THOMAS IN RURAL CEMETERY

value cannot be stated after the dollar mark. The collection of newspaper files alone is of immense value.

The closing years of Thomas's life were spent in quiet and agreeable diversion, not unmixed with benevolence. His attainments were fully recognized in the country at large, and he was made a member of many scientific and historical societies. Dartmouth made him Master of Arts and Alleghany College gave him the degree of Doctor of Laws.

He died April 4, 1831, at the ripe age of eighty-two years, and was

buried in the old Mechanic Street burying-ground. In 1878 that cemetery was abandoned and on June 12 his remains were removed to the vault in Rural Cemetery, where they have since reposed undisturbed.

The plain record of Isaiah Thomas's life and work makes comment superfluous. He set his mark upon the time in which he lived with no uncertain impress and for his services in the cause of freedom he is worthy to be remembered with that other eminent patriot who was also a printer, Benjamin Franklin.

# A Political Conspiracy

By Epes W. Sargent

THE Danner Irrigation Bill had cost Governor Charles A. Hutchinson an attack of nervous prostration. It had cost its promoters a cool million in cash. The governor had retreated to Silver Lake to stimulate his nerves, while the backers of the bill had remained in Denver to coerce its opponents and, incidentally, to spend more money.

The only person who could reduce the governor to a reasonable frame of mind was his pretty daughter, Eleanor. Sam Adams, the governor's private secretary, made a decent pretence of regret at his employer's illness. In the depths of his heart he was profoundly grateful that Fate, even in the form of the Danner bill and nervous prostration, had banished them to the romantic solitudes of Silver Lake.

Two years previously the State Central Committee had decreed that the gubernatorial candidate should come from south of the range. Mutterings of discontent had been welling up from the southern counties. There were good and sufficient reasons, in the minds of the powers who decided what was best for their party, why that section of the State should be placated.

Hutchinson had been selected as the most available candidate for three reasons. He had never been identified with practical politics and "the gang," hence had no troublesome record to

whitewash. He owned a controlling interest in one of the best county papers, and the newspaper men were with him. He operated one of the finest ranches in southeastern Colorado, and his hospitality was famed from the snow-capped Sangre de Cristo range to the mineral-veined San Juan.

He had thrown himself body and soul into the campaign, leading his party on to victory with a rush that had made even the strenuous Colorado committeemen open their eyes in amazement. Denver had admired his campaign tactics, but, on sober consideration, had wondered how the Capital City was to receive this doughty ranchman.

The governor, however, had so far given them no opportunity to decide the question. The mysterious powers responsible for his political elevation had a grievance, for despite the careful schooling in their hands, the governor was developing an alarming tendency to think for himself and to act on his own responsibility. He showed an unpleasant inclination to sacrifice the interests of the party machine to the welfare of his constituents. Worst of all, he entertained an insane idea that his election was due to his own efforts and the votes of his fellow-citizens. When the chairman of the State Committee intimated, in a heart-to-heart talk, that Hutchinson owed his occupancy of the gubernatorial

chair to the Danner Irrigation Company, the governor sat very still and stern for a few seconds; then, with an attitude and a look which the committeemen never forgot, he consigned the Danner Company to a region where irrigation will be highly esteemed if ever introduced.

From that instant the political fight was on. If he had worked during the campaign, the governor now slaved. Where he had once asked only for votes, he now demanded from his personal friends and political supporters unswerving fidelity. He no longer made speeches, but far into the night, often until daybreak, he planned, either alone or with his lieutenants, for the outwitting of the enemy. The keen intellect which years before had earned for him first honors at a great eastern college had only slumbered during his ranch life. Now it awoke to the struggle of the hour, fresh girded and powerful. But in the eyes of "the gang" there was nothing so disastrous as his determination to fight fire with fire. If the machine and the Danner Company spent money to achieve their object, he would spend money to defeat it. His private fortune loomed up inconveniently large—to the opposition—and ranchmen from all over the State rallied to his financial aid.

Clearly it was a struggle between ranchmen and their interests, headed by Governor Hutchinson and the Danner Company with its spirit of monopoly, backed by the party machine. For the Danner Company, if successful, would practically control the water supply of the southern part of the State. In the presence of such an issue, party lines went down. The Leg-

islature was divided between those who were with the governor and those who opposed him. All other measures sank into insignificance, public business seemed at a standstill, and, thanks to the vexed question, old friends passed on the streets as strangers.

The debate was waging its fiercest, the air was heavy with expectancy, but the governor was not present to witness the final struggle, to watch the vote. He had been found on the floor of his library at daybreak, overcome by the mental strain under which he had labored. Physicians were hastily summoned, and Sam Adams gently drew the sobbing Eleanor from her father's inert, almost rigid form. In fact, during the next few hours, Sam Adams was the only cool man inside the governor's mansion, or without. It was he who calmed and reassured his employer's lieutenants, and personally laid out the remainder of the campaign as the governor had outlined it during their last conversation. Then he spirited the white-faced governor and his charming daughter to Silver Lake, where he intercepted all telegrams and telephone messages, giving to the invalid only those bits of information which would tend to soothe and cheer him.

So it happened that one brisk, yet spring-like morning, Hutchinson stood on the porch of Cedar cottage, looking down upon the ambitious little town of Silver Lake. The house belonged to President Caryll, of the M. & R. G. road, as did also the private car lying in the Silver Lake yards at the command of the governor. The president of the M. & R. G. was not financially interested in the Danner



bill, and he rather admired the plucky fight Hutchinson was putting up.

But the governor was not thinking of the Danner bill this morning. Instead, he was meditatively watching two figures strolling up the incline. Adams had been down to the depot to receive the regular morning report from Prescott, who was conducting the anti-Danner campaign in the absence of Hutchinson. Apparently he was in no haste to deliver the message, and this might have been due to the fact that Eleanor Hutchinson was his companion. They paused several times in their slow ascent to gaze across the mountain valley where the M. & R. G. ran in a glistening, sinuous thread. Once they paused, not to admire the scenery, but evidently to look into each other's eyes. The governor leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes wearily, drawing his great coat closer, as if the sun-lit morning had suddenly turned gray and cold. Yet when Eleanor ran up the steps and his eyes opened, they bore such a weight of tenderness that the girl stopped abruptly. The light words of greeting were stayed, the careless caress was not given, and a deep flush mounted to the roots of her wavy, copper-colored hair.

"Daddy, dear, what is it?" she whispered, and her lips quivered, for as she spoke she knew he had seen and understood. Then, without waiting for an answer, she bent over him, pressed one long, tender kiss on his colorless lips, and hurried into the house.

As she disappeared, Hutchinson stretched out his hand to Adams. It trembled a trifle, but his voice was firm and even.

"It's all right, Sam. I've seen it coming for weeks, and I don't know any man to whom I'd trust her quicker, but she's been away at school so long that I must have her to myself for a while. You'll not take her from me yet?"

Adams held the governor's hot hand in his own cool, strong clasp.

"Not until I've earned the right, sir. And not while I am your private secretary. We may have to wait several years, but I am so sure of Eleanor and her love. They are worth working for, early and late."

Hutchinson leaned back in his chair with a sigh of relief.

"I like your spirit, Adams, and Eleanor, well, she's her mother over again." He uttered the last words as if no higher compliment could be paid any woman, then he squared round in his chair and his entire manner changed.

"Anything new from Prescott?"

Adams lighted a fresh cigar with a careless gesture.

"Nothing new. Prescott says the opposition is making a last desperate stand and offering all kinds of money for votes, but can't find 'em. Hitchcock has been offered a thousand shares of Danner stock if he wins the fight, and he makes his brags that he'll do it if he and the whole Central Committee swing for it."

Governor Hutchinson laughed heartily.

"Good, they are getting to the end of their rope. Well, we'll beat 'em. By thunder, we have 'em beat now, but they won't admit it."

The governor paused abruptly, and shaded his eyes with his hand. A man was hurrying up the incline.

"Looks like Griggs. By Jove, it is Griggs!"

Adams rose and shook himself like a much tried and thoroughly roused dog.

"Wonder what he's after," he murmured under his breath. The governor will never get well if two-penny politicians are chasing up here every day."

Griggs was walking up the narrow path with an attempt at jauntiness and self-possession which annoyed Adams. The governor rose unsteadily to receive his unexpected caller. Griggs sprang forward effusively.

"Don't let me keep you standin', Gov. This ain't no party call. You and Adams look surprised, and no wonder, but things had got to the point where something had to be done—and so I'm here."

He paused awkwardly. Griggs was a deserter from the Danner ranks, and Adams hated deserters on general principles, Griggs in particular. Yet he knew that this ill-formed, undersized man, with the features of a professional pugilist, was feared by his political opponents inside the ring and out.

"It ain't on the square, I know," he was saying as he seated himself close to the governor, "to break in like this against doctor's orders, but things is goin' dead wrong down in town, and there ain't a minute to waste. Telegraphin' is so derved unsatisfactory, and I made up my mind the only thing for me to do was to have a talk with you face to face. You see, Gov., your young fellow, Prescott, is a nice boy, but that's just it—he's a boy. He's young and foolish, and he's makin' some bad breaks. I tell you, Gov., we

miss you bad. It's just this way, Prescott's so wrapped up in lickin' the Danner outfit, that he won't listen to nothin' else. Lenton from Greeley wants to get a hearin' for his U. P. extension bill, and Prescott's got things tied up and won't give Lenton any show. Lenton says if this keeps up much longer he'll go over to the opposition, and swallow the Danner bill, Hitchcock and all. And we can't afford to lose Lenton, for he'll take half a dozen more of the northern men with him."

The governor passed his hand wearily across his temples. It certainly seemed as if this petty dispute might have been settled by wire. But then — "Well, what shall I do? Wire Prescott to help Lenton? I should think——"

"That's it—wire," broke in Griggs eagerly. "Then I'll rush back on the fast mail, and hump things up for Lenton. If we can hold him and his fellows, we've got 'em beat. The deadlock's bound to break to-night."

Hutchinson dictated a telegram to Adams, who quickly mounted his wheel and started to coast in the direction of the depot. As he darted out of sight, a gleam shot from Grigg's eye. It might have been malicious triumph, or merely relief. Then he turned to the governor and detailed the situation at the capital, not failing to give himself due credit for several clever manœuvres.

Adams returned presently, a puzzled look on his face.

"Trouble all along the line. Wires down in half a dozen places, and no storm to account for it. The operator is all at sea, and as the breaks are both north and south of this point, he

can't tell when a message can be put through."

Suddenly Griggs was seized with an inspiration.

"Tell you what, Gov.," he said, with uncouth familiarity. "If the mail's on time, I'll get to Denver and can work this out with Prescott. Just give me a line to him. He ain't takin' any hints from me, but a line from you'll do the business.

Adams stepped into the parlor, which was temporarily arranged as an office. Griggs sat silent, but alert, his fingers thrust into his coat pocket, and nervously twitching at a folded letter.

Adams dictated a brief but clear note of instruction to Prescott, urging that Lenton's cause be given due attention.

He returned carrying the letter, typewritten on official paper. The governor drew out his fountain pen for the signature, but Griggs leaned forward with ill-suppressed eagerness.

"Say, Gov., if you don't mind, let me see what you've said. We don't want to hurt Prescott's feelin's, you know, for we can't afford no family ructions at this stage of the game."

The governor, slightly amused at this sudden consideration for Prescott's feelings, handed over the letter, and turned to Adams with a quizzical smile on his lips. But the latter had forgotten the existence of Prescott and Griggs. He was gazing absently at a certain spot where Eleanor and he had paused that morning, trying to recall the naive caress in her tones, and the love-light in her eyes. He did not notice that Griggs was folding the letter.

"Guess you'd better sign this, Gov., or it won't do the business."

As Griggs offered him the half-folded sheet the governor's face turned a dull grey, and he seemed to fear that the wind might carry off the precious message. The governor rested it on the arm of his chair and hastily affixed his signature. Griggs rose hurriedly and looked at his watch.

"Just about time for me to make it, and the less talkin' you hear, Gov., I guess the better. Hope you'll be down, runnin' things yourself soon. Lord knows we need you."

As he tramped off in the direction of the depot, Eleanor took possession of the chair he had just vacated. Adams stopped scowling and dropped upon the step at her feet.

"Confounded nonsense," he growled. "He just wanted to impress your father with his importance."

Eleanor smoothed the wrinkles from her father's brow, as she whispered:

"Never mind, Daddy, dear, you'll be out of this some day, and we'll never run for office again. We'll be far happier down on the dear old ranch."

As she spoke, the fast mail for Denver pulled into Silver Lake from the north, and from the south a long, quivering freight train swung into sight. On the rear coach of the passenger train stood Griggs ostentatiously waving his handkerchief to the group at Cedar cottage.

Five minutes later the trio on the porch were astonished to see a dusty, breathless figure stumbling up the path. Panting, almost sobbing, the little fellow dropped at the governor's feet.

"He's gone. I seen him, an' I tried to get here on time, but——"

"Johnny Doherty," gasped the gov-



ernor. "Where on earth did you come from?"

Johnny Doherty was a house page, elevated from the governor's ranch to the honor of bearing messages for law-makers—and law breakers. He had utterly forgotten his new dignity, and the governor's also. Great tears rolled down his cheeks.

"I done me best, governor, but I didn't have the price, an' the passenger con, he wouldn't take me watch. The freight starts first, but the passenger beats us in, an' I'm too late. I seen Griggs all right."

The lad, spent with anxiety and violent exertion, was sobbing again. The governor's party gazed at him and then at each other in silent amazement. Then a sudden light flashed in Adams' eye, and he placed his hand on the boy's shoulder.

"Give us a straight story, Johnny. What's up? Were you trying to head off Mr. Griggs?"

"Yes, sir, it's him, an' he's got a letter what he'd oughtn't to have. I was sleepin' in the cloak room las' night, for it seemed they'd never get through talkin' an' fightin', an' Hitchcock an' some of his gang comes in for a quiet talk an' don't see me. An' Hitchcock, he says, 'Boys, this thing's got to be pulled off. We've risked a fortune an' we ain't takin' no chances. We've got to make that fool governor a prisoner up to Silver Lake, an' I've sent out the men this evenin' what'll do it. We'll jus' cut wires and post 'em along the line to see there ain't no monkey business, nor hitches in the program. I've got Griggs under me thumb again, an' he'll take a fake letter out for the governor to sign. Don't you worry but he'll fool him all right. He's a smooth

one. All we want is the enterin' wedge, an' we'll smash their organization.' Then they all commences to talk at oncet, but he tells 'em to shut up, he ain't runnin' no kindergarten, an' it's only a question of a couple hundred more any how.

"Then I holds me breath so they won't hear me, an' when they're gone, I tries to fin' Mr. Prescott, but he ain't nowhere about the Senate nor the House, nor his hotel, an' then I says, 'The governor's the one to queer this deal,' an' I makes for the depot. Say, Governor, you ain't signed that letter have you?"

The governor was standing now, his figure drawn to its full height, every muscle quivering with passion.

"My God, Adams, do you understand? That was why he wanted to read the letter. I'm a ruined man!"

Adams clutched Johnny by the arm.

"Did Hitchcock say what was in the fake letter?"

Johnny hesitated an instant, then his face cleared.

"There was something about the governor having thought it all over here in the quiet, an' he guessed he was wrong to obstruct all other legislation, an' for Prescott to call the fight off, an'——"

The governor groaned and fell back in his chair. But it was Eleanor who ministered to him. Adams leaned heavily against the porch railing, thinking—thinking hard and fast. He turned to his employer and his face set.

"We'll beat 'em yet, Mr. Hutchinson. There's the special always steamed up. Give me an order, and I'll follow Griggs."

For an instant hope shone in Hutchinson's eyes, then died down.

"Impossible, Adams. They've got too much start on you."

Adams turned resolutely.

"Then I'll run down the line to the first station where we can get connections by wire, and notify Prescott of the fraud. Come, Mr. Hutchinson, if I'm to beat Griggs there's not a moment to lose. An order for the special, quick!"

The governor wrote the order eagerly. Adams dashed into the house and shortly reappeared clad in bicycle trousers and a sweater, with a snug cap pulled tightly over his head. As he reached the governor's side, Eleanor slipped her hand in his. He held her close to his heart and whispered:

"I will do my best, dearest, for his sake, and yours."

The governor looked up and read the pleading in his daughter's eyes.

"Yes, Eleanor, I know it's for your sake more than mine, and if he makes it—well, I shan't ask him to wait long for his reward."

Adams clutched the order, then stooped for one more kiss. As he dashed down the steps, Johnny Doherty, utterly forgotten in the general commotion, stood in his path.

"I'm goin' with you. I want to see this out."

"Come on, then," laughed Adams, and the two hurried down the mountain path.

When the governor's special, consisting of President Caryl's private car and a mountain engine, pulled on to the main track, loungers around the depot were in a fine flurry. What had happened? Was the governor worse? Had the Danner bill passed? And did the mysterious visitor who had left on the fast mail for Denver have any-

thing to do with this sudden calling out of the special? But while conjectures flew fast and furious, none dared ask questions of the white-faced, angry-browed young man who stood on the rear platform of President Caryl's car.

Two men, strangers in the town, listened silently to the flood of rumors, then suddenly moved toward the small turn-table.

"I guess this is where we get in our graft," remarked one as they pulled out of the crowd of idlers.

"Hitchcock was lookin' for something like this, I reckon."

On the turn-table stood the freight pusher, ready for the run back to the foot of the grade. The fireman was fussing at her, oilcan in hand. He declared afterwards that he must have been hypnotized. Anyhow, he left his engine to visit the Red Front saloon with one of the strangers. The other, who seemed familiar with engines, lounged carelessly on the steps until his partner and the fireman had disappeared behind the swinging doors. With a cat-like motion he mounted the engine and commenced to feed the fire-box with coal. Then with his hand on the throttle, the engine moved slowly off the switch and gained the main track under ever-increasing headway.

Several of the yard-hands, thinking the man had inadvertently opened the throttle, ran to his rescue. Some two hundred feet below the switch lay a sand-bank, and into this the man plunged, after pulling the throttle wide open. Before his would-be rescuers could reach him, he had pulled himself out of the sand and disappeared in the underbrush below. The second man was given no thought. Every

mind was centered on the wild engine on the track of the special, now whirling around the mule-shoe curve.

It was Johnny Doherty, hanging breathlessly from a window of the private car, who first spotted the runaway engine, now on the opposite side of the curve and gaining in velocity with every revolution of the wheels.

"They're after us—some one is," he shouted excitedly. Adams and the conductor stopped discussing telegraph stations and dashed to the platform. The face of the experienced railroad man blanched.

"My God, there's no one aboard. Our lives ain't worth a burnt tie," he groaned. Adams watched the furious progress of the wild engine, and his thoughts traveled back to the girl on the porch. Then he pulled himself together.

"There must be a way out of this, man!" he shouted to the conductor, who crouched white and speechless in the great plush chair. The rich furnishings of the president's car were a mockery to this man, whose wife and babies were waiting for him in Denver. He shook his head.

"None, unless it runs off the track on that short curve. One chance in a thousand."

The engineer had seen the runaway, and he was warning his three helpless passengers with shrill, sharp whistles of alarm.

"Good God, man, can't you slow up and let us get out on the trestles?"

The conductor pointed silently to the narrow spans of iron below which the deep ravine yawned treacherously. The train lurched forward wildly. The engineer was making one frantic effort to distance the runaway. Johnny Do-

herty's eyes fairly bulged out in terror at the pace. Suddenly Adams sprang to his feet.

"See here, there's a sand pit, just as we strike the level. I saw it coming up. Switch locked?"

"There's no chance. It'll be on us before we get——"

But he did not finish the sentence. He suddenly collapsed and was now lying on the floor. Adams grabbed Johnny's arm roughly.

"We'll have to do it alone, kid," he exclaimed in a voice tense and unnatural. "Come out here." He led the way to the rear platform. Then carefully balancing himself, he gazed from the swaying scenes through which they rushed to the iron monster tearing down the incline behind them.

"We're getting near the bottom," he murmured, then aloud, "Pull that bell-cord, quick, Johnny." He was swinging on the lower step now, staring fixedly at each scudding rock and tree as if watching for some familiar landmark. Johnny watched the swaying figure and Adams, glancing up, fairly shrieked above the din of the on-rushing train:

"Pull that cord, lad, or we will be killed!"

Mechanically the boy grasped the cord. The engine dashing on their trail drew nearer and still nearer. Johnny gave a pitiful cry and sank on the platform, staring helplessly at the iron monster bearing down upon them. Adams, from his perilous perch, felt the special slowing up in response to the signal. Then came a crunching sound. The special was crossing the switch—and the lower step was empty!

Within the luxurious private car, the



conductor, half-dazed, also felt the slowing up of the train, and then, above the grinding of wheels and brakes and the vibration of rails, he heard a keen, boyish scream. He made a dash for the rear platform. The special had come to a stand-still some sixty feet below the switch, and the runaway engine was burrowing its way futilely but desperately into the sand-bank. Beside the switch lay a quiet figure.

Before the railroad men could reach the switch, Adams had recovered consciousness, and was rubbing his hand stupidly over his eyes. The engineer laid a trembling hand on his shoulder. "Much hurt, old man? You must have had a nasty jump."

Adams rose unsteadily and gave a shuddering glance at the whirring wheels of the balked engine.

"Not a scratch, I believe. Just the reaction. For a second I couldn't tell whether the switch would give or not, and that thing roaring down on me, well—I felt a bit sick. But the momentum of my body striking against the switch must have opened it. It doesn't seem as if I ever touched it with my hands."

He laughed nervously, and started back toward the special.

"There'll be a damage bill for that, I suppose," he said, grimly, indicating the demoralized engine in the sand-pit. "But in your report, just charge it up to the State Central Committee—and Hitchcock!"

The conductor made no reply. He suddenly felt subdued in the presence

of this brisk young man who, knowing nothing of railroading could thus dare to plan the salvation of five human beings.

\* \* \* \* \*

Half an hour later, Adams sat in the long-distance telephone booth of Crescent City, talking with Prescott. He had beaten Griggs and the forged letter by just ten minutes. Then he called up the *Star*, Governor Hutchinson's strongest ally in Denver, and gave the editor such a story as had never before passed over the wires in Colorado. Only one portion of the adventure did he suppress. He failed to mention the name of the man who turned the switch. The editor was too excited to ask the question, and before he rang off, he exclaimed:

"We'll have this on the street in twenty minutes. It will sound the death-knell of the Danner bill!"

And it did.

That night at Cedar Cottage, the governor, his daughter and the governor's private secretary reviewed the exciting events of the day. Eleanor's hand rested unrebuked in Adams' strong palm. The governor beamed on them both.

"I don't see how you ever dared to jump for the switch," Eleanor was saying. Hutchinson considerably turned his head, and Adams, bending close to the girl of his heart, whispered tenderly:

"I thought of what your father had said about—the—reward—then I shut my eyes—and jumped. That's all."

# Ye Ancient Inns of Boston Town

By Frederic Walter Norcross

I WRITE of old Boston, of the days when gentlemen wore cocked hats, long-curling wigs, and handsome cloaks; when the townspeople were no less austere than their harsh laws; when "witches" were burned in Salem and innocent Quakers were hanged on Boston Common; when kissing in public was a crime, and galloping through the streets forbidden; when the stranger had "to give bond to save the Town from all damage and charge while entertaining him;" when to be absent from "meeting" was criminal, and speaking ill of a minister a grave offence; when officers with long wands corrected the inattentive and slumbering ones in church, while others patrolled the streets in search of absentees; when swains and maidens walking abroad after ten o'clock were accosted by constables, who wished to know the business which took them abroad at such unseemly hours.

"They have a greater veneration for the evening of Saturday than for that of the Lord's Day itself," says Neal, "so that all business is laid aside by sunset or six o'clock on Saturday night. The Sabbath itself is kept with great strictness, nobody being seen in the streets in time of Divine service, except the constables, who are appointed to search all public houses. But in the evening they allow themselves great liberty and freedom."

"A countryman of mine," writes M.

l'Abbe Robin, "lodging at the same inn with me, took it into his head one Sunday to play a little upon his flute; but the neighborhood became so incensed that our landlord was obliged to acquaint him of their uneasiness." The Frenchman would have had a mob about his ears had those strains continued.

Furthermore, it is recorded that in 1641 twelve hundred men trained for two days in Boston, yet during that time no man became drunk or swore an oath. The militia were more abstemious then than now. But the laws were more strict, and landlords were held to account for patrons who left their houses otherwise than sober. The comfort of their guests was also a matter of public welfare, as the following act of 1649 would indicate:

"Nor shall any take *tobacco* in any inne, or common victual house, except in a private room there, so as the master of said house nor any guest there shall take offence thereat; which if any do, then such persons shall forbear, upon pain of two shillings and sixpence for any such offence."

*Cole's Inn*, the *Ship Tavern*, the *Blue Anchor*, and the *Red Lyon* were the first of Boston's public houses.

*Cole's* was the oldest, and on Merchant's Row, midway between Faneuil Hall and State street, as the city now stands, Samuel Cole hung out his sign. Here Miantonomoh and his dusky retinue were lodged when they visited Governor Vane in 1636, and a year

later the Earl of Marlborough repaired to the hostelry on his arrival from England. On the morning following his arrival an invitation came from Winthrop asking his Lordship to accept the hospitality of the Governor's mansion. But this the haughty earl declined. The house wherein he was staying "was exceedingly well-governed," he said, and he was as private there as elsewhere, which answer offended the Governor, but delighted Landlord Cole, who rubbed his hands with pleasure at the compliment paid to his hostelry.

The original *Ship Tavern* was typical of the period. Two stories in height, with the upper one projecting, with walls of brick laid in the English bond, overhanging eaves, and its roof broken by luthern windows, it stood on the corner of North and Clark streets. Thomas Hutchinson, father of the Governor, was landlord, and later, John Vyal. During Vyal's administration, Sir Robert Carr, Colonel Richard Nichols, Colonel George Cartwright and Samuel Maverick arrived from England and took lodging there. These gentlemen were commissioned by Charles II. to settle all disputes arising in the New England colony. They accordingly secured the most comfortable chambers in the *Ship*, and at the public expense liberally provided themselves with Master Vyal's best. But far from settling disputes, they became involved in one which threatened to shake the peace of the community, for Sir Robert Carr, while under the influence of the tavern's "best," assaulted a constable, who attempted to remonstrate with him, the fray taking place in the public room while landlord and guests looked on with inter-

est. For that offence Sir Robert received a summons from the Governor to come to his house and answer the complaint lodged against him. But his reply was characteristic:

"Sr," he wrote. "Yors I receyved last night in answer to wh as I am Sr Robert Carr I would have complied wth yor desyres, but as I am wth ye Kyng's Commission, I shal not grant yor requests, both in respect of his Majestyes honor and my oune duty, and rest yours

ROBERT CARR.

Boston Jan. 23, 1666.  
For Major General John Leverett.

And, holding the King's Commission, he was successful in defying punishment.

Less fortunate was a certain Captain Stone, who humorously dubbed Magistrate Ludlow a *justass*, in the room of this public house, for which offense he was fined one hundred pounds and forbidden to re-enter the colony on pain of death. The Puritans evidently failed to appreciate a good pun, particularly when it was aimed against their institutions.

Even more severe was their punishment of Nicholas Upshall, the Quaker Boniface of the *Red Lyon Inn*, in North End. Upshall's career was a noble one. He came to Boston in 1637, and his first banishment was the result of an attempt to bribe the keeper of the jail. Two Quakeresses were starving within, and Upshall wished to pass food to them. For this he was imprisoned by those God-fearing Puritans, and later was hanged for no greater offence than the practice of his peaceful religion. His remains lie in Copp's Hill Cemetery, and it is probable that he is the only Boniface who suffered martyrdom in this country.



The fourth and last of the popular inns of the seventeenth century was the *Blue Anchor*, located in Cornhill. It was kept in 1664 by Robert Turner, and later by Landlord George Monck, and from the records of this hostelry a fair idea of colonial inn-keeping may be obtained:

"At the sign of the Blue Anchor, Turner furnished lodgings and refreshment to members of the government, to juries, and to the clergy, when summoned into synod by our General Court,"

writes Savage; and that the General Court did not stint itself is in evidence from an old bill of an election banquet of the period. For two hundred and four diners, 72 bottles of Madeira, 28 of Lisbon, 17 of port, 10 of claret, 18 of porter, and 50 "double-bowls" of punch, besides cider, were ordered. The gentry were copious drinkers in those days, but it is likely that a portion, at least, of the General Court staggered from that feast in a manner which shocked the constables. Many were doubtless carried to the comfortable chambers above, which we learn were not numbered, as at present, but bore such titles as the "Cross Keyes," "Green Dragon," "Anchor and Castle," and "Rose and Sun Low Room." The unfortunate gentleman who spent the night in the Green Dragon chamber, after that drinking bout must have seen those proverbial "snakes" with a vengeance.

A century later Joseph Ingersoll, of the *Bunch of Grapes Tavern*, furnished the Council with two dozen Maderia, three dozen Lisbon, four and a half gallons of Vidania, "to mix with water," and six double-bowls of punch for one dinner. Assuredly, Hutchinson and his dozen associates did not stint themselves.

The *Bunch of Grapes*, replaced by the New England Bank, was one of the most popular inns of the eighteenth century. Francis Holmes kept it in 1712, William Coffin in '31, Joshua Barker in '49, Colonel Ingersoll in '64, John Marston in '77, William Foster in '82, and James Vila in '89. Among its notable guests was Governor William Burnett, who on his arrival in 1728 was escorted from the Neck to the *Bunch of Grapes* by a great array of enthusiastic citizens, headed by the Lieutenant-Governor, the Council, and Colonel Dudley's regiments. Burnett was accompanied by a French tutor, a steward, a black laundress, and a cook, at which escort the Bostonians gazed with no little curiosity. In 1776 the immortal Declaration was read from its balcony, and after the reading the populace burned the lions and unicorns from the Town, Courts, and Custom Houses, in front of this hostelry. The heat damaged the sign, which displayed three clusters of grapes, and threatened to ignite the inn, but it was saved. Twelve years later young Lafayette was a guest there.

It is said that Governor Pownall was a frequent visitor at the *Bunch of Grapes* tavern. Pownall was short of stature and inclined to be corpulent, but a great ladies' man, withal, who saluted every woman, as they used to salute them, with a sounding kiss on the cheek, to whom he was presented. One day a tall dame was introduced to the little fellow, and he promptly requested her to stoop to meet his proffered courtesy. "Nay, I'll stoop to no man,—not even to your Excellency," exclaimed this haughty dame. Whereupon the Governor

sprang on a chair beside her. "Then I'll stoop to you, madam," he replied, with a bow, and leaning over, caressed the cheek of the fair one.

A less courteous visitor was Sir William Phips, who once threatened to thrash the landlord of this hostelry. Sir William was no idle boaster in this respect, for he was a man of ungovernable temper, and his caning of Captain Short of the *Nonsuch* frigate, and assaults on Collector of the Port Brenton, are matters of history. Phips was a man of Herculean stature and strength, which rendered these personal encounters decidedly unpleasant for his adversaries. His most notable conflict of this nature took place in the General Court, where his adherents were arguing in favor of excluding all members who were not residents of the towns they represented. But the stiff opposition of the non-residents threatened to defeat the bill, which so enraged Sir William that he rushed into the chamber, cane in hand, and drove the opposers from their benches. He had a favorite window in the *Bunch of Grapes*, which none other dared occupy, and where he would sit on fine afternoons glaring out at the pedestrians on State Street.

The *Orange Tree Tavern* dispensed rum and Jamaica spirits on Hanover Street, from 1712, when Jonathan Wardwell was landlord, until 1785, when the house was disposed of. The inn took its name from the orange-tree on its sign, and was noted for having the best well of water in town—the same "never being dry nor known to freeze." Master Wardwell was enterprising. Coaches and chariots were rare in the colonies, and in 1712 he made the *Orange Tree* the headquar-

ters for the first public coach in Boston. Only a few families of distinction owned four-wheeled chaises then, and the gentry were forced to walk to their balls and parties. In consequence there ensued a rush of orders for the coach; the fame of the *Orange Tree* was enhanced, and Master Wardwell left his widow a very rich woman.

Fifty years later the business had extended. In 1763, Bartholomew Stavers established his Portsmouth Flying Stage, at the sign of the *Light House* in North End. Horses and coach were kept in Charlestown, to save the expense of ferriage, but all bookings were made in Boston. Master Stavers gave notice that "as this is a convenient and genteel way of travelling, and greatly cheaper than hiring carriages or horses," he "hoped ladies and gentlemen would encourage the same." His coach could "accommodate six," and the fare to Portsmouth was "thirteen shillings and six-pence, sterling." Six years later, Edward Wade put on a stage to Marblehead, and advertised that he "might be spoken with at the widow Trefry's in Fish Street."

Over the latter route, in the spring of 1741, rode Sir Charles Henry Frankland, Collector of Boston. Alighting at the sign of the *White Swan*, the baronet's eye wandered past the obsequious landlord and beheld Agnes Surriage, the lovely maid-of-all-work, in the doorway. Agnes Surriage was the beauty of that region. Hostlers and post-boys glanced amorously after her, but she disdained their advances. It was said that the landlord himself was in love with her, and certain it is that she had refused offers from several good men

in the village. But the courting of a baronet was received with more favor. Sir Charles Frankland bowed gallantly, and the beautiful maid-of-all-work curtsied and blushed. Sir Charles had business in Boston next day, but he dallied at the *White Swan*. Soon after the town began to whisper scandal about them, at which Agnes gave the heart-broken landlord "notice." Then Sir Charles conveyed her to his estate in Hopkinton, where their love was idyllic.

But less happy days awaited Agnes in England, where she was made to feel the scorn of her lover's proud family. The pair fled to Portugal. They were in Lisbon during the great earthquake of November 1st, 1755, when Sir Charles, while riding through the city, was overwhelmed and beaten down by the falling debris. The faithful Agnes did not faint on hearing the news, but with a few servants she made her way through the well-nigh impassable thoroughfares, and rescued her entombed lover. And for that act the former maid-of-all-work of the little Marblehead inn became Lady Frankland.

Before taking up the inns of the Revolution, mention must be made of the *Sun* taverns, a name very popular with the landlords of old Boston. One of these inns was kept by Samuel Mears, in Dock Square, and another stood in Cornhill, where Captain James Day invited custom. That in Batterymarch had a sign whose circular top resembled a gravestone, but there the resemblance ended, for instead of an inscription were the words:

"The Best Ale and Porter  
Under the Sun."

By a curious transition, this sign

was afterwards hung in Moon Street, where a Mrs. Milk dispensed mixtures less mild than her name would indicate.

At this latter inn, and nearly a century later, the English actor, Edmund Kean, would resort after his evening performance. Kean was an inveterate drinker, and in moments of intoxication would give play to his vanity to be considered a Latin scholar.

By Revolutionary times, manners and customs had changed. The stern Puritan law-makers passed away, and with them their sad-colored clothing. Velvets, ruffles and three-cornered headgear were in fashion; gentlemen carried gold-headed canes in place of swords. Powdered hair and periwigs were in vogue. The aristocracy wore coats of white, blue, and scarlet cloth trimmed with gold, and ladies' toilets were even more extravagant. Among the gentlemen, hard-drinking was considered an accomplishment, and the taverns were scenes of much merry-making, but none were so convivial, so rollicking, so devil-may-care over their cups, as those red-coated officers of His Majesty's Service.

The inns they patronized were numerous, but we will only consider the most popular. These were the *Blue Bell* and *Indian Queen*, standing on each side of the passage leading from Washington Street to Hawley, and where officers from the Province House and Old South frequently assembled. Over their cognac and meat they laughed at the plotting which the Sons of Liberty were carrying on at the *Green Dragon*, and spoke of the powder which was being collected near Cambridge, and which General Gage was planning to capture. But the



landlady happened to be a Whig, and something of an Amazon; and one day when those tipsy gallants called for brandy under the name of "Yankee blood," she seized a spit and dashing among them, struck right and left till the room was cleared of that company. Zadock Pomery kept the inn in 1800, and a score of years later the *Washington Coffee-House* replaced it. It was the starting place of the old Roxbury Hourlies.

The British officers also patronized the *Royal Exchange*. On the southwest corner of Exchange and State Streets it stood, giving its name to the former narrow thoroughfare. In 1747, when fire destroyed the Town House, the General Court was held there for the remaining days of the session. Luke Vardy was landlord then, and a favorite hostelry with Masons was the *Exchange*, for Vardy was honored among the fraternity.

"Where's honest Luke, that cook from London?"

For without Luke, the Lodge is undone.  
'Twas he who oft dispell'd their sadness.  
And filled the Brethren's hearts with gladness.

Luke in return is made a brother,  
As good and true as any other,  
And still, though broke with age and wine,  
Preserves the token and the sign."

Thus did Joseph Green apostrophize the good host of the *Royal Exchange*, at one of their festivals.

Early in 1728, this inn was the scene of a fatal quarrel between Benjamin Woodbridge and Henry Phillips. Both men were young and of Boston's first families. Woodbridge made a slighting remark about a friend and Phillips hurled his wine in the insulted's face. Friends separated the combatants, but they met at sunrise, on the

Common near the Powder House. There Phillips passed his sword through his opponent's body, and later in the morning young Woodbridge was found lying dead among the wet grasses.

Phillips escaped on a man-of-war which was just weighing anchor, and this duel gave rise to the law whereby the convicted offender was "to be carried publicly in a cart to the gallows, with a rope about his neck, and set on the gallows an hour; then to be imprisoned twelve months without bail," and finally executed. The person killed in a duel was denied "Christian burial," and interred "near the usual place of execution with a stake drove through his body."

A more agreeable passage from the history of the *Royal Exchange* was the romance which had its opening chapter there. When the British troops were landing in Boston, Susanna Sheaffe, eldest daughter of the Deputy, was in the *Exchange*. Attracted by the passing soldiery and music of the bands she stepped out on the balcony, and there attracted the attention of Captain Ponsonby Molesworth, a nephew of Lord Ponsonby, who was in the ranks. Molesworth, much impressed by the girl's beauty, pointed her out to a brother officer, exclaiming, "Jove! That girl seals my fate." Which speech proved true, for he afterwards married her.

One evening in 1769, James Otis, the brilliant young orator and darling of the Boston populace, wended his way down King Street toward the *British Coffee-House*. A few days before, he had delivered his famous speech against the Writs of Assistance, and in the ever-growing spirit of re-

volt which was agitating Boston, men looked upon James Otis as a leader. A great career seemed opening before him. He had enemies, to be sure, but what rising man had not. He could afford to laugh at such, for the Boston mob carried him on their shoulders.

Such were the thoughts of James Otis as he approached the *British Coffee-House*. There was another mingled with them: he was wondering who the unknown could be, whose note was in his pocket and who had requested to meet him in the coffee-house at that hour.

He was to learn soon enough. Otis paused to speak with a friend beneath the broad sign. Then he entered the inn, and was immediately jostled into a corner by a party of roughs, headed by Robinson, the Customs Commissioner, whom he had criticised in his speech a few days before. The crowd closed in about the orator. There ensued a scuffle and sound of blows; at which Otis's friend rushed to his assistance, but was caught by two of the roughs and pushed into the street. Meanwhile James Otis was borne to the floor, beaten, and left stunned and bleeding, with a great cut in his forehead.

His ambitions were futile, for from that moment his career was well-nigh over. The effects of that wound clouded the young man's brain, and insanity ensued; yet such was his magnanimity, that when Robinson apologized Otis refused the damages which the courts awarded him. He was killed by a stroke of lightning at Andover, some years later.

A group of officers witnessed that attack upon Otis in the *British Coffee-House*, for the place was popular with

such. In 1750 it was the scene of the first theatrical entertainment in Boston, when a party of these red-coated gentlemen presented Otway's "Orphan," in the great public-room. Many ladies attended and roundly applauded the actors. A quarter century later Surgeon Bolton delivered harangues from its balcony, ridiculing the orations of Hancock and Warren. But the surgeon's audience included none of the populace, and had not the main-guard been paraded below on these occasions, there would have been none to hear the little man's violent eloquence. After the evacuation, the *British Coffee-House* became the *American Coffee-House*, and jackasses were sold in the street where the patient main-guard formerly listened to Surgeon Bolton.

Another tavern of red-coat renown was the *Black Horse Inn*, standing in the little thoroughfare of that name near Hanover Street. This hostelry, whose name was corrupted into *Black-us-inn*, often served as a refuge for deserters from Burgoyne's army, and was of considerable antiquity.

The *Cromwell's Head* stood in the neighborhood of King's Chapel. It was a famous hostelry in eighteenth-century Boston, kept by Anthony Brackett in 1760, by his widow in 1764, and later by his brother, Joshua. Its wines were of the best, and Marquis Chastellux alighted there in 1782, before paying his respects to M. de Vandreuil, the commander of the fleet that was to convey him to Rochambeau's army.

The sign of the inn portrayed the head of the Lord Protector and hung so low that pedestrians were compelled to bow before it or whack their heads

against the heavy board. The royal officers compelled Master Brackett to take down the sign since it suggested the overthrow of royal authority, but he had it in place again while they were marching down to their boats on that great day of evacuation. His "bill" was from a plate by Paul Revere, surmounted by a facsimile of the sign, and stating that besides board, lodging and fare, one might have wine, punch, porter and liquor, with due care for one's horse, for certain pounds, shillings and pence.

In 1756, Master Brackett entertained a young officer from Virginia. He was exceeding tall, with large hands and feet, and a patrician air which demanded homage. This was Lieutenant-Colonel George Washington, just returned from that disastrous campaign with Braddock. He was little known in New England then, but Boston was to ring with his praises a score of years later.

When the Revolution was over, Washington again visited the town he had delivered in 1776. It was a raw, wintry day when the General arrived on the Neck to find the suite of the Governor and a host of people waiting, but no Governor to give him welcome. Hancock, it seems, did not wish to recognize a superior personage within his official jurisdiction, and there the crowds waited on that wind-swept strip of land, catching what became known as "the Washington cold," which was to result fatally for many. With the greatest difficulty the authorities persuaded the hero to enter the town, for more than once had he turned his horse's head to depart.

Finally he consented, and rode between the throngs on State Street un-

covered, but never inclining his head to the cheering populace. At the State House he would not alight until assured that the Governor was not present; and to add to his discomfiture the noble warrior found a cold dinner awaiting him at Joseph Ingersoll's inn on Tremont Street.

That day the illustrious visitor kept his room, refusing an invitation to dine with Hancock. But on the following morning, the Governor became convinced of the enormity of his *fasco*, and though suffering from gout, caused himself to be carried to Ingersoll's, where he presented his apologies to the stately visitor.

Madam Hancock relates that the Governor was too ill to leave his house on the day of Washington's entry, and that the warrior shed tears when her helpless husband was carried into his presence. But Hancock was jealous of Washington's elevation to the Presidency, and there were many who believed the slight was intentional. However that may be, it must be stated in Landlord Ingersoll's favor that he procured a fish of great excellence for that otherwise unpleasant dinner, and thus saved his credit with his illustrious visitor.

Most celebrated of all Boston taverns of the period was the famous *Green Dragon*. With good reason Daniel Webster proclaimed it the "headquarters of the Revolution." Warren, John Adams, Paul Revere and James Otis assembled and plotted there. Warren was the first Grand Master of the first Grand Lodge of Masons in Boston, and this organization held its meetings in the *Green Dragon*. To it came hundreds of patriots to confer with their chiefs, and



if "walls have ears," as some believe, many a strange conversation was heard by those broad expanses of wainscot in the chambers of this hostelry. It is on record that the Masonic Lodge adjourned for the "Boston Tea Party." Indeed, nearly one-third of its members participated in that act of lawlessness. Says Revere:

"In the fall of 1774 and winter of 1775 I was one of upwards of thirty, chiefly mechanics, who formed ourselves into a committee for the purpose of watching the movements of the British soldiers, and gaining every intelligence of the movements of the tories. We held our meeting's at the Green Dragon Tavern. This committee was astonished to find all their secrets known to General Gage, although every time they met, every member swore not to reveal any of their transactions except to Hancock, Adams, Warren, Otis, Church, and one or two more."

Doctor Church afterwards proved to be the traitor among them.

A custom long observed in old Boston was the celebration of Pope Day, on November 5th, the anniversary of that momentous Gunpowder Plot. There was bitter rivalry between the North End and South End. Each section had its procession and its Pope, and when the two met, which was sure to occur, a riot ensued. The rival effigies of the papal sovereign were dragged from their thrones, and fists, stones and clubs were freely used by the partisans. Much ill-feeling arose from these combats, and Governor Hancock, fearing them prejudicial to the patriot cause, endeavored in vain to suppress them. Finally he ordered a great feast at the *Green Dragon* on the day of saturnalia, and in eloquent tones begged the assembled leaders of both parties to put a stop to their rivalry. And in this he was successful.

That dinner cost the Governor one thousand dollars, but it put an end to the riots which had long disturbed the community.

The several lodges in the British regiments held meetings at the *Green Dragon* during their occupation of Boston. In 1795 the Massachusetts Charitable Association met there, and twenty years previously a great mass meeting of Boston mechanics assembled to raise their voices in favor of the adoption of the Constitution by the Federal Convention. The roar of emphatic approval which shook the walls of the *Green Dragon* on that occasion led Samuel Adams to exclaim, "Well, if they want it, they must have it." The tavern stood in Union Street, a two-storied, brick building with pitch roof, and having an iron rod projecting above the entrance, on which crouched the fabled monster of antiquity. The site of this most famous of Boston inns is marked by a tablet with a dragon sculptured thereon in bas-relief.

Down on the Neck stood the *George*, another celebrated hostelry of the eighteenth century. At the *George*,—or *Saint George*, as it was ofttime called,—many of the royal governors were received by the shouting populace. It stood in the midst of an estate of eighteen acres, which included a stretch of field and marsh from Roxbury on the south to the great creek on the west. It had orchards and gardens about, and commanded fair Boston on one hand, with a view of Cambridge Bay on the other. But at night the Neck was a desolate, wind-swept stretch, and the stranger approaching the town was tempted and usually succumbed to the cheery

lights which shone from the *George*.

The inn figures well in Boston history. In 1721, the General Court met there while small-pox was raging in the town. Nine years later, when Simon Rogers was landlord, the Probate Court did likewise; and in 1737 Stephen Minot presented the following quaint petition, which, owing to the good reputation of the inn, was allowed:

"That your petitioner lately met with very heavy losses by the way of the sea, it stands him in stead to put his estate on the land to the best improvement he possibly can in the way of Trade &c. And as he designs to keep for sale a variety of goods suitable for the country, so he apprehends it will but little avail him unless he may be permitted to supply his customers with Rum also, because they usually chuse to take up all they want at one place."

And thus Master Minot made his headquarters at the *George* with "goods suitable for the country," which we regret to say, included "Rum." Thirty years later Edward Bardin opened this tavern as the *King's Arms*, but the name proved unpopular and was replaced by the time-honored one.

In 1775, the *George* was a military centre. Just below, the Americans threw up entrenchments which hemmed the Britons in Boston, and despite the fact that it was within range of the British musketry, General Washington visited the inn daily, standing on the low porch, surrounded by a group of men destined to become famous in the annals of their country, and viewing the enemy's position through field-glasses. His uniform at that time was a blue coat with buff-colored facings, a rich epaulet on each shoulder, buff under-dress, an elegant small-sword

and a black cockade in his hat; and that tall, commanding figure was frequently a mark for the British sharpshooters. Several of their bullets lodged in the broad veranda posts, but the General never left his position till the examination was over.

Of this inn and of the Continental soldiery a fair anecdote is related: "A severe rain all night did not much impede our march, but the troops were broken down with fatigue," writes Surgeon Thacher of Colonel Jackson's regiment. "We reached Boston at sunrise, and near the entrance to the Neck is a tavern, having for its sign a representation of a globe, with a man in the act of struggling to get through it; his head and shoulders were out, his arms extended, and the rest of his body enclosed in the globe. On a label from his mouth was written, 'Oh; how shall I get through this world?'"

The *George* was burned during a British sally on the thirtieth of July in that year of the Evacuation.

One more old inn must be mentioned, and our record is done with. This is the *Brazier Tavern* in Corn Court, where Talleyrand sojourned. What a suave, scheming, treacherous diplomat the man was. Pitt banished him from England at the moment Robespierre was proscribing him in France. Then he came to America and intrigued with Jefferson to prevent a treaty with England, but being unsuccessful in this, the arch-plotter fled to Europe.

One day, at the *Brazier Inn*, Talleyrand was pleased with a pen-knife in the landlord's possession. It was of delicate workmanship and the diplomat offered to purchase it; but instead, the American gave it as a present to

his illustrious guest. And when Talleyrand left for Europe he carried the pen-knife with him.

Arriving in Hamburg, the diplomat became enamoured of the beautiful Baroness de S——, better known to the world as "Cordelia." This woman saw the pen-knife in her lover's possession and admired it, with the result that he gave it to her. Later he deserted her, and one day the lovely Bar-

oness was found dead on the floor with an open note directed to M. de Talleyrand on the table beside her.

"I have burnt all your letters. They do no honor to my memory nor to your heart. You are the author of my death; may God forgive you as I do," it read.

She had stabbed herself to the heart with that American pen-knife, the gift of her faithless lover.

## Selfishness

By Charles Hanson Towne

THERE is so much that you can give to me,—  
 I cannot bring you anything at all  
 Save worship and the little, tender words  
 My lips let fall.

But you—oh, you can feed my hungry heart,  
 And you can fill my chalice-soul with wine  
 Till I grow drunk with drinking, marvelling  
 At love like thine.

How selfishly I come to beg all this,  
 I who can give you nothing, dear, at all,  
 Save worship and the little, grateful words  
 My lips let fall.



# An Architect of the Old School

By Henry Turner Bailey

**Y**EARS ago in the golden age of this generation there lived in the quiet village of North Scituate in Massachusetts a sweet little old lady who wore a white frilled cap and black silk stomacher, and who looked for all the world like a daguerreotype come to life. Her house stood at the top of the hill on the left and quite near the street, so near that as we passed on our way to school we could catch the gleam of her bright eyes watching from her chamber window. The window was in the last of three gables—the one towards the south—high up under the vault of a majestic elm which sheltered the old house and shaded the street and held always an oriole's nest, hung where no boy could have reached it even if it had not been protected by the presence of the high and mighty lady.

We had a vague but vast sense of the importance of "Old Lady Bryant." Her husband had been a great man in his day. He had built the first railroad in America, had invented a dozen wonderful things, and had made a fortune in Quincy granite. He was dead now and she had all the money. We had heard rumors of the old lady's famous son Gridley—more famous than his father—a son who lived at hotels, and built city halls and custom houses and churches and jails; a son whose wife was one of the finest ladies in the land, a leader in the fash-

ionable world of Boston, a beautiful woman who once danced with the Prince of Wales, and who wore only dresses of silk trimmed with real lace and embroidered with pearls and splashed with diamonds. Gridley visited his mother occasionally they said, but we children never saw him. One night after we were all tucked into bed we heard the sound of steeds and wheels and the awful crack of a whip as the rumble went up the hill, but in the morning we could find no trace of anything unusual. We must have been dreaming.

Among the children who paddled in Bound Brook and browsed the huckleberry bushes on Booth Hill and played "I spy" among the haycocks in Uncle Stephen's big field opposite the Bryant house, was a sweet, dark-haired girl called Grace. Her eyes were large and brown and merry, and her voice was like a bobolink's. Grace was to furnish cookies for a grand banquet of sorrel leaves and wild strawberries and spring water to be held one afternoon at three in a cob-house castle of cliff-wood which we had erected upon an inaccessible crag in the schoolhouse yard. But she did not appear. Neither did the cookies. A band of robbers must have fallen upon our provision train! We ate our sour and wet lunch, armed ourselves to the teeth, and in the cool of the afternoon set out to wreak our wrath upon the enemy. The sun was

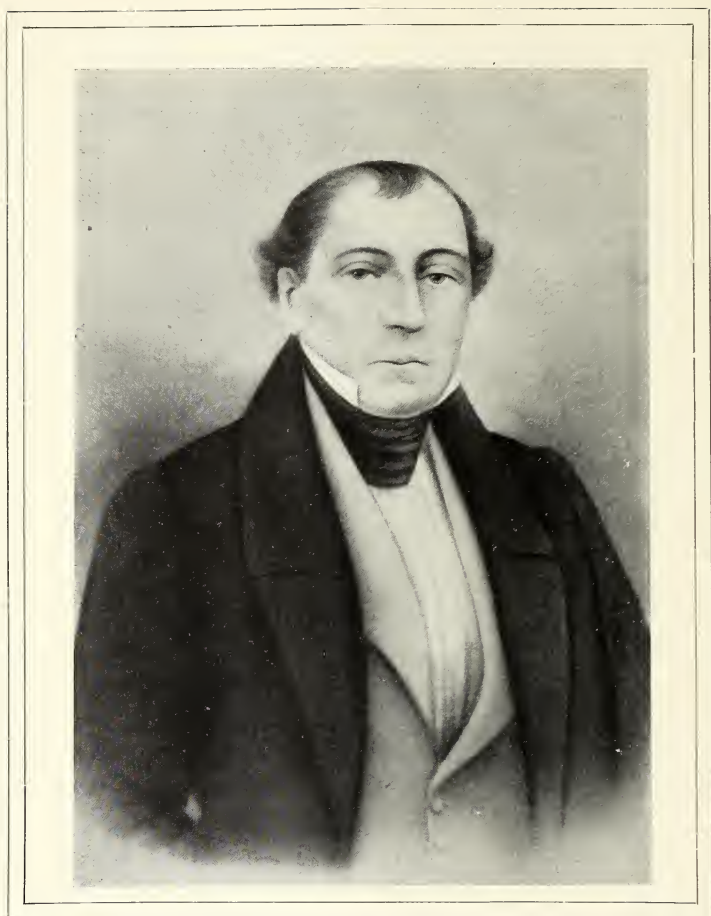
going down in glory behind Booth Hill as we tramped along gloomily through the dusty highway. Suddenly our captain cried, "Halt! Hide!" We disappeared as by magic, and from our covert in the roadside bushes saw for the first time the chief wonder of our childhood world. A white horse of gigantic proportions came down upon us like a whirlwind. Hoofs pounded, wheels rumbled, silver chains jingled, burnished metal and polished wood flashed light. As the equipage thundered past in a cloud of golden dust our bewildered eyes saw amid all this fearful glory—whom, do you suppose?—our playmate, our cookie finder, radiantly happy by the side of a distinguished looking gentleman and a beautiful lady in rich robes, Grace, transfigured like Cinderella. At last we had seen with mortal eye Grace Studley's wonderful uncle and aunt, Gridley James Fox Bryant and his wife Louisa Braid.

In those days the summer resident had not astonished the eyes of North Scituate children. Mr. Bryant and his wife were unique. We remember Mr. Bryant as a man of commanding presence. He was not tall, but rather stout, with broad shoulders and a large strongly modelled head. His hands and feet were small and delicately formed. His habit of standing always with his hands behind, his feet rather far apart, and his head thrust forward, gave him a noticeable likeness to the Napoleon in Orchardson's well-known picture of the "Emperor on board the *Bellerophon*," a likeness of which Mr. Bryant was not unconscious. He admired Napoleon! When he moved it was with the quick

nervous step indicative of haste and unbounded energy. When he spoke, incisive words, enunciated distinctly and grouped in short epigrammatic sentences, held the attention of every person within ear-shot. He dressed faultlessly. In his personal accounts appear such items as these:

Skiff, New York, suit, blue melton .....\$89.00  
Tuttle, Boston, 1 Pr. Boots ...\$14.00  
Herchenroder, Spring vent gray toupe .....\$50.00

Mrs. Bryant was a born aristocrat. When her sister-in-law, Maria, announced her intention to marry a mechanic, the high lady protested with all the forces at her command. She looked like the pictures in grandma's "Queens of France." Her figure, somewhat short but well proportioned, was perfectly poised and always elegantly gowned. The beauty of her face, naturally strong in line and delicately colored, was usually enhanced by a skilfully arranged head-dress of lace. Her constant companion was a diminutive Skye terrier, called "Flossie," as white as a June cloud and as active as a squirrel. Mrs. Bryant loved "Flossie"—there were no children—and wept bitterly when at last the little thing was buried in great state. But Mr. Bryant lavished his affection upon his imperious wife. He worshipped her with mediæval devotion. "Women are goddesses," he used to say. "No man was ever worthy to marry any woman." He lavished something besides sentiment upon her. Among his papers are bills for roses at a dollar each, dresses at \$150, and bonnets at \$40. Here are other suggestive items:



GRIDLEY BRYANT

Phelps, lace sacque.....\$50  
 Lyon & Co., umbrella..... 40  
 Tilton, 1 sash..... 15  
     1 parasol..... 60  
 Shreve & Stanwood, silver bow... 93  
 Crosley, Moss & Foss, necklace. 125

At this time their bills at the Tremont House averaged \$430 per month, with additional summer bills at Hingham, Nahant, Swampscott and Newport. These figures represent "war prices," and are, of course, scarcely worth mentioning in comparison with the incidental accounts

of many a modern millionaire; but as an index of what an architect could do in the sixties, without "deals" and "corners" to multiply wealth, they are, at least, suggestive. "Louisa's Newport gowns came direct from Paris and London." The one she wore the evening of the Prince of Wales's ball cost \$1,500, they say, and was never used afterward.

Mr. Bryant was the eldest of ten children born to Gridley Bryant and Maria Winship Fox. His parents had the reputation of being the hand-



somest couple in Boston. They must have been well favored, for the mother was still a beauty at seventy-eight, when she used to watch us children from her high window under the elm in North Scituate. The father was a man who was handsome indeed, if the old adage is true, "Handsome is that handsome does." From notes in the handwriting of his son and from others in his own, it is evident that he was one of the most remarkable men of his generation. "He was an ardent mechanic and inventor. . . . He engineered and constructed the first railroad in America. It ran from the Quincy quarries to the Neponset River, and, though rebuilt and extended, remains to this day." For years he was president of the Granite Railway Company, and managed its affairs with brilliant success. He invented and built the first turntable in America, the four-wheeled truck and the eight-wheeled truck; "but he never claimed patents upon these, although in litigation initiated by others, the courts on two or more occasions threw out the claims of others and awarded to him the right of patent." He transported from Quincy to Boston, after strengthening the bridges along the way, the huge monoliths which form the colonnades at the north and south ends of the old courthouse still standing on Court Street. Two of these were handled in the rough or quarried size and weighed sixty-four tons each. These were hauled upon flat sledges designed by Mr. Bryant. The six remaining columns were dressed in the quarry and brought to the city on a carriage which he designed;\* the columns being slung be-

neath the axles. The wheels of this carriage were nine feet in diameter. These facts may be verified by the original drawings now in the possession of Dr. George L. Newcomb,

\* The following letter is interesting as a further note concerning the courthouse columns:

MOUNT HOLLY, 6 A. M.,  
23d June, '94.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I hope you will not think me egotistical in calling your attention to the handwriting contained in two of the volumes herewith sent to be retained with the other papers, plans, etc., good, bad and indifferent, with which you are already burdened on my behalf. The two volumes referred to are labelled on their covers as "Machinery for transporting columns," and some day at your convenience while on your way "down town" from the State House through Court Street if you should incline to glance at the portico of the recently abandoned courthouse you will get an idea of the use made of the "carriage" depicted in one of the two volumes referred to, bearing in mind that Gridley Bryant—not Gridley James Fox Bryant—was the designer and builder not only of the "carriage" but as well the platform "sled" upon which two of the portico columns were transported from the quarries in West Quincy to Court Street *in rough state*, with a weight of sixty-four tons each, instead of thirty-two tons each, as the four columns of the existing portico on Court Street now present to the eye of the curious.

If you ask me why the "sled" was abandoned, after transporting only two of the columns to the site of the portico, the answer is at hand. A sudden thaw took place taking away every vestige of the snow of early winter, leaving Gridley Bryant and his "sled" on bare ground, and compelling him to exercise his genius (he possessed this power to a liberal degree) in constructing a "carriage" capable of transporting the remaining columns, fluted and ready to be set in place, as the crowning feature of the existing portico.

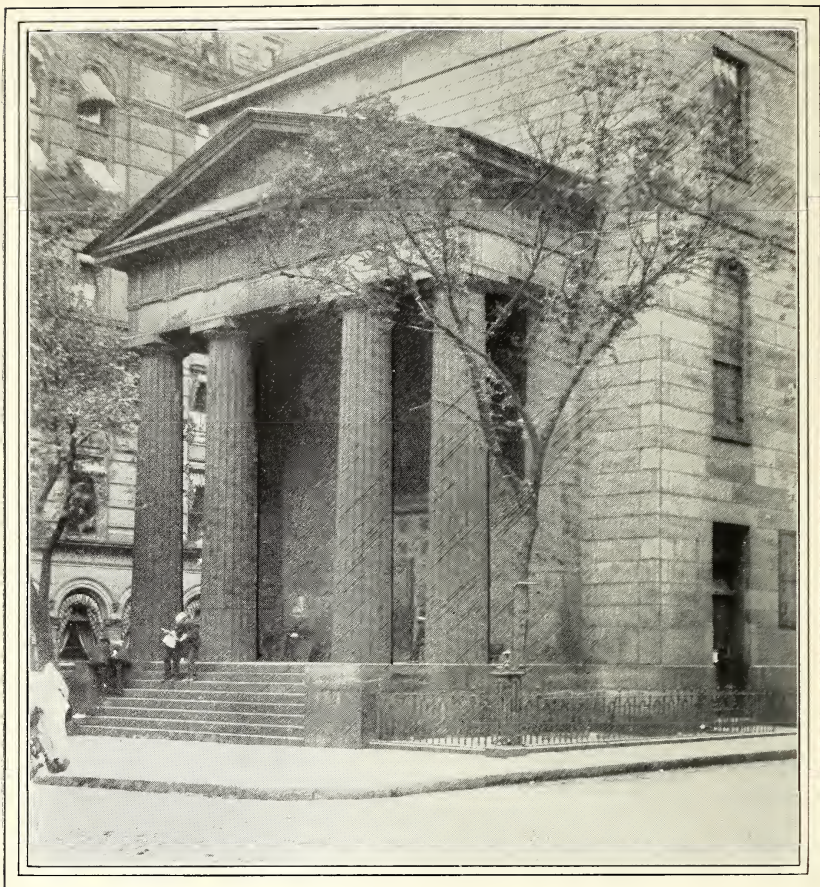
What is fame in architecture in these latter days? Is it to witness the demolition or radical remodelling of an architect's work, with less than a third of a century of its real usefulness about it? In my own practice no less than three, and sometimes four, reconstructions of an original edifice planned as early as 1841, or thereabouts, have taken place; notably one building on Hanover Street in Boston, not to speak of a United Post Office structure in Philadelphia long since abandoned, to give place to the elegant and costly edifice and really overgrown structure in that city.

I fancy you are already exclaiming, "Enough, Mr. Bryant, please don't inflict anything more of your own ancient history on an overworked young man, at least for a while."

I close with sincere respect and high regard, begging a little corner of your thoughts now and then.

GRIDLEY J. F. BRYANT.

HENRY T. BAILEY, Esq.



THE OLD COURT HOUSE, BOSTON

North Scituate. Among the drawings is another of great interest, a design for a "Submarine Pile Driver and Valve Diving Bell," intended for use in Boston Harbor. "That," once said the son, "was the kind of father I had,—a man who could do many wonderful things and live and die poor."

The parents were not always poor except in the sense that they were never very rich. In 1830 my grandparents, with their daughter Sarah, drove to Quincy to visit the Bryants, who had but recently moved there from Boston. They found them liv-

ing in a stone house—a great distinction in those days—and employing *two* servants! The children stayed at home while the elders went to Boston to the great celebration commemorative of the founding of the city. At least one of the children remembers to this day the dinner afterward at the Bryant house, when a whole roast pig was the central dish. From Quincy the Bryants moved to South Boston, and thence, about 1842, to North Scituate, to the house which Aunt Polly Wade gave Mr. Bryant because he was the eldest grandchild in the family. After the death of his



parents, Gridley bought out the shares of the estate inherited by his brothers and sisters, and later to that house brought his wife and established the only country home he ever had.

Gridley James Fox Bryant was born August 29, 1816. Of his early childhood I can find no records. He attended school in Boston, no doubt, before 1825, but in 1828 he was studying in a Quincy school under "Master Seaver," for we have an autograph certificate as proof:

GRIDLEY J. F. BRYANT

Receives this certificate for his Good Conduct in school and close attention to his studies, having surpassed the rest of his companions in Geography and been very successful in his other studies.

WM. SEAVER.

QUINCY Jan. 16th, 1828.

Upon the title-page of an exercise book, kept with scrupulous neatness and accuracy, and dated January 1, 1830, is this note in red ink:

"I commenced going to School to Master Seaver April 1st, 1827 and left him April 15th, 1830."

The boy was soon at school again, as his cash book testifies.

1830	Dr. Cash.	\$ c
Apr. 29.	Cash paid G. Springer for passage from Boston to Hallowell . . . . .	3 00
Apr. 29.	Cash paid for passage in the stage from Hallowell to Augusta . . . . .	12
Apr. 30.	Cash paid for lodging and breakfast in Augusta . .	37
May 1.	Cash paid for conveying trunk from Augusta Hotel to Mr. Emery's . . .	12
May 2.	Cash paid supper, lodging and breakfast and dinner at Gardiner Hotel . . .	87

May 3.	Cash paid for conveying trunks from Mr. Emery's to Gardiner Hotel . . .	18
May 3.	Cash paid from Gardiner Hotel to Gardiner Lyceum	12
May 4.	Cash paid for lamp, lamp filler, oil and wick yarn .	23

Thus established, the boy evidently burned his oil lamp to some purpose. Here is the principal's word for it:

GARDINER, Aug. 4th, 1830.

SIR.

Your son Gridley J. F. Bryant has attended at the Gardiner Lyceum during the last term. His diligence and deportment have been highly satisfactory.

Respectfully,

E. L. CUSHING Prin. of G. Lyceum.

Gridley's last tuition bill at Gardiner was dated February 1, 1831.

His first "professional" note is dated November 1, 1831, and reads, "Left home to commence studying architecture." He went to Boston, found some sort of work, evidently, and was earning his own living by the end of his fifteenth year, for on December 26 he "paid Parmelia May \$10 for five weeks' board at \$2 per week." The next year he must have been working outside the city limits, for among his bills are several from the "Charles River Bridge Corporation in full for one quarter's tolls, \$2.89." "Young Gridley was educated," says Mr. John F. Eaton, for years his partner in business, "nominally in the public schools, but actually in the library of his father and the office of Alexander Parris. Mr. Parris was in many ways a remarkable man. He was a notable government engineer and architect, and was associated with Loammi Baldwin in the construction of the navy yards at



Charlestown, Massachusetts, and Gasport, Virginia. Young Gridley was one of the many students congregated in the office of Messrs. Baldwin and Parris at Charlestown."

The toll bills would seem to indicate that he entered that office the very last of 1831 or early in 1832. Another indication that such may have been the fact is an old bill drawn June 12, 1832, by James W. Burditt, bookseller and stationer, Franklin's Head, Court Street, No. 27, for "1 Slab, 2 Hair pencils, 1 Bow pen, 1 Pair Dividers, 1 Bow Pencil," which cost Gridley all told, \$2.81. In 1833 he still paid the Charles River Bridge tolls regularly, and subscribed for the "Young Mechanic." One Thomas Edwards gave him twenty-four lessons in drawing at seventy-five cents each. Gridley paid the bill by instalments. The next year he was a subscriber to the Mechanics' Exchange and Reading Room in Boston, and could afford to wear a \$4 silk hat. He added to his subscription list the Philadelphia *Saturday Courier*, and evidently grew in favor with his master, for he changed his boarding place to his master's house. In 1835 he changed his boarding place three times more, but flourished nevertheless, for he could afford a \$7 sealskin cap for the cold weather.

September 13, 1836, Gridley "made an agreement with Alexander Parris for two dollars per day for every day's service for him from this date." While in his employ the Mechanics Bank Building, South Boston, was designed. "That," Mr. Bryant used to say, "was my first triumph; from that I date my professional success." The design was drawn in February,

1837, but notwithstanding all that it meant to Gridley, during the summer of that year he served as a clerk in the office of the Frankfort Granite Company.

About this time he added to his list of periodicals the *Sunday Morning News* of New York, the Boston *Evening Transcript* and the New York *Mirror*. Gridley must have been a close student. Twice during these years he was fined for "Non appearance on Inspection and View of Arms, Company Commanded by Capt. Jephthah R. Condin, H. T. Foster, Clerk." Never idle for a moment, always watching for opportunities to pick up ideas, never out of reach of a good book, Gridley grew rapidly in intellectual power. To the end of his days he was a great reader. When a member of the Boston Athenæum, his volumes of receipts show that he subscribed for such publications as the *Scientific American*, various architectural papers, the Boston *Courier*, *Statesman*, *Advertiser*, *Times*, *Herald*, *Globe*, *Express*, *Church and State*. His book bills were large, especially along the lines of history and biography. How often, when his friends were visiting him in his declining years, would he catch up some volume of Steele or Addison, a life of Webster or Phillips or the Adamases, and read aloud with delightful spirit some fine passage. "Ah, that is English!" he would say. "There was a gentleman and a scholar." Pacing nervously back and forth in his room—he was never still a minute in his life—he would continue, "I take off my hat to such men, to men who can speak and write such English—and to the inventor of the

marine engine," he always added. "Just think of inventing an engine which will drive twenty thousand tons of steel through three thousand miles of sea in six days! That man was a god!"

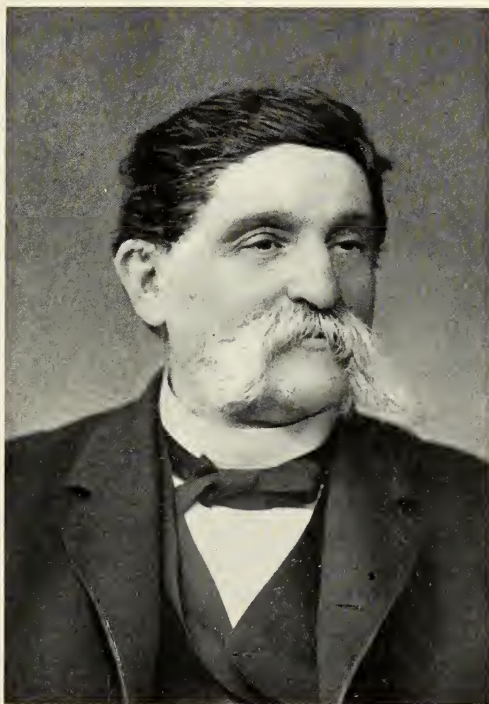
When young Gridley reached his majority he decided to enter the profession of architecture. Architects

were scarce in Boston in those days. I have heard Mr. Bryant tell how many and who they were, but cannot now recall the facts. His first office was at the corner of Court and Washington Streets, on the site of the present Sears Building, and was ready for business in the fall of 1837. His journal opens under date of September 20, with cash on

hand, \$55.83. The next item, same date, reads, "To amount received of Abbott for Plan of Cottage, \$5." Later in the day he received from the purser of the Navy Yard, for services rendered during the summer, \$28, and from his master, Alexander Parris, the balance due on account, \$3.50. On the whole this was an auspicious opening for a young man of one and twenty.

During the year 1838 Gridley made drawings for his father, and various others, for machinery, a "spinning machine," "patent window spring," "patent machine," and other mysterious contrivances; he designed "panels"—whatever those were—and surveyed land, or at least made plans of lots of land surveyed by others. He

found himself with a growing practice along strictly professional lines. Although he made drawings for a boarding school for Noah Brooks, a mechanics' hall for George Darra cott, a depot house for George M. Dexter, a ship house for Alexander Parris, a market house for J. W. Pinckney, and some dozen other structures in and about Boston, his largest sin-



GRIDLEY JAMES FOX BRYANT AT SIXTY-FIVE

gle contract this year was for a dwelling house for Abbott Lawrence, costing \$42,000.

One entry in his journal is of especial interest. It occurs under date of January 27, 1838: "Cash. Dr. To amount received of Louisa Braid (at her request) \$5." This is the first mention of the name of the woman who was destined to influence his life

so strongly. Her name does not appear again in his journal, but under date of September 9, 1839, are the words, "To cash paid Rev. Mr. Clinch services on the 8th of Sept. \$5." A fine black line is drawn beneath the words to give them prominence upon the page. This, so far as I know, is the only record in Mr. Bryant's handwriting of the date of his marriage. The next line in the journal reads, "Family Expenses \$10." To one familiar with the secret history of his life that entry is prophetic and touching. It is the first in a series which might have been entered similarly in his accounts for forty years, the amounts increasing to \$100, to \$1,000 to \$10,000 a year, and then diminishing again as the power to procure diminished. From his cradle, almost, to his grave Bryant was beset by the daughters of the horse-leech crying, "Give, give." There were not "three things" never satisfied, nor four, but a dozen—lazy, dissipated, grasping or unfortunate—who cried forever, "It is not enough." And so he gave. And thus it came to pass that the young man of brilliant promise, the master who in his prime cleared twenty-five thousand dollars a year, died in poverty and was buried by the subscriptions of his professional friends.

The year 1839 may be considered as the first hour of the long day of his fame. Mr. Bryant was twenty-three years of age. He had an established local reputation, high aims and an imperial will. Among his orderly papers I find a little packet tied with faded tape, which seems to me highly suggestive. It contains bills indorsed as follows:

First Bill against the City of Boston—\$195.

Second Bill against the City of Boston—\$144.

Third Bill against the City of Boston—\$400.

Fourth Bill against the City of Boston—\$336.

The first bill is dated January 1, 1839. Did he have a dim vision, half dream, half prophecy, of the thousands upon thousands of dollars yet to come to him from the city treasury? However that may have been, every young man beginning for himself can appreciate the significance of the indorsements and sympathize heartily with the ambitious young architect.

From the first he prospered. His net earnings in 1840 were about \$1,000; in 1843 they were \$5,000; in 1845, \$13,500. The Mexican war interfered with business in 1846, reducing the amount earned that year to \$9,000. The annual income remained at about that figure until the latter years of the Civil War. In 1865 it had increased to \$25,000.

He built or remodelled nineteen state capitols and city halls, thirty-six courthouses and jails, fifty-nine hospitals, reformatories, schools and other public institutions, eight churches, sixteen railroad stations, sixteen custom houses, post offices and other buildings for the United States government, and hundreds of business blocks and private houses. He knew personally all the prominent men in Massachusetts political life for fifty years, the leaders in the business world of Boston, New York and Philadelphia, and the men who brought things to pass through the





THE PEABODY INSTITUTE, DANVERS

powers at Washington. To recount in order all his triumphs, to review the names of his wealthy patrons, would weary the readers of this generation; but a few of his more prominent works should be specified.

In Maine he built jails at Alfred and Bangor, the county courts, jail and officers' quarters at Auburn, the county jails at Augusta and Machias, the government custom house at Eastport and the State Reform School at Cape Elizabeth. In New Hampshire he remodelled the state capitol at Concord and built the State Industrial School at Manchester and residences for Governor Smyth and other wealthy men of the day. In Massachusetts, Mr. Bryant was chosen to rebuild the Charlestown State Prison and to build the Charles

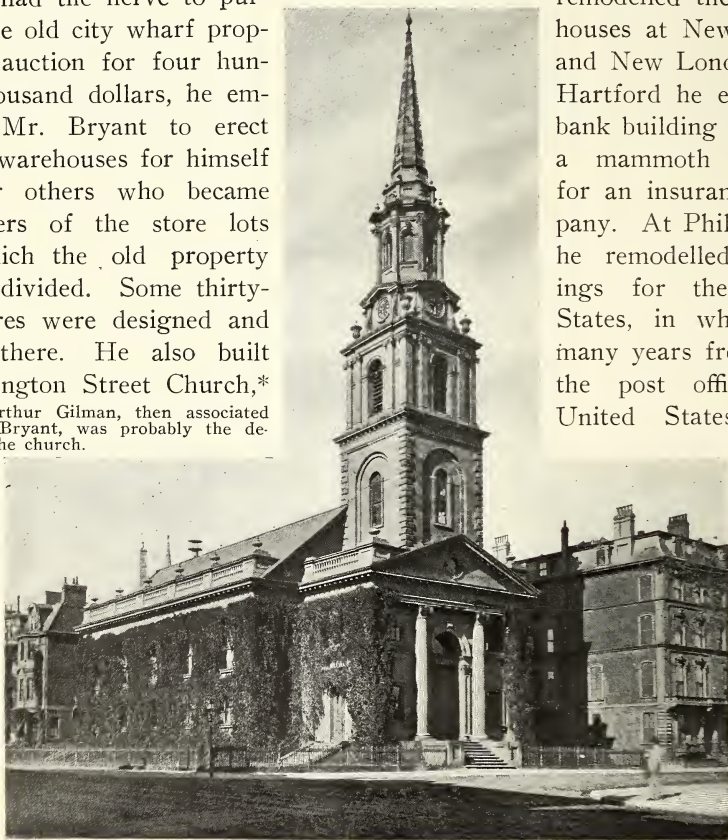
Street jail. He built jails at Lawrence and Northampton, the almshouses at Deer Island and at Cambridge, the St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum in Boston, the high school at Newburyport, the Peabody Institute at Danvers, the city halls at Lynn and Gloucester, and the Peabody Memorial Church at Georgetown. He erected the Old Colony depot in Boston which has been the rough model for many of the finest depots in the country. He designed and erected State Street block, a structure comprising sixteen warehouses of cut granite, five stories in height, and built up Winthrop Square with structures that were destroyed in the great fire. He designed and built a great many of the schoolhouses in Boston, and in 1853-54 he added a fireproof

extension to the rear of the Massachusetts State House. Mr. Bryant had just passed his thirty-fifth birthday when the wish of his life was realized—Franklin Street was opened. Mr. Bryant, having already erected Morton, Goddard, Milk Street and Old South blocks on Milk Street, built up the street with granite buildings to be occupied for business purposes. When Summer Street was given over to the business section he erected a large number of buildings there, including the old post office, the Mercantile block, and a business building on the site of Daniel Webster's home. When the elder Josiah Quincy had the nerve to purchase the old city wharf property at auction for four hundred thousand dollars, he employed Mr. Bryant to erect granite warehouses for himself and for others who became purchasers of the store lots into which the old property was subdivided. Some thirty-five stores were designed and erected there. He also built the Arlington Street Church,\*

\* Mr. Arthur Gilman, then associated with Mr. Bryant, was probably the designer of the church.

and the church of St. Peter and St. Paul in South Boston. The great fire of 1872 swept away one hundred fifty-two buildings which he had erected; but almost before the ashes had cooled he was commissioned to rebuild one hundred and eleven of them. Perhaps no one fact shows more plainly the standing of Mr. Bryant with the solid business men of the city. His last work of any prominence was the Parker House Extension, built in 1884, one of the first of Boston's high buildings. In Rhode Island he remodelled the custom houses at Providence, Newport and Bristol; and in Connecticut also

remodelled the custom houses at New Haven and New London. At Hartford he erected a bank building and also a mammoth building for an insurance company. At Philadelphia he remodelled buildings for the United States, in which for many years from 1862 the post office and United States courts



THE ARLINGTON STREET CHURCH, BOSTON





LAYING THE CORNER STONE OF THE POST OFFICE, BOSTON

were located. Mr. Bryant served as local architect and superintendent of construction for the erection and rebuilding of custom houses, court-houses and post offices in some of the important cities of the United States, including among others, the New Orleans and San Francisco custom houses, the post office and United States courts at Philadelphia, and the portion of the post office and subtreasury building at Boston fronting on Water, Milk and Devonshire Streets.

In view of such a record one is not surprised to find among Mr. Bryant's papers this copy of a note once forwarded to the Secretary of the Treasury, Washington, D. C.

"There is no person who combines more of the energy, architectural skill and business ability requisite for the superintendence of a large public building than Mr. Gridley J. F. Bryant.

(Signed)

S. HOOPER,  
OAKES AMES,  
HENRY WILSON,  
GEO. S. BOUTWELL,  
G. TWITCHELL."

Mr. Bryant's successes were due largely to his wisdom in reading men, and to his genius for hard work. He seldom failed in selecting his associates—those who gave artistic touches to his scientific constructions—or in "sizing up" the men with whom he had to deal—those who awarded contracts and paid the bills.

Clarence S. Luce, Louis J. Rogers, Charles E. Parker, Arthur Gilman, Hammatt Billings and others, once well known, now dead, or still well known as architects in Boston and vicinity, were all at one time or another associated with Mr. Bryant. Billings was his partner when he designed the decorations for the reception of the Prince of Wales, the Boston Soldiers' monument, and the Forefathers' monument at Plymouth. Among Mr. Bryant's letters are numberless testimonials to his skill in managing men. Here are two which may serve as examples:

BOSTON, July 13, 1878.

*My dear Mr. Bryant:*

The decorative painting of the City Hall





THE BOSTON CUSTOM HOUSE

was yesterday placed in Mr. McPherson's hands. It was the ugliest meeting the committee have ever had, and as the result was largely due to your few kind words, I cannot refrain from thanking you.

I am truly yours,

SAM. J. F. THAYER.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,  
OFFICE OF SUPERVISING ARCHITECT,  
Sept. 20, 1872.

GRIDLEY J. F. BRYANT, ESQ.

*My dear Friend:*

I trust you will excuse me for congratulating you on your letter of the 18th referred to in my official letter of this date. It is just to the point, clear and decisive. I like it better than any letter I have ever received from you.

Don't fear hurting my feelings, write sharply and plainly, and believe me,

Your true friend,

A. R. MULLETT.

(Architect of the Boston Sub-Treasury Building, the erection of which Mr. Bryant was supervising.)

As further evidence of his tact and good sense might be cited certain incidents connected with the building of City Hall and the extension of the State House, as given in the *Globe* several years ago. Mr. Bryant was then an inmate of the Old Men's Home, West Springfield Street, and in an interview with the reporter said:

"The City Hall was built in 1861 to 1865, I believe. People then said it was a building that wouldn't be needed for a century. Now, before the end of the century, it is outgrown, and I see another long-drawn agitation springing up for a new building. Oh, I know what a long, tedious process it will be to arrive at the point of action again.

"It took twenty-six years of discussion to get a measure for the present City Hall through the council, the Board of Aldermen and signed by the mayor; all of

which I saw and a part of which I was, as the saying is. I well remember the last struggle and intrigue to frustrate the great project.

"It was in Mayor Whitman's time. In spite of obstructionists the bill had passed through both the legislative bodies of the city government, and was waiting for the mayor's signature. As a last desperate resort, two men, whose names I might mention, but which I won't, out of respect to the dead, had addressed a note to the mayor making a terrible threat if he should sign the bill.

"At the next meeting of the council, the mayor ordered the bill to be brought to him, and turning upon his two blackmailers with, 'Not in simple bravado, but as a simple act of duty,' before their eyes wrote Joseph H. Whitman, mayor.

"Oh, we were called boodlers and jobbers and every opprobrious name in payment for our struggle in erecting that monument to the city in School street. One of the last biting criticisms was, 'We have waited twenty-six years for a City Hall, and now we've got some walls with a staircase inside.'

"Many people didn't then recognize the utility of ample corridors and having all rooms have the light and air of an outside exposure."

As the old architect related these historic incidents the enthusiasm of a man in his prime kindled in his face.



CITY HALL, BOSTON

Next to the City Hall, in which he figured so prominently, is the State House in his thought and affections. He eagerly grasped this opportunity of discussing the present proposal to tear down and rebuild the old part:

"The State House, as originally planned by Bulfinch in 1798, formed unquestionably one of the most attractive and elegant buildings ever conceived.

"In approaching it from whatever direction, the eye of every son of Massachusetts turns to it with instant recognition,"

said Governor John H. Clifford at one time.

"But as the tall buildings on Beacon Hill began to go up, the State House lost somewhat of its conspicuous appearance. To preserve its relative importance as a distinguishing landmark, the gilded dome needs to be lifted high above everything else on Beacon Hill.

"The plan which Governor Long proposes for raising the dome of the State House was proposed twenty-five years ago. My plan then was to rebuild and elevate the dome on a tambour of columns instead of setting it down on the roof like a saucer.





CITY HOSPITAL, BOSTON

"The City Hospital which I built is on this plan. If any one wants to see how the State House would be improved by this alteration let them look at that. Ex-Governor Clifford favored that plan twenty-five years ago.

"I can tell you of the final part which I played in that affair. It was about 1889, when they were proposing to extend the State House by building wings on either side along Beacon street. The cost of it

would have been enormous, and it would not have improved the appearance of the Bulfinch centre to have arms stuck on either side of it.

SAVED THE STATE A MILLION.

"I had built a fireproof extension on to the rear of the building in 1853 and 1854, and thought that the great enlargement ought to be made in that direction.

"Governor Ames asked for competitive



plans from architects. I made a sketch drawing, put it into my pocket and went up to see General Butler to get his views of it, which I knew would have great weight with Governor Ames.

"General Butler, how ought the State House to be extended?" I asked. He squinted his oblique eye and said, in his guttural way:

"In the rear. What do you want to put out arms along Beacon street for?"

"I asked him to put that in writing, which he did, and when I showed it and my plans to Governor Ames, he exclaimed:

"Why this is something entirely new. This is the plan that we want."

"But I never got a dollar for it, for it wasn't a paid competition."

Mr. Bryant was the *primum mobile* in many an architectural reform. He built the first modern "fireproof" building as well as the first "sanitary" prison. When the Providence and Bristol line of steamers was organized Mr. Bryant asked permission of leading men, stockholders of the company, to bring to their notice suggestions for the interior finish of the two boats, *Providence* and *Bristol*; the general idea being that the main passenger saloon of each boat should be finished as one grand apartment without intervening decks, with three stories of staterooms opening on to galleries surrounding the saloon, made accessible by square framed staircases as a substitute for the time-worn corkscrew staircases which at that time were believed to be the only form of staircase feasible in steamboat construction. Mr. Bryant's suggestions were received by the directors with doubt, but he was kindly referred to Mr. Walsh, the superintendent of construction, to ascertain his views and was then to report again to the directors. Fortified with a note

of introduction Mr. Bryant sought an interview with the superintendent and after explaining his views of what might be accomplished in the matter of improving the interior finish of steamers designed to be palatial, Mr. Bryant was met by a general exclamation that no steamer could be turned into a theatre! The cutting of carlines to accomplish it was an impossibility, and no square framed staircase could be thought of if only for the fact that headway for such a staircase could not be spared. Let it be recorded, however, that the cut carlines, the staircases and galleries became a fixed fact, as proposed by Mr. Bryant. The architectural designs for the same, including the designs of the stateroom finish as part thereof, were made under his supervision with the cheerful coöperation of Mr. Walsh and the directors of the steamboat company.

Mr. Bryant's vast stores of energy and his extraordinary activity were almost proverbial among his acquaintances. "For forty years," he once said to me, "I never slept more than four or five hours a day, and never had a Sunday."

In 1888, Mr. Bryant made arrangements for storing in the attic of my house all his plans, specifications, diaries and other business papers. There were hundreds of portfolios and rolls of drawings, scores of packages and dozens of boxes and trunks. To these he often came and often made reference in letters from 1888 almost to the day of his death. One letter has an especial interest at this point because of its reference to his active life:

28 STATE ST., BOSTON,

April 18, 1890.

HENRY T. BAILEY, ESQ.

*My dear Friend:*

I add to the last package of odds and ends a few documents and drawings which please place with the general "Bryant Collection," excepting the Architectural Monthlies, which, if you care for, pray reserve for yourself.

I was sorry to miss your friendly call, and trust for better luck in the future.

My respectful regards to Madam.

Yours sincerely,

G. J. F. BRYANT.

P. S. Perchance you may some day, sooner or later, fall in with one of my diaries, in the trunks or elsewhere. For many years I noted daily my wandering in the New England and Middle States, not for pleasure, but solely business trips, for I never found time or inclination to travel for pleasure, if only for the reason that during a larger quarter of a century it was my lot to lack sleep. I carry in my mind a single day's work performed in a very hot day in the month of August. Left Worcester for Boston at 3.30 A. M., Norwich boat train. In Boston, from 5.30 A. M. to 11 A. M., visiting four buildings in progress. At 11 A. M., took train for Haverhill, Mass., examined progress of a church and a dwelling house, visited top of spire of the church. At 3 P. M., took train for Boston. At 5.30 P. M., visited Park Street Church and made measurements and sketches of inside alterations. Walked to Fitchburg Depot and took train for Waltham, where we were living through the summer. Drank two cups of tea and rolled back on to bed, Mrs. Bryant pulling off boots and clothes. Asleep in about four minutes "like a log." Up at 5.30 next morning and took six o'clock train for Boston only to repeat the misery of the previous day, or something equally exacting.

Forgive my selfish loquacity.

Believe me, yours sincerely,

GRIDLEY J. F. BRYANT.

In the year 1870, Mr. Bryant, to please his wife, purchased a house at 66 Marlboro Street, Boston, and made

therein what ought to have been a most comfortable and beautiful home. The house was large, there were ample accommodations for horses and carriages and for Mrs. Bryant's pets. Every detail was as near perfection as the experts of the time could produce. Expense was not considered. Five servants cared for the establishment under the supervision of Charles James, a most faithful and efficient first man, who served the Bryants during a period of thirteen years.

But housekeeping did not suit Mr. Bryant. He was too active and too irregular in his hours. He needed hotel conveniences—a place where he could drop in day or night and find everything ready at hand. Moreover, Mrs. Bryant was not well. The insidious beginnings of a lingering and increasingly painful disease began to cause great anxiety. The house was abandoned and ultimately sold. Hotel life was resumed, this time at the Vendome. Then they tried life in the country, at Longwood, within easy reach of the city. That lasted but a year. Hotel life was resumed again at the Vendome, then at the Brunswick and elsewhere. Mrs. Bryant grew steadily worse, and Mr. Bryant more restless and anxious. The exacting life of the city, with its publicity, its social duties, its distracting cares, could be endured no longer.

At this juncture, Mr. Bryant's mother, an old lady of almost eighty-three years, died at the homestead in North Scituate. The empty house suggested the establishment of a quiet country home for Mrs. Bryant there. This was in the autumn of 1877. The house was thoroughly renovated and refurnished for her re-



MR. BRYANT'S SCITUATE HOME

ception, and to it she came with her servants, her pets, and her peculiarities. At first the life was comparatively pleasant; company often came and went, there were dinner parties and drives. "Mrs. Bryant was one of those women who always seem youthful," to quote the language of the *Boston Gazette*, October, 1883. "Her vivaciousness and her quick appreciation of the beautiful, the freshness of her sympathies and the strength of her character, were happy qualities that endeared her to young and old." Nevertheless, she was a great sufferer. Even her most intimate friends never knew the whole truth, so skilfully did she conceal her trouble. As the years passed, less and less company made glad the home on the hill. Mrs. Bryant was seen driving to the shore less often; even the neighbors seldom saw her when they called; and at last, on the 13th of October, 1883, she passed

away and was laid to rest in Groveland Cemetery.

Mr. Bryant was inconsolable. He went on with his business and built thereafter one of his most notable structures, the Parker House Extension, but he was never quite the same after the death of his wife. Always ceaselessly active, he now became nervous; always sensitive to physical conditions, he now became irritable. He was morbidly susceptible to draughts. "I was born," he used to say, "on the twenty-ninth day of August, 1816, a year in which there was a frost in every one of its months, and to this fact I attribute my insensibility to heat, honestly stating that to the best of my remembrance my body was never thoroughly warmed through during my seventy-three years of existence." The brakemen and conductors upon the South Shore trains had good reason to remember him. Whenever he entered a car he





HORTICULTURAL HALL, BOSTON

shut all the ventilators and windows he could reach, and then ordered all the others shut. He invariably wore heavy clothing, and in the winter two overcoats. His house in North Scituate was calked with felt in every crack, and double furnaces kept the temperature at almost blood heat. The coldness of his birth year was not the only factor he recognized as operating to produce the "Harry Gill" conditions of his declining years. In a letter to me he once wrote:

"Be careful not to overdo. Give yourself a brief respite now and then!!! I sometimes think in reviewing my professional labors, that it is marvellous that any nerves, at least, were left to me even at seventy years of age (I am now in my eighty-first year as you know) after the really overwork strain they endured

'nights, days and Sundays' for more than a third of a century. My physical endurance, if not the mental power that was in me, were cruelly overtaxed."

As a result of this long injustice to himself Mr. Bryant suffered constantly from neuralgia, sciatica and other nervous diseases to such an extent that in his old age he could never rest. When upon rare occasions he visited his friends, he would walk about the house from room to room, up stairs and down, drawing his hosts along with him by incessant questions and witty remarks, and never sitting for two minutes together during the visit.

As he became more feeble and lonely, and less able to maintain the costly establishment which had been his home, he modified his manner of



THE PARKER HOUSE EXTENSION

life with the utmost grace and dignity, dismissed his servants, one by one, making generous provision for their future welfare, and gradually contracted his appurtenances to benefit his waning estate. The old homestead was sold, expenses in Boston curtailed, household goods and chattels not absolutely required were stored with his friend and family physician, Dr. George L. Newcomb, at "Mount Holly," North Scituate, and in 1889 Mr. Bryant himself came to live with the doctor during the summer. His nervousness increased. "At early dawn, no matter how long the day, he would get out of bed, put on his boots, and how much more I don't know, and begin to walk," says Dr. Newcomb. "He then occupied rooms

upon the upper floor of my house, and back and forth, back and forth, he would tramp until breakfast time. I used to think that he must have walked ten miles some mornings! He was supposed to occupy the two rooms, as I have said, but it was impossible to confine him. He would go everywhere, the whole house was his, and he was after all very pleasant company. He never found fault with anything except cold air, never talked about his troubles, never made any extra work, and was just a kindly old gentleman."

Mr. Bryant spent five summers with the doctor, whom he came to love dearly. As his estate melted away he felt that something must be done to show the doctor his appreci-





"MOUNT HOLLY," THE HOME OF DR. NEWCOMB

ation, at least, of such constant kindness, and this is what he did:

28 STATE ST., BOSTON,  
Nov. 7, 1894.

*My dear Friend:*

Accompanying this note please find papers executed by me, conveying my interest and title to the books, bric-a-brac and other articles including furniture, pictures, etc., now in your charge at "Mount Holly," North Scituate. I hope the wording of the papers may prove satisfactory to your own views, begging you to believe that I can ever forget your thoughtfulness of me and my welfare at all times during the many years of our acquaintance.

I propose to join Mr. and Mrs. Leslie at their home in Newark, N. J., on a visit for a longer or shorter period, and you may expect to hear from me by mail more or less often.

I wish you success and happiness during your life, and desire to be remembered as your friend,

GRIDLEY J. F. BRYANT.

GEO. L. NEWCOMB, M. D.,  
North Scituate, Mass.

For some reason his stay with the Leslies was brief. He returned to his lonely life in Boston, cared for largely by his friends. His next letter to me bears date of August 12, 1896, and reads as follows:

133 WEST SPRINGFIELD ST.,  
BOSTON, MASS.,  
Aug. 12, 1896.

HENRY T. BAILEY, ESQ.

*Dear Sir:*

It may or may not interest you to learn that at the age of eighty years,—on the 29th ult.,—I find myself an inmate of a home that so far has proved to be a "haven of rest" from the cares and anxieties of an active professional life of more than half a century, dating, in fact, from the year eighteen hundred and thirty-four and continuing with little or no intermission to within three years of the date of this note.

You have in your possession the written and printed evidence of much that I accomplished in the profession of architecture during the more busy years of my practice, rendering it quite unnecessary for



me to attempt a recapitulation of the principal works on which for so many continuous years I was more or less engaged, not as a man of remarkable genius, but rather as a hard and constant professional worker; fortunate enough to secure employment from individuals of more or less prominence in wealth and influence not less than from many of the towns, cities, counties and states of the United States and as well from the general government itself.

For the first time in the last five summers I have failed to summer in North Scituate, much to my regret for more reasons than one. I have all along hoped and expected to pay my respects to you at your tasteful home, but ill health and other circumstances beyond my control have prevented me, and the season has now so far advanced that I despair of accomplishing this object. I hope you and yours are in good health. I need not add that it would afford me pleasure to receive a call from you at your convenience. I close with kindest respects and begging to remain yours sincerely and obliged,

GRIDLEY J. F. BRYANT.

A *Globe* reporter has given another glimpse of his life in the Old Men's Home:

"Pacing back and forth with quick nervous tread in the bright upper corridor by the broad staircase is Gridley Bryant, the architect. It is with a look of pride that he turns upon the lofty ceilings and the spacious handsome stairways and halls,—for he built this very building in 1860, when he was at the height of his prosperity. 'When I built it,' he says to the visitor, 'I thought of the poor women who would come here, for it was originally designed as a lying-in home. I knew they would want large airy corridors and broad staircases to walk about in, and bright sunny rooms. Now I am enjoying it myself.'

"Here is a philosopher, truly, who has earned the right to the enjoyment of one of his own works."

And there he remained in peace, and with the kindest care for his com-

fort, cheerful to the last, though broken in fortune and in health, until, one bright morning, June 8, 1899, the attendants found him dead beside his bed.

Gridley J. F. Bryant was "a gentleman of the old school." Of refined taste in literature, accustomed to the most select society, he was decidedly classic in his architectural ideals. Such monuments to his memory as Horticultural Hall, City Hall and the City Hospital show his preference for the Renaissance. He was familiar with the works of Palladio, and admired greatly Sir Christopher Wren. Mr. Bryant's most notable piece of ecclesiastical architecture, Arlington Street Church, has a spire modelled very closely after one of Wren's masterpieces in London.

His attitude towards modern architectural ideals may be calculated from such data as the following letter furnishes:

28 STATE ST., BOSTON,

October 17, 1890.

*My dear young Friend,*—There are many points in the exterior architecture of your new home that are attractive and pleasant to the professional critic. The building is also quite imposing in effect, from its comparatively large size. I hope to see the interior sooner or later, possibly before winter sets in.

The rage in house designing for oddity is being carried to the verge of ridiculousness if not vulgarity. There will be a turn by and by, and Heaven knows what vagaries may be fastened on us when the change takes place.

Certain novices in architecture are inaugurating the tumble-down, dilapidated, broken up, and demoralized styles, as witness one little drawing I have at hand and beg to enclose herewith.

To induce a client to erect such a bit of masonry around the entrance corner of the house, shown by the sketch, should in-

vite quick wrath upon the architect responsible for such an uncouth, heterogeneous mass of confusion. The ponderosity of the chimney top is something fearful. Such a top would indicate fireplaces, ovens, etc., within the house fully in keeping with the eight feet open backlog accommodation of the "Jenkins-Otis-Newcomb" homestead recently remodelled and rebuilt,—home of our friend "Edgar."\* I am not attempting a homily in what has been herein written so far as you are concerned, but rather as a warning to the rising generation of professionals not to carry "confusion worse confounded" to a point that shall become unbearable. Believe me yours sincerely,

GRIDLEY J. F. BRYANT.

And yet he was no purist in architecture, as a careful study of his buildings will show. He held closely to the spirit of style in which he worked, but adapted details to conditions. The Parker House Extension is, perhaps, the best illustration of his method, and coming as it did almost at the end of his professional career may be taken as an example of both the excellences and the defects of a style which had been maturing for forty years. He was not an architectural genius to build epoch making structures for geniuses of finance and of speculation; he was the faithful, conscientious, laborious servant of the solid men, the merchant princes and literary statesmen, who in the

first half of this century laid the foundations for "Greater Boston," and the "Greater Republic."

Mr. Bryant's character was ripened through suffering. To enter into particulars would anger the living and be unkind to the dead. It is enough to say that his suffering was almost wholly on account of the faithlessness, the greed, and the cruel cunning of others to whom he was bound by close ties. He was broad in his sym-



THE LAST PICTURE TAKEN OF MR. BRYANT

pathies and generous to a fault. Among his papers one finds evidence that he was bound by no creed except "Do good unto all men," and guided by no rule except "Give to him that asketh thee." For example, there are receipts for gifts to the Church Home for Orphans and Destitute Children, the Female Bible Society, the Charitable Clothing Department of Emmanuel Church,

the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, to St. Andrew's Chapel, Emmanuel Church, and a church in Lynn. There are many letters from people now dead and forgotten asking for money, indorsed in Mr. Bryant's own hand with the amounts given. He confessed to Dr. Newcomb, that never in his life had he refused the request of any person who asked him for help. If the numberless people to whom he gave could see as those see who know his history,

\* Edgar A. P. Newcomb, a Boston architect, nephew of Dr. George L. Newcomb.

they would be obliged to say, "He was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor."

His body was placed beside that of his wife, in "Groveland," on the easterly slope of Booth Hill, overlooking the distant bay. For her he had erected a costly tablet of marble; for

him has been erected, by his business associates, a simple marble slab bearing a laurel wreath and these few words:

GRIDLEY JAMES FOX BRYANT,

AUGUST 29, 1816

JUNE 8, 1899

## 'Manda

By Jeannette Pemberton

MISS MARY lived alone, not by reason of selfish longings for an old maid's paradise, nor because of disagreeable characteristics setting her apart as one to be avoided in the sweet familiarities of home life—but merely as we do most things in this world, from force of circumstances.

Her parents and an only sister had died young, leaving her heir to much loneliness, and a good-sized house surrounded by several acres of land on the edge of a large town.

There seemed to be no poor relation, nor even friend, who was ready to share her home; and she had not yet concluded that life would be made happier by abandoning the comforts to which she had been accustomed, and losing her individuality in a boarding-house.

So she lived alone. As she loved to read and paint, and was not timid, she might have found no other inconvenience from the solitary life than the mere loss of companionship, but for the "servant question"—that problem

of housekeeping. Woman after woman, girl after girl, promised, came, pronounced the house "too terrible desolate," and departed.

There was one middle-aged, "dacent, ould Irish cook," who did well, sure, for the space of a week, and then "tuk to her bed wid the lavins of an ould faver she got off the ship." During her absence from the kitchen, so many mysterious black bottles were found stowed away, here and there, that Miss Mary thought it best to give her a wider field for her talents. On her recovery, they parted company, with loud-spoken regrets from the party of the second part.

Next came a young girl of the same nationality. The first evening she sat mournfully on the kitchen porch after her work was done, and looked steadfastly at the setting sun, moaning:

"It does be so cruel lonesome here, I feel sick wid the night comin' on"; and the next morning she sought other surroundings. Then two English women were tried in quick succession, both of whom refused to remain in a



country house where no protecting man lodged. Next came Swedes, with poor success. One ran away at night from sheer dread of the solitude, leaving Miss Mary in cruel ignorance of her fate. Another married the milkman after a month's acquaintance.

Miss Mary was much cast down, but not despairing. She advertised her want, and received applicants with a noble fortitude and sound judgment. And one fine spring morning she welcomed to her kitchen a tall, angular, hard-featured woman of forty or more winters, dressed in rusty mourning garments.

"My name is 'Manda. No'm, not *A*manda, if you please. I was brought up to despise affectation, and I don't propose to put on any frills at my time of life."

"Very well, 'Manda. I'd like you to get the kitchen and pantries in order this morning, and have dinner ready at one o'clock. This afternoon I'll show you what else I want," and Miss Mary departed in peace to her sitting-room, where she was trying to paint a bunch of crocuses.

The dinner was punctual and satisfactory, and Miss Mary's heart was puffed up with hope. But as she sat reading, after the happy morning, she glanced out of the long window which opened on the piazza, and her light heart sank low. She descried a gaunt figure, wearing scant skirts and shawl, and topped by bonnet and rusty crape veil, sitting stiffly upon the edge of one of the long chairs.

Miss Mary was no coward. She opened the window, and advanced boldly to the attack.

"'Manda, what does this mean?"

"Oh, nothing to scare you. I be-

long to the Society for the Cultivation of Repose; and it's one of our rules to sit in some pleasant nook and rest for an hour after dinner every day. Some of our members have lost good homes by sticking to the rule; and if you want me to go, I'm all ready." She paused a moment. "But you look to me as if you had good sense?"

This was plainly interrogative, but Miss Mary's only reply was a brilliant smile. It seemed to answer the purpose, however.

"I come out here, because 'twas so pleasant and soft; but I reckoned I'd better wrap up or I'd git neuralgia in my head bones and you'd have me sick on your hands. You needn't worry about the work. That's *my* business."

Miss Mary was not without a sense of humor, and she returned to her own "repose" to enjoy the situation. Why should she interfere with the rules of the Society for the Cultivation of Repose unless they interfered with her affairs? A few days' observation proved that they did not. The work was done, and well done, and life seemed all luxurious ease.

"If 'Manda were young," her mistress used to soliloquize, "I should know that she could not last. Some man would snap her up, so to speak. But with her age, her face, and her figure, I'm sure—yes, sure—I have nothing to fear."

She said this to herself many times; but, alas, for the assurance of mere words.

"Miss Mary, have you got a piece of black cloth you can loan me to wrap 'round these old shoes? I'm just starting to the cobbler's to have them heel."

"Why—perhaps, 'Manda; but why don't you take paper? Here's some."

"Oh, Miss Mary, you forget I'm in mourning," smiling indulgently. "I always have my parcels done in black. I couldn't carry a bundle of yellow paper! It wouldn't look decent."

"Oh!" Miss Mary's tone expressed the surprise of newly enlightened ignorance. "'Manda, you never have told me what friend you are wearing black for?"

"I am a widow," was the dignified reply. "That is—he broke it off before we actually stood at the altar—but we were as good as married."

"He led another woman to the altar," she continued, as Miss Mary took no advantage of the pause. "An inferior one. She never even had the sense to wear black for him!" with fine contempt. "But I always knew his heart was mine."

"Well—" after another pause—"the undertaker down here, next door to the cobbler's, has been looking at me a good deal, on prayer-meeting nights." "I've sometimes wondered what he's thinking about. But there! It doesn't become a widow to be premature!"

She grasped her mourning bundles in her black gloved hands, and hastened on her way to agitate the undertaker's heart before she revealed too freely the inner workings of her own.

Miss Mary's house was spotlessly neat, and her meals perfectly cooked. How could she hear this faint note of warning without disquietude? Yet the happy hours sped on serenely until summer had ripened into autumn.

"Miss Mary, would you be willing to let me off for the whole afternoon, to-day?" asked 'Manda, one soft September noon. "I belong to the Society for the Promotion of Artistic Taste Among the Masses, and I want to go

with a friend to visit a little scenery out in the other end of town," and Miss Mary gave the desired permission.

'Manda finished her work early, for once breaking her iron rule of an hour's repose after dinner, and busied herself "renovating" her crape veil. Miss Mary was seated upon the piazza, reading. A sound of wheels upon the road attracted her attention, and she glanced up to see a hearse slowly approaching in the distance. Not an unusual sight—but she wondered who was to receive its last sad office. She had returned to her book, however, when suddenly, without warning a chill shadow seemed to cross her heart. An undefinable, mysterious sense of suffering anew an oft-repeated anguish oppressed her soul. She lifted heavy lids to see the hearse standing at her own gate—as she had seen it three dreadful times before.

Her first impulse was to fly into the house for protection. But second thought advised her to wait and meet the undertaker, who was walking up the path with befitting solemnity.

"Is Mrs. 'Manda Knight ready?" he asked respectfully.

It seemed a summons to the grave—but when 'Manda appeared, decorously arrayed in her best, but rusty crape, Miss Mary learned that it only meant a pleasure trip for two lovers, who seemed coyly happy in face of the most adverse surroundings.

They drove away, side by side upon the gruesome seat, chatting with solemn joy.

"You see, Miss Mary," 'Manda explained upon her return, "he had to go to the cemet'ry on business, and as it's a good three miles we didn't want

to walk, so he took the only carriage he had. It kep' us mindful, too, that life ain't all courtin' and sparkin'," she added with a touch of pathos. "There's a time for all things. I do hope it didn't give you a turn, ma'am, for I s'pose I'll be driving out with him once in a while now?"

Miss Mary confessed that something in the nature of a "turn" had been given her, and she requested that, in future, when the equipage was about to stop that way she might be informed in time to seclude herself on the back piazza.

Soon a subtle change crept over the small household. Not that the work was less well done—but the presiding genius of the kitchen lost the rigidity that had been her chief characteristic. The hour devoted to Repose often found her reading poetry in a comfortable rocking-chair, instead of perching in stiff idleness upon some hard seat. She occasionally sang wild, stray notes at her work, and once Miss Mary overheard her whistling "Annie Laurie." The crisis was reached one "prayer-meeting night," when she came to the parlor and asked:

"Won't you, please, just fix this veil at the back for me? I can't reach the pesky thing."

Miss Mary could not believe her own eyes! The transformation was too startling. Could this maiden in blue calico gown, white "shoulder cape," and sailor hat with dotted lace veil be 'Manda? Was the world—her world—coming to an end? Without self-consciousness, 'Manda spoke:

"I see you're surprised at my clothes. That's natural. But I come in mostly to tell you I'm engaged to the undertaker. Oh, you needn't be

scairt! I ain't going to leave *you*! I ain't in any hurry to marry. There's time enough. And, besides, I don't think his old house is as healthy as it might be. I belong to the Society for the Sanitation of Homes, and I ain't going to put myself in any risk of typhoid of diptheory. You needn't be uneasy with regards to my deserting *you*, yet, ma'am."

Miss Mary's fears were not so easily allayed. She could never supply 'Manda's place. It would be impossible to find two such perfect servants in one short life—and how, after these months of bliss, could one return to ministrations such as she had endured in the past? Her days were anxious and troubled; but even in her sorrow she rejoiced in the brightness of 'Manda's appearance. She had not realized until now how distinctly depressing the mourning garments had been; brilliant blue and pink gowns replaced the rusty black serge, and went far towards heartening her up—but so much the greater would be her loss! Now that the only unpleasing thing about her handmaiden had been removed, how much more impossible to find her equal!

These anxieties were freely discussed with 'Manda, who readily foresaw the difficult task of finding a satisfactory successor to herself.

"Not but what some others have got abilities as good as what I've got; but they don't have my sense of duty," she said, modestly. "They ain't many that stands by their own consciences, nowadays. But don't you worry. I belong to a Society for the Protection of Single Women and Widows, and it's one of the rules not to give any man the comforts that ought to be dedicated



to some woman, so I ain't going to leave you in the lurch."

"I've often wondered, 'Manda, how you happened to belong to so many societies," said Miss Mary, half questioning.

"Well—" 'Manda smiled. "Down where I come from we ain't so pushed for time as folks in a big city, and winter nights we get together and improve ourselves, forming societies. But I don't mind telling *you* that sometimes they ain't but one member to mine!"

Miss Mary's face showed a comprehending appreciation, but she was unable to make reply, as the grocer just then arrived for orders.

It was only two weeks after the startling announcement of 'Manda's engagement to the undertaker. Miss Mary's artistic sense was sometimes pained, sometimes pleased, and always attracted by the brilliant coloring in her attire, which had become a striking characteristic in the change. But one Sunday morning she was startled to see a familiar, tall figure slowly walk down the path to the gate, clothed in sombre serge and dingy crape. Could it be 'Manda?

Miss Mary could hardly wait until her return from church to make inquiries, and invented an immediate errand to the kitchen.

"I trust you haven't heard any bad news, 'Manda?"

"Well, that's as folks take it," was the philosophic reply.

"From home, I mean?"

"Oh, law! no. I ain't got much home to hear from, for that matter."

"I was afraid some one might have died?"

"My dress, I s'pose. Oh, no, I've broke my engagement, that's all. And

that throws me back into the same state of feeling for Joe Knight that I've had ever since he died, so I just expressed my mind by my clo'es."

A swift exultation filled Miss Mary's being, but she spoke calmly.

"May I ask what was the trouble?"

"Why, yes, I'd just as lieves tell you. You see he was in a terrible hurry to have me come and make his house comfortable. He'd heard I could cook"; she interjected scornfully, "and I told him I wouldn't take one step till I see you settled with some capable woman. He was bound he wouldn't wait, and I told him I couldn't abide such selfishness, and it was a poor outlook for my happiness to see him so anxious to discommode a lady. And the upshot of it was—we parted."

"But, 'Manda, I can't let you give up your life's happiness for me. I wouldn't dare accept so great a sacrifice, much as I appreciate your generosity."

"Oh, don't you worry," she returned laughing. "I don't deny but what I'm disappointed. When a man's got a good steady business like his, and a house capable of being fixed up, any woman of sense better say yes than no. But there's others to think of. Folks say I'm queer—but I ain't too queer to know a kind and honorable lady when I see her. And they ain't too plenty, either."

Miss Mary was too much touched to reply, and 'Manda went on:

"To tell the truth, that old hearse kind o' palled on me! I b'lieve I'll get up a Society for the Promotion of Proper Manners in Courting—"

Miss Mary was still pondering the subject when she left the kitchen.

*From Genl Washington  
Private  
April 18<sup>th</sup> 1784  
- 136 -  
very friendly.*

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## Washington-Greene Correspondence

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A large collection of original letters written by General Washington and General Greene has come into the editor's possession. It is our intention to reproduce in fac-simile those of the letters which present the most interesting details and side lights on the great events of the period covered, even though some of the letters may have been previously published.

The reproduction of these letters in chronological order will be continued through the following nine issues.

The letter, which is herewith reproduced, was written in answer to one from General Greene. The original of the latter communication is not in the collection referred to above; but a transcript of it has been made from the "Correspondence of the Revolution," edited by Jared Sparks, and will be found on the following page.—[EDITOR.]

Gen. Greene to Gen. Washington

CAMP, NEAR THE IRON WORKS,  
10 Miles from Guilford Court-House, 18 March, 1781.

SIR,

My letter to Congress, a copy of which I inclosed to your Excellency, will inform you of an unsuccessful action with Lord Cornwallis on the 15th. Our prospects were flattering; and had the North Carolina militia seconded the endeavours of their officers, victory was certain. But they left the most advantageous position I ever saw, without scarcely firing a gun. None fired more than twice, and very few more than once, and near one half not at all. The Virginia militia behaved with great gallantry, and the success of the day seemed to be doubtful for a long time. The action was long and severe.

In my former letters I inclosed to your Excellency the probable strength of the British army, since which they have been constantly declining. Our force, as you will see by the returns, was respectable; and the probability of not being able to keep it long in the field, and the difficulty of subsisting men in this exhausted country, together with the great advantages which would result from the action, if we were victorious, and the little injury, if we were otherwise, determined me to bring on an action as soon as possible. When both parties are agreed in a matter, all obstacles are soon removed. I thought the determination warranted by the soundest principles of good policy, and I hope events will prove it so, though we are unfortunate. I regret nothing so much as the loss of my artillery, though it was of little use to us, nor can it be, in this great wilderness. However, as the enemy have it, we must also.

Lord Cornwallis will not give up this country without being sadly beaten. I wish our force was more competent to the business. But I am in hopes, by little and little, to reduce him in time. His troops are good, well found, and fight with great obstinacy.

I am very happy to hear the Marquis de Lafayette is coming to Virginia, though I am afraid, from a hint in one of Baron Steuben's letters, he will think himself injured in being superseded in the command. Could the Marquis join us at this moment, we should have a glorious campaign. It would put Lord Cornwallis and his whole army into our hands. I am also happy to hear, that the Pennsylvania line are coming to the southward. The mutiny in that line was a very extraordinary one. It was reported here to have proceeded from the great cruelty of the officers. A member of Congress writes this; but I believe it to be so far from the truth, that I am persuaded it originated rather through indulgence than from any other cause.

Virginia has given me every support I could wish, or expect, since Lord Cornwallis has been in North Carolina; and nothing has contributed more to this than the prejudice of the people in favor of your Excellency which has extended to me from the friendship you have been pleased to honor me with. The service here is extremely severe, and the officers and soldiers bear it with a degree of patience that does them the highest honor. I have never taken off my clothes since I left the Pedee. I was taken with a fainting last night, owing, I imagine, to excessive fatigue and constant watching. I am better today, but far from being well.

I have little prospect of acquiring much reputation while I labor under so many disadvantages. I hope my friends will make just allowances; and as for vulgar opinion, I regard it not. Neither time nor health will permit me to write your Excellency upon many matters which are upon my mind. I beg my best respects to Mrs. Washington.

With esteem and regard I am, &c.,

NATHANAEL GREENE.



New Windsor April 18<sup>th</sup> 1781

My dear Sir;

Your private letter of the 18<sup>th</sup> ult. came safe to hand - although the storm of the field did not fall to your lot, I am convinced you deserved them. - The chances of War are various - and the best concerted measures, and the most flattering prospects may often do deceive us, especially while we are in the power of Misinformation. - The motives which induced you to seek an action with Lord Cornwallis are supportable upon the best military principles - and the consequences, if you can prevent the dissipation of your Troops, will, no doubt be fortunate. - Every support that is in my power to give you from this Army shall cheerfully be afforded. - But if I part with any more Troops I must accompany them, or leave here to command, as there is not, at this moment, more than a Garrison for West Point - nor can I take a leave there with. -

I am much pleased to find by your letter that the State of Virginia exerts itself to your satisfaction - My public & private letters <sup>expressly</sup> inculcate this. - And I have again urged Congress to use every possible means in their power to facilitate the March of the Pennsylvania line - as also to recruit, equip and forward Morylan's Dragoons to you with dispatch. -

I

I should be very sorry, on any occasion, to hurt the feelings of the Baron de Steuben, whom I esteem as a very valuable Officer - but in the instance you have mentioned there is no cause for complaint, for if he will advert to his own letters to me he will find, that there was a great probability of his having marched with a detachment to reinforce you - Besides which, there was a necessity for sending a General Officer with the detachment from hence - and political considerations as it was to be a combined operation (depending upon critical circumstances) with a French land & sea force, joined to the Marquis - add to this, I knew the French troops were to be commanded by an officer of Senior Rank to either the Baron or Marquis - these are the facts, the knowledge of which must, I am persuaded, satisfy the Baron. -

I am truly sensible of the merit & fortitude of the veteran Bands, under your command, & wish the sentiments & particulars of their worth could be communicated with the warmth I feel them. - It was my full intention to have requested you to thank M'Gowan and the gallant troops under his command, for their brilliant victory, but the hurry with which my letters are often written, occasioned the omission at the time I acknowledged the official acct. of that action. - Your conjecture respecting the cause of the P. M. has more substantial ground for its support than the letter of the M. - C. - and I am  
mistaken



mistaken if the licentious conduct of that  
line was not more the effect of an effluvia  
of spirits on the first of January, than of  
premeditated design. —

I have the pleasure to tell you, that  
as far as I am acquainted with the opinion  
of Congress with respect to your conduct it is  
in your favor — That this is im-  
ment of all the Southern Delegates I have  
great reason to believe, because I have it  
declared to me in explicit terms by some  
of them\*. — I hope the disorder of which  
you complained in your letter of the 18<sup>th</sup>  
was no more than the effect of over fatigue  
and that you are now perfectly recovered  
— That success equal to your merit & with  
may attend you, is the ardent desire of

Sir, —

Y<sup>r</sup> affect friend and  
obed<sup>t</sup> serv<sup>t</sup>

G. Washington

P. S. G. Washington  
the rest of the family  
present their best wishes  
to you — and I have the plea-  
sure to tell you that Mr. Greene  
and your children were well lately,  
— Your letters to her, under cover to me,  
are regularly forwarded by the Post. —

\* Since writing the above I have received a  
letter from Mr. Curtis dated the 27<sup>th</sup> ult. in w<sup>ch</sup>  
are these words "General Greene has by his  
conduct gained universal esteem, and for  
"services in the fullest degree the confidence  
"of all ranks of People" — He had then just  
returned from the Assembly at Richmond



## Gen. Washington to Gen. Greene

NEW WINDSOR April 18th 1781.

MY DEAR SIR:

Your private letter of the 18th ult. came safe to hand—although the honors of the field did not fall to your lot, I am convinced you deserved them.—The chances of war are various—and the best concerted measures, and the most flattering prospects may, & often do deceive us, especially while we are in the power of Militia.—The motives which induced you to seek an Action with Lord Cornwallis are supportable upon the best Military principles—and the consequences, if you can prevent the dissipation of your Troops, will, no doubt be fortunate—Every support that is in my power to give you from this Army shall cheerfully be afforded—But if I part with any more Troops I must accompany them, or have none to command, as there is not, at this moment, more than a Garrison for West point—nor can I tell when there will.—

I am much pleased to find by your letter that the State of Virginia exerts itself to your satisfaction—My public & private letters strongly inculcate the necessity of this,—and I have again urged Congress to use every possible means in their power to facilitate the march of the Pennsylvania line—as also to recruit, equip, and forward Moylans Dragoons to you with dispatch.—

I should be very sorry, on any occasion, to hurt the feelings of the Baron de Steuben, whom I esteem as a very valuable Officer—but in the instance you have mentioned there is no cause for complaint; for if he will advert to his own letters to me, he will find, that there was a great probability of his having marched with a detachment to reinforce you—Besides which, there was a necessity for sending a General Officer with the detachment from hence—and political considerations as it was to be a combined operation (depending upon critical circumstances) with a French land & sea force, pointed to the Marquis—add to this, I knew the French Troops were to be commanded by an officer of senior rank to either the Baron or Marquis—these are the facts, the knowledge of which must, I am persuaded, satisfy the Baron.—

I am truly sensible of the merit & fortitude of the veteran Bands under your command, & wish the sentiments I entertain of their worth could be communicated with the warmth I feel them.—It was my full intention to have requested you, to thank Morgan and the gallant Troops under his command, for their brilliant victory; but the hurry with which my letters are often written, occasioned the omission at the time I acknowledged the official acc't of that action.—Your conjecture respecting the cause of the P— M— has more substantial ground for its support than the letter of the M— C—, and I am mistaken if the licentious conduct of that line, was not more the effect of an overcharge of Spirits on the first of January than of premeditated design.—

I have the pleasure to tell you, that as far as I am acquainted with the opinion of Congress with respect to your conduct, it is much in your favor—That this is the sentiment of all the Southern Delegates I have a great reason to believe, because I have it declared to me in explicit terms by some of them.\*—I hope the disorder of which you complained in your letter of the 18th was no more than the effect of over fatigue and that you are now perfectly recovered.—That success equal to your merits & wish may attend you, is the ardent desire of

D'r Sir,—

Y'r affect. friend and  
obed't H'ble Serv't

(Signed)

G. WASHINGTON.

P. S. Mrs. Washington & the rest of the family present their best wishes to you—and I have the pleasure to tell you, that Mrs. Greene and your Children were well lately,—Your letters to her, under cover to me, are regularly forwarded by the Post.—

\*Since writing the above I have received a letter from Mr. Custis dated the 29th ult. in which are these words. "General Greene has by his conduct gained universal esteem, and possesses in the fullest degree, the confidence of all Ranks of People"—He had then just returned from the Assembly at Richmond.

Original Letter.

# A Castle in Spain

By Frederic Reddale

THE Spring Academy Exhibition was drawing to a close. It happened to be a good year for me, since my two pictures were sold for a total sum represented by four figures,—otherwise I might have been compelled to spend the summer at home, instead of taking my cherished trip to Europe; so I felt delightfully at peace with all the world, and viewed the immediate future through rose-tinted glasses.

It wanted but an hour or so to our New York dinner-time, and the crowd of fashionable connoisseurs was fast thinning out. There yet lingered a handful of enthusiasts, who had come to see the pictures, not the people; while Netherby, N. A., and that impressionist apostle, Felix Filmer, were both playing cicerone to a group of friends, each of them, according to his bent, intent on pointing out what *he* considered the "best bits."

Taking a seat on one of the comfortable fauteuils whence I could command a view of Numbers 87 and 243—my pictures—I was lazily noting the magic white tickets stuck in the lower left-hand corners of those canvases which had fortuitously found a market, when there came toward me, from the left-hand entrance, going slowly down the line, catalogue in hand, the figure of a lady, slight and youthful, veiled, and richly but quietly dressed. She did not stop in front of Number 87—the smaller of my two efforts.

Quite unconsciously I found myself wondering whether she would pause before Number 243, a much more ambitious work, and there came into my mind the old nursery jingle running thus:

*"One she does, two she doesn't  
Three she does, I say" —*

while I watched her out of the tail of my eye. Quite unconsciously, I say, for only afterward did I recall the trifling incident. What did it matter to me whether she noticed the canvas? One cannot sell a picture twice.

I rose to go. Stay,—she *had* stopped very near to Number 243. Attracted by some strange impulse I stood observing her. Instantly she started back with a slight inarticulate cry, and raising her veil with a hasty gesture as though gasping for air, she staggered toward the nearest divan. I was by her side in half a dozen strides.

"Your pardon, madam. Can I be of any assistance? You are ill, I fear."

She raised her eyes to mine as I spoke. "It is nothing, sir—a momentary faintness—"

"A glass of water—," I suggested tentatively.

"I need not trouble you, sir," she replied tremulously, with a dignified reserve absolutely charming in one so young and—well, yes,—so beautiful. For in one swift glance I gathered a mental photograph of an exquisitely tinted oval face, a low wide brow shaded with tendrils of brown hair.

deep gray eyes, and tiny shell-like ears peeping from beneath the folds of her veil.

I took my dismissal with a ceremonious bow, when, with delightfully feminine inconsistency, she spoke again,—this time in stronger tones:

"Pray pardon me, sir,—but could you tell me what this picture represents?" She nervously turned the pages of her catalogue to find the title, and indicated with a neatly gloved forefinger a certain entry. I bent over her, and saw that she pointed to the line:

"No. 243.—Un Chateau d'Espagne.—Hamilton Barnaby."

I smiled as I straightened up and looked down at her.

"You could not have found a better guide, though possibly a more disinterested one," I answered. "I am Mr. Barnaby!"

For an instant she did not comprehend, but sat looking at me blankly; then she referred to the catalogue again, and suddenly ejaculated:

"Oh!" Then after a moment's pause, she continued, half to herself, "How very, *very* strange!"

"The picture is sold," I ventured, to which commercial remark her ladyship paid not the slightest attention. She rose and moved a pace nearer the canvas, gazing at it as though it were a veritable "old master," nervously crumpling and crushing the inoffensive catalogue into shapelessness.

She turned suddenly, as if her mind were made up to some desperate resolve, and stood before me with pretty imperiousness, although there was a half-beseeching look in her eyes which I have since learned is not to be gained.

"Mr. Barnaby," she began, with an effort to be calm, "is that picture real—I mean does it represent an actual scene, or is it based on a fancy sketch? Pardon my curiosity, but I have a very particular reason for asking."

I assured her that the painting was both real and realistic, being a faithful likeness of a veritable locality, painted mainly on the spot.

"I knew it!" she said in a low tone, as her eyes once more sought the canvas. Again she seemed perplexed.

"Command me in any way, Miss—," I began inadvertently, and the next instant could have bitten my tongue in twain. I did not know her name, and would not for the world have seemed to ask for it. But she did not appear to notice my awkward lapse, for she instantly supplied the gap:

"Lasalles. My father is Judge Lasalles, of whom you have probably heard." She said this with a half-defiant toss of her little head (she declares I ought to cross that out), for the misfortunes of her father had constituted a nine days' wonder about three years before.

I bowed. So this was the Grace Lasalles of whom I had heard as being at "teas" and "private views," in the studios of my brother artists, among whom she possessed the threefold reputation of being a beauty, a wit, and a munificent patroness. But this latter quality was before the Judge came to grief.

"Papa and I live very quietly now," she said, building up her defenses around her as she proceeded, "but I do so want to ask you all about the picture...and...oh, Mr. Barnaby, I have no mother...might I ask you...would you mind calling on papa some



afternoon? I know this is an utterly unconventional request, and you will think me dreadfully improper... but..." While she spoke hastily and with waves of color surging to her white forehead, she was nervously searching in the dainty little bag at her side for a visiting card, which she timidly held toward me.

"Not another word, Miss Lasalles," I said, accepting the square of pasteboard. "I shall be delighted to meet your father. At what hour am I likely to find Judge Lasalles at home?"

"Would four o'clock do?" she inquired with another vivid blush.

"Perfectly," I replied, with my best salute. "Shall we say to-morrow?"

"If you will be so kind," she rejoined demurely, and more at her ease. Again I bowed and said:

"Permit me to see you to the street, Miss Lasalles," and we turned our steps toward the door.

During this brief colloquy I was conscious of a mental undercurrent of questioning. Where had I seen her before? Never face to face, I was certain. I have a good memory for names and persons, and do not readily forget an acquaintance. It must have been through some accidental encounter. Arriving at this decision ere we had gone half the length of the gallery, the conclusion was speedily knocked endwise. We were abreast of Number 87, my other picture, and there, staring at us as though out of a mirror, was the counterfeit presentment of Miss Grace Lasalles,—painted in Normandy nearly a year before!

With an exclamation I halted before the canvas, and my companion did likewise. I stood stupidly looking at

one and the other, from the painted likeness to the living reality.

"Do you not see it, Miss Lasalles?" I said excitedly, pointing to Number 87.

"I see a resemblance, certainly," she answered guardedly, but in awed tones. "What does it mean, Mr. Barnaby. You do not mean to tell me that is your picture also?"

I nodded assent, too astonished for speech. As usual, the woman was the first to recover herself.

"Do not let us discuss it now," she said, moving away, as though afraid to linger. "It simply means...oh, I don't know *what* it means," she exclaimed half hysterically, hurrying onward. I followed dumbly until we reached Twenty-third Street, where a neat brougham stood at the curb. Hat in hand, I opened the door, and handed her in. "Home!" I said to the coachman. "To-morrow!" she motioned with her lips; the horse sprang forward at the flick of the whip, and I was left gazing blankly at the vehicle as it sped westward.

Promptly at four o'clock the next afternoon I stood on the steps of a modest dwelling well up in the Forties just west of Fifth Avenue. I found Judge Lasalles an elderly gentleman of a type fast vanishing,—tall, fallow, clean shaven, betraying in speech and manner his Southern extraction, the mild blue eyes and the kindly, indecisive mouth furnishing an inkling of the cause of his downfall. Originally possessed of a fine legal practice, he amassed a fortune thereby, ere he was elevated to the bench; during his judicial term he became involved in "the Street" through the machinations of some Napoleons of



rawn by Will Grefé.

"DO YOU NOT SEE IT, MISS LASALLES?"

Finance, and although his personal honor was never questioned, he was forced to resign, retiring to private life with just enough to live upon,—a broken man.

Although I took the precaution to inquire for the Judge, I was received by Miss Lasalles, and duly introduced to her father. But the old gentleman soon dropped out of the conversation, busied himself over the arrangement of a choice collection of butterflies, and shortly shuffled out of the room. This left the coast clear for the real object of my call. Miss Lasalles lost no time in beating about the bush, her first words after her father's departure being:

"Now, Mr. Barnaby, please tell me all about the picture."

"Which one?" I inquired.

"The landscape," she rejoined, "that which you have named *Un Chateau d'Espagne*."

"Really, there is not much to relate, Miss Lasalles," I replied. "The place really exists near the coast of Normandy. I was there last year, and painted it upon the ground."

"But what a strange title for a real chateau—you know the old saying, 'there are no castles in Spain'; does not the phrase imply something baseless or visionary?"

"Certainly, which is why I chose the name. But that is another story," was my answer, whereat her face assumed a look of intenser interest.

"No half confidences, I beseech you, Mr. Barnaby," she said, clasping and unclasping her fingers nervously. "It is no common curiosity which impels me to ask you to keep nothing back, unless—"

"It is no state secret, I assure you,

Miss Lasalles," I hastened to reply, "but simply a bit of ancient family history with which I need not bore you unless you insist."

"Since you permit me the choice, I do insist," she said, with a dazzling smile and an emphatic nod. I bowed.

"Remember you have brought it on yourself, Miss Lasalles," I said, with mock commiseration. "Know, then, that although I am English by birth and American by adoption, there flows in my veins both French and Irish blood. My great-grandfather on my mother's side, a certain Emilé Desperrois, was a French abbé. At the period of the Terror he was among the proscribed, his estates being sequestered; he became an emigré, fled to England, and ultimately settled in Dublin, where he became tutor in a gentleman's family. He ended by marrying his pupil, a high-spirited and beautiful Irish girl. They had one child,—a daughter. The sex of this child was a great disappointment to M. Desperrois, for he believed that his estates would some day be restored by the French government; hence, he hoped for a son who would push the claim and restore the family name. The daughter—my maternal grandmother—was baptized Iphegenia, and was educated as much like a boy as possible, being taught to fence and to ride, while the French language was as her mother tongue. But alas for the vanity of human wishes! Miss Iphegenia Desperrois married a well-to-do London tradesman, by whom she had a large family,—three sons and four daughters. In this new relationship neither she nor her husband cared to push the French claim, and it was allowed to languish. My mother was



the youngest of the four daughters, and at her instance some thirty or forty years ago, investigations were set on foot to identify the lost Desperrois estates. In this there was no difficulty, but as they had been sold piecemeal and parcelled out among a number of small proprietors, the legal obstacles in the way of recovery or restitution were insuperable. Familiar with these facts from my boyhood, I long ago determined that if chance ever favored I would visit the spot. Not until last summer did the opportunity occur, when I found the old family chateau as you see it, transferred it to canvas, and gave it the name it bears. For me, you see, it is a veritable castle in the air."

While I was thus rapidly sketching the story of the picture, Miss Lasalles literally hung upon my words, nor did she break silence for some moments after I ceased speaking, seeming lost in reverie. But upon my saying:

"It is your turn, now, Miss Lasalles!" she recovered herself with a start.

"I thank you, indeed, Mr. Barnaby," she said. "Yours is certainly a curious story,—not the less strange because it is true. I am going to ask you to listen to something which may seem very weak and fanciful; yet I beg you to believe that it is as real to me as that which you have just been relating." I signified my attentive interest, and she went on:

"As long as I have been able to remember distinctly, that is, ever since I was a little girl, I have possessed an intense inner consciousness that somewhere in the dim past I lived another existence, amid totally foreign scenes, among very different people, and sur-

rounded by strange social customs. I will not weary you with the petty details, out of which I could construct a complete fabric,—dresses, furniture, and ceremonies,—but will come at once to the main fact. There has always been present to my mental sight a perfect image of the place where this former life was spent, and had I possessed any skill with pencil or brush I could have reproduced it on paper or canvas. Judge, then, of my surprise when my eyes rested on your picture yesterday for the first time. Your *Chateau d'Espagne* is the castle of my dreams!"

It was now my turn to be amazed, and for some moments I sat gazing blankly at the girl, having no fitting answer ready. She brought me back to earth by a sudden question, delivered with great earnestness:

"Mr. Barnaby, do you believe in former existences?" Had she asked me if I had faith in a future life she could not have been more matter-of-fact.

"I—I—beg your pardon, Miss Lasalles," I stammered, "I'm afraid I don't quite understand you."

Nothing daunted by this Boetian stupidity, she calmly proceeded to explain:

"You know there are many thinkers and philosophers who maintain that every human soul lives many times on earth; that what we term our present life is neither the beginning nor the end; and that to some of us more or less vivid memories of these former lives are vouchsafed. For personal reasons I am a firm believer in this theory;—and I can assure you that I am in very good company." This last remark was made in half-defiant an-

swer to a mute expression of wondering dissent on my part.

"I am entirely without bias, Miss Lasalles," I said, "for I simply don't know anything about it, but I am perfectly willing to accept your view of the matter. What then?"

"Ah!" she said, with a deep-drawn breath, "now I shall surely tax your credulity." In her earnestness she bent toward me, and spoke in a low and thrilling way.

"Your picture is a faithful reproduction of the old chateau?"

"Perfectly."

"Is the structure still in good condition?" was her next query.

"It looks as though it might stand for another hundred years at least," I said.

"Did you explore the interior?" she inquired.

"No, I did not try; the place was shut up and untenanted, the present owners preferring to live in Paris."

"I am sorry for that," she rejoined, "for I could have partly proved my case by describing to you the general plan of the interior. Never mind, I can do that later. Now, Mr. Barnaby," she went on, "please give me your closest attention. In the northwest corner turret there is an octagon chamber with panelled walls. Each panel—there are five of them, two of the spaces being occupied by windows and one by the door—is decorated with a life-sized portrait. The panel which fills in the space between the windows bears the likeness of a man in armor. This particular panel is movable, and conceals a hidden cavity. In that cavity is a casket filled with jewels!"

I looked at the girl in amazement.

"How can you know all this?" I inquired bluntly, with more scepticism than politeness.

"It is part of my recollection of the past," she said, gravely, and in tones of absolute conviction. "I saw the casket placed there hurriedly, amid great confusion and by torchlight,—and I believe it is there yet!"

I endeavored to point out to her the utter improbability that the treasure still existed, even supposing her recollection to be exact as to the actual occurrence. "And suppose the jewels are still there, Miss Lasalles, what do you propose to do about it—they are neither yours nor mine."

"I intend to discover them, and claim a reward from the family," she said emphatically, "that is, if I can count on your help, Mr. Barnaby. You know we are dreadfully poor now. Papa is living on his little capital, and when that is done, what is to become of us? I have planned it all out. The first thing is to get to Normandy. "Why," she said, with growing excitement, as she rose to her feet, "I have as good a right there as anybody, for I am certain I was once, in some way, intimately connected with your old chateau. We come of Huguenot stock, you know,—and oh, Mr. Barnaby, don't you see that you must really be one of the heirs! Why," and here she laughed hysterically, "we may be some sort of relations!"

Her feminine intuitions were too kaleidoscopically quick for me, dazed as I was with her story and its possibilities. Suddenly I thought of the other picture, Number 87, and now it was my turn to get excited. She turned to me expectantly.

"Miss Lasalles," I said, "I really

believe there may be something in what you say, after all. You remember the second canvas which I showed you yesterday—the one so much like you?” She nodded assent with wide-open eyes. “Well, I painted that in the little village near by the chateau; the subject was the daughter of the innkeeper, and he told me that he and his ancestors had kept the same *auberge* for nigh upon three hundred years! Now, I don’t mean to invent any such humble ancestry as that for you; but the recurrence of the same type of features surely stands for something in support of your story!”

This collateral confirmation did more to win me over to her side than anything else, for here was something tangible, which I had seen with my own eyes.

“You must give me time to think it over, Miss Lasalles,” I said, as I took up my hat and gloves; and promising to call on the morrow, I departed.

I dined alone, and spent the evening in solitude in my rooms endeavoring to make something out of the strange story. My common-sense rebelled at the idea of treating the girl’s fancies as anything more than dreams. And yet, how could she, who had never been out of America, recognize the old chateau of the Desperrois? And there was her own wonderful resemblance to little Annette. It would be curious to see them side by side, I thought. Of course the girl’s story about the treasure was all moonshine; and then, too, her illogical ideas as to the rights of property and treasure-trove were sure to result in disappointment, even if there should prove to be a well-filled casket in the secret niche.

So ran my thoughts. The perspicuous reader will perceive that the idea of spending a few months in the society of the beautiful Miss Lasalles was not at all distasteful, and I made up my mind to go abroad, anyway. Before sleeping I had about decided to see the adventure through, a resolve which daylight confirmed.

To be brief, our trio—Judge Lasalles, Miss Lasalles, and the narrator—took passage on one of the French liners early in June. The old gentleman raised no objections,—or if he did they were quickly silenced by his clever daughter, who can be a merciless tyrant upon occasion. The voyage was uneventful, save that when we set foot on French soil Miss Lasalles and I were very good friends indeed.

During the run across the Atlantic we matured our plan of campaign, which was to proceed at once to Devrient, the nearest village to the Desperrois chateau, where I made my stay the previous summer, and where I was consequently known and trusted. Then we would be guided by events. It was late in the afternoon when we left the railway. There yet remained a diligence ride of ten miles through a lovely country, and as we neared Devrient I narrowly watched my fair compatriot to see if she evinced any recollection of the neighborhood. But she seemed unconscious of previous knowledge on this point—perhaps because the park and chateau lay on the opposite side of the village. It was dark when we arrived, and beyond renewing my former acquaintance with the innkeeper, nothing could be done that night. Annette, I learned, was away on a visit, but would return on the morrow.



Seen side by side, the buxom Annette and Miss Lasalles—the one a fine specimen of the provincial French *bourgeoisie*, the other a perfect type of patrician American womanhood—the resemblance was still very striking as to face and feature, but there the similitude ended, although, as Grace Lasalles admitted, my picture was a very good portrait—of *Annette*! Not possessing the historic clue, we could only speculate whether the likeness was accidental or otherwise, nor did we waste any time over this side issue. Miss Lasalles was impatient to visit the old chateau.

Upon making inquiries I found that the place was still untenanted, and that the keys were at the village notary's; where, accompanied by mine host of the inn as sponsor, I made my request to be allowed to explore the interior. Luckily my sojourn in the neighborhood the year before gave me some standing, and when my wishes were made known the man of law handed over the keys without demur.

So, returning to the inn, I jingled the cumbrous pieces of metal triumphantly, and equipped with my painting traps, for the sake of appearance, we set out for the scene of our exploit.

The shortest way to a view of the mansion led through the main street of Devrient, which, after a sudden bend, came to an end on the edge of an almost cliff-like declivity, forming with its opposite bank a deep ravine. This latter I imagined might at some former day have been utilized as a means of defence, for it extended on three sides of the chateau, which occupied an isolated plateau four or five acres in extent separated from the

surrounding country on all sides but one, and that farthest from the village, where the plateau and the ridge descended equally, the chasm having been filled in with earth to make a road bed. But I did not acquaint Miss Lasalles with this fact. I took the quickest road first, in obedience to the girl's wish to view the old pile from the spot where I had painted the picture.

"Tell me when we are very near," she said, "for I want to shut my eyes; you must lead me to the spot, and when we are in full view, tell me!" It was a strange request, yet I did as I was bidden. I took her hand to guide her over the last hundred feet of the way, and when we stood on the scarp of the bluff, with the picturesque old pile before us, I dropped her hand and exclaimed:

"Now!"

She opened her eyes, and swept the scene in a single comprehensive glance which took in every salient point.

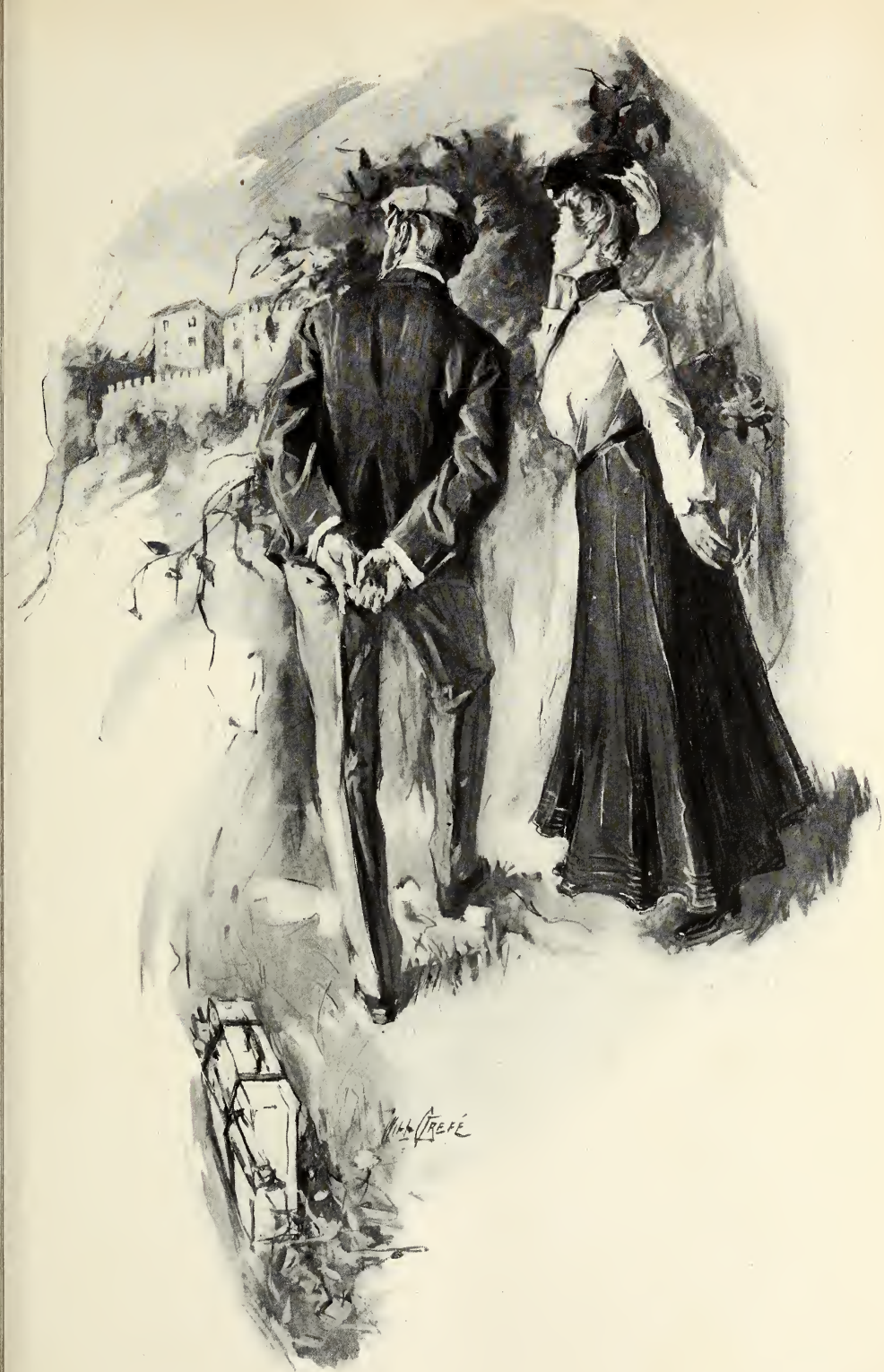
"At last!" was all she said for some minutes, during which interval I was discreetly silent, watching her closely. The color came and went in her cheeks, and her bosom heaved convulsively under the tension of the moment. At length she spoke—and her words startled me anew:

"The entrance gates are yonder, Mr. Barnaby. We shall have to go round by the lower road!"

"Quite right, Miss Lasalles—but how did you know?" I inquired.

"Oh, I remember it quite well!" she replied in a matter-of-fact way; gathering her skirts together for the return détour. Meekly I picked up my traps and followed in her train.

Now it was her turn to lead, and she piloted me with unerring accuracy un-



til we stood outside the rusty iron gates, flanked by great stone pillars, green with moss and lichens, and knee deep in a rank growth of weeds. But the lock turned easily enough to the pressure of the larger of the two keys, and we passed into a stone-paved courtyard, now seamed with grass-grown cracks, a marble fountain in the centre, dusty and dry, its basin filled with dead leaves. I locked the gate behind us, for we did not desire any curious villagers to disturb our quest, and then we paused to view the gray and silent pile before us.

So this was the home of my ancestor, old Emilé Desperrois! Well, properly heated and lighted, with a retinue of servants to keep it in order, and with a bevy of guests to make it echo with laughter and jest, it might serve for a dwelling; but surely I should not care to abide there.

"Shall we go in?" I inquired, after a few minutes of silent scrutiny, during which the dirty, unshuttered windows winked dully at us in the morning sunshine.

"I am ready," she said quietly, in a half whisper, as though loth to wake the echoes that one instinctively felt were lurking in balcony and gambrel and turret. So we stepped across the flagged courtyard, ascended the weather-beaten steps, and applied the other key to the great door. It stuck in the jambs even after the bolt was shot, and I was forced to put my shoulder to the massive iron-bound and nail-studded fabric. Suddenly it flew back with a hollow report, which resounded and reverberated through the bare and empty structure, raising a cloud of dust which set us choking and sneezing.

The entrance hall on the threshold of which we stood ran through the centre of the house. On either side were many doors leading to various chambers, none of which we cared to enter. About half way down we came to a second hall running right and left of the main passage-way. Miss Lasalles took the right-hand passage without hesitation, and went quickly along until we came to an angular stairway, also of stone, with an iron hand-rail clamped to the wall. This stairway we ascended for four short flights, each doubling on itself. Upon the fourth landing we came to a door before which she stopped. Passing through the aperture we found ourselves in the octagonal chamber!

At a glance I perceived that it was arranged precisely as Miss Lasalles had said—two windows, five spaces occupied by portraits, extending nearly from floor to ceiling, the eighth side being filled by the doorway. This occasioned me no surprise, for by this time I was prepared for anything. I noted that the walls were wainscotted.

The mid-day sun streamed brightly in at the grimy windows, so the apartment was well lighted. Of furniture there was none, neither was there a vestige of carpet or rug on the floor. The room was completely dismantled, and in all probability had not been tenanted for many years.

I stepped into the centre of the chamber and looked around. There was little to be seen. Four of the portraits were of women in gala costume; the fifth portrait, the one between the windows, represented a man in armor, dating, I should say, from the first half of the sixteenth century. I looked around again, and encountered the



half smiling and inquiring gaze of Miss Lasalles.

"Well, Mr. Barnaby," she said, with more animation than she had shown for the past hour, "what do you think of my powers of prophecy, now?"

"Everything has turned out exactly as you said it would," I rejoined. "Let us hope that the rest of your dream may have an equally substantial basis."

For answer she stepped in front of the knight in armor. The picture was painted directly on the panelling, having instead of a frame a heavy molding around it. The pigments were faded with time, but the unknown artist had been no mean craftsman.

"The cavity is behind the picture," she said, in quietly positive tones, "but how does it open, I wonder?" We both ran our fingers round the molding as high as we could reach, and pressed every inch of the panel, in search of some hidden spring, but without success. I trod all over the floor, and well-nigh wore out the toes of my shoes kicking at the baseboard—all to no avail.

"We might spend all day here," I said, disgustedly, "and never find it unless we possessed the clue." But the girl was undaunted. Tiptoeing, she began to rap on the painted surface with her knuckles. The wall certainly gave out a peculiar, resonant sound.

"The wall is hollow!" she exclaimed. "Don't you hear it, Mr. Barnaby?"

"Yes!" I said, and then went to the other panels and sounded them in the same way. They were solid as wood backed by masonry could make them. I returned to the centre picture and tried my knuckles on it. Yes, there

could be no mistake; the wainscotting here did not back close up against the stone wall. An idea struck me. I would try to gauge the thickness of the wall by looking out of the window. So I stepped to the casement in order to raise the sash.

As I might have expected, the frame was both paint-bound and weather-bound, and resisted all my efforts. To obtain a better purchase I braced my knee on the narrow window bench, and gave a mighty heave. There was a slight jar, a smothered click, and immediately a shriek from Miss Lasalles:

"Look, look! Mr. Barnaby, the picture is moving!"

I started back towards the center of the room as she had done, and this is what we saw: With a curious muffled whirr like that of a consumptive alarm clock, and with divers creakings and groanings, the portrait swung out of its frame on a central pivot at top and bottom. Slowly it moved until it stood at right angles with the wall, and then stopped with a final click and a jerk.

That there existed a cavity behind fully three feet in depth was proved by the fact that half the width of the picture was now hidden therein. We both stood staring into its sombre depths, Miss Lasalles clasping my arm with both hands, in no little terror at the sudden confirmation of her assertions.

"Well, here goes!" said I, briskly starting forward. "Let us see what's in the hole." A couple of strides enabled me to peer into the hidden recess, which was hollowed out of the massive wall of the turret.

"Empty! as I'm a sinner!" was my comment.

"It cannot be!" Miss Lasalles ex-

claimed as she peered over my shoulder.

"Look for yourself—it is as I say," I returned, stepping aside, and she in turn hung over the yawning cranny. By way of consoling her, for I could see she took the matter greatly to heart, I said:

"We are simply too late, Miss La-salles; after all these confirmations of your story, I cannot doubt that something was deposited here, as you said, but some one else knew or discovered the secret and has forestalled us. Don't fret. We cannot help it now."

She answered not a word, but still peered intently into the recess. To fully satisfy her I lit a wax taper, and flashed the tiny flame into every crevice. Just as it expired I caught sight of something white in the left angle. The girl's eyes were quick as mine, however.

"There is something—in that corner," she said in tones little above a whisper. I struck another match, leaned over, and fished up what proved to be a slip of parchment about six inches long and two inches broad. We took it to the light, and upon one side discovered some words traced in ink, yellow with age, yet still perfectly legible. Here is what we read in the French tongue:

"*Qui me trouve, me garde*"—"Who finds me, keeps me!"

Instantly there flashed across my memory the recollection of a sentence which I had seen underscored in our old Bible belonging to my grandmother: "*Son prix est plus haut que des rubis*," which may be translated: "Her price is above rubies."

At my side, then, stood the real treasure bequeathed to me by my old

French forbears. But a glance at the girl's rueful face brought me back to earth again, and I burst out laughing—the ending was too farcical for seriousness.

"At least the gentleman who came before us was polite enough to leave his card," I said grimly.

"I don't care," was her rejoinder, "that only proves the treasure was there once upon a time. Ill-gotten gains never prosper!" With this bit of feminine logic she turned to depart.

"Wait a minute," I said, "we had better put this ancestor of ours back in his place." But it was easier said than done. Although I performed a waltz all over the window-bench, the spring refused to work or to reverse itself, and so we were fain to beat a hurried retreat, snickering like a couple of mischievous children over the wonder and amazement of the owners when they should discover what we had left behind us.

We locked the front door, likewise the gate, and marched back to dinner in very much the same condition of mind as the Duke of York after his famous military expedition.

And is that the end of the story? Not quite. We did not curtail our holiday excursion because we failed to find the old Desperrois jewels, and I have always stoutly maintained that we had a much pleasanter time in consequence.

Another thought occurred to me, as it doubtless has to the reader. There was perchance for us twain a hidden significance in the words of the old parchment, and, at any rate, I had found a treasure beside which the Desperrois pearls and rubies were as mere



*Drawn by Will Grefé.*

" TO FULLY SATISFY HER I LIT A WAX TAPER "



paste. Perhaps it was so written in the stars.

Apart from my own inclinations that way, it was my bounden duty to console Miss Lasalles by every means in my power. I lost no time in endeavoring to do so, and masculine vanity

prompts the belief that I succeeded in a measure. During the voyage home I was emboldened to ask her a certain momentous and world-old, yet ever new, question, receiving for answer the whispered words:

"Who finds me, keeps me!"

## Is There a Decadence of New England Agriculture?

By Charles S. Phelps

MUCH has been written of late regarding the degeneracy of rural New England. The decline of the rural communities has been depicted as a gloomy condition, hazardous to the future welfare of our country. Extreme examples found in certain districts, indicating a low tone of morality and intelligence, are often cited as typical of all rural life. A marked reduction in profits derived from New England farming is frequently given as a reason for this decline. Farming is referred to as a "decadent industry" not likely to provide a good livelihood, to say nothing of yielding a modest bank account. That there has been change and decline in certain rural communities can not be denied; but in order to understand the reasons for this we must view the subject in the light of our entire industrial development as a nation.

The industrial growth of the country has drawn people away from the rugged hills of New England. The

reasons for this are mainly four. In the first place, the farmer of fifty to one hundred years ago was, in many instances, not a farmer solely, but a manufacturer as well. A few facts from a special census of Connecticut, made by order of the general assembly of 1845, will help to make this point clear. For example, there was in this state at that time capital invested in tanneries amounting to \$532,070. Of this amount Litchfield, a county with few manufacturing centers, had the largest investment. This indicates that the tanneries were not located in the larger manufacturing towns, but rather in the rural districts. Many useful articles, such as combs, brooms, shingles, wooden-ware, nails, etc., were manufactured either in the farm house or in a small shop nearby. In several Connecticut towns the production of raw silk was a common household industry and added greatly to the income of the family. The small shop or mill was most common in the rougher and more hilly districts of

New England, where good water powers were plenty, but where agriculture had but few natural advantages. Thus it will be seen that many of the farmers of that time did not depend wholly on the products of the soil, but were also manufacturers on a small scale. At the present time these conditions have become entirely changed. Manufacturing is now centered in large plants, and the farmer is obliged to gain his livelihood entirely from the direct products of the farm. The separation of manufacturing from agriculture has thus removed from our rural population a source of profit that once added greatly to their prosperity.

A second reason for decline is found in the unnatural inflation of prices occasioned by the Civil War. For a short period after the war, farming in the East was very profitable and the price of farm lands advanced to an abnormal degree. This inflation was seen in all lines of business, and after the war stimulus was over there was everywhere a rapid decline in prices and values. As a result of this stimulus, production overbalanced consumption, and agriculture soon felt the burden. Manufacturers also suffered, but the development of the country as a whole was such as to favor New England manufacturing while it militated against New England farming. The fact that farm lands continued to decline relatively below the point reached by other property was cited as an evidence of the lack of profits in farming. The reason is not found in the general lack of profit in our agriculture, but rather in the rapid development of the West. This brings us to the third and most potent cause of depression and change in New England agriculture.

The rapid development of the West was favored and encouraged by the throwing open to settlers of large areas of free lands, and by the vast extension of railroads. The great railroad corporations were not slow in offering inducements to settlers along their lines. The growth of the western states, aided by the impetus thus given, and accompanied by a rapid increase in facilities for transportation, had a reflex action on New England. Its influence was seen not alone in the continued low prices of farms, but also in the increased competition our farmers had to meet. The throwing open of these free and cheap lands, offered great inducements to the rural population of New England to leave their ancestral homes. Manufacturing had been largely withdrawn from their midst, the rich forest areas had been depleted, and livestock no longer afforded the profits it had formerly given. The farmers of our back country towns, seeing these new fields of enterprise and realizing the discouragements at home, were ready to seize the opportunity to make a new start in life.

The fourth cause of decline is found in the growth of the cities. The centering of manufactories into large plants, and the use of steam in place of water power has favored this concentration. The extension of railroads has made possible the carrying coal and raw materials for the factory, from a distance to these centers, while the change in the agriculture in the East has deprived the small rural manufacturer of his local raw materials. Manufacturing, too, has been fostered by a tariff which gave it almost exclusive control of our markets, while the

products of the farm have been open to the competition of the world.

Faced, as he was, by a condition of soil that showed a rapid depletion of fertility, and a roughness that made almost impossible the profitable use of machinery, handicapped by a competition that controlled the markets for beef, pork, and the staple grain products, and surrounded by growing cities and towns which set the pace for a new and more expensive style of living, there seemed to be little inducement for the hill-town farmer to retain his hard earned acres. In fact the inducement seemed greater to abandon these lands and to allow them to revert to a natural condition of forest. Many of these areas were never designed by nature to support a progressive system of agriculture, and their return to forest is but a natural reversion brought about by new and more progressive elements in our industrial and social development. It is chiefly in districts remote from markets, on lands so rough as to almost preclude the profitable raising of such products as are now in demand, that abandoned farms and dilapidated buildings are conspicuous.

Decline and decay in New England are limited almost wholly to such areas. In the river valleys and within easy hauling distance of good markets progressive conditions are manifest. Even on the more remote farms that are within easy reach of milk-shipping stations or coöperative creameries, a condition of thrift and prosperity is not lacking. A careful study of the situation has led the writer to believe that farming, as a whole, is making distinct and notable progress, and that the summation reached by one writer

that, "in general the forces of decline overmatch the forces of recovery,"\* is not warranted by a careful survey of actual conditions.

Having briefly stated the main causes for decline and pointed out that they are limited to well defined areas, I propose to show some of the means of progress actually in use, and a few that it seems possible to employ, and thus to lay the foundation for strong faith in the future.

The past fifty years have witnessed a complete transformation in the branches of farming most commonly practiced. Instead of mixed farming, with horses, cattle, sheep and swine, and a great variety of staple crops, you will now see most farmers concentrating their efforts along a few lines. The staple crops are no longer in the lead, but instead we find specialty farming in such lines as dairying, sheep raising, poultry culture, fruit growing, tobacco and market gardening. A few facts from the census of 1845, previously referred to, compared with the census of 1890, will indicate the extent of these changes. The total product of Connecticut of each of the cereals, such as wheat, oats, rye, corn and buckwheat, was greater in 1845 than in 1890. The total yield of hay, on the other hand, was less than two-thirds in 1845 what it was in 1890. In 1845 Connecticut produced over 6,000,000 pounds of butter and over 5,000,000 pounds of cheese: while in 1890 she produced over 7,000,000 pounds of butter on farms, and about 3,000,000 pounds more in creameries, besides

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\*See "The Outlook" of March 3, 10 and 17, 1900, for an article by Roland Lynde Hartt on "The Regeneration of Rural New England."



marketing 28,000,000 gallons of milk; but produced only 112,566 pounds of cheese. The number of sheep kept in 1845 was nearly 290,000, while in 1890 the number was 37,650. On the other hand Connecticut produced more large fruits, such as apples, pears, peaches and plums, in 1890 than 1845. Small fruits and market garden products were marketed to the extent of \$371,000 worth in 1890, while in 1845 small fruits were almost unknown in our trade, and garden truck was found only in the larger city markets. The value of the agricultural products of Connecticut, as shown by the special census of 1845, is very close to fifteen and one-half million dollars, while by the U. S. census of 1890 it is given as nearly eighteen millions of dollars. Furthermore, the census of 1890 is confined to the products of farms, while that of 1845 included those of town and city gardens. The advance census report on the agriculture of Connecticut, just available, shows a marked increase over that of 1890 in the products of the dairy, of poultry, of large and small fruits and of garden truck, and gives the total value of all farm products as \$28,277,000.

Farming in New England to-day is conducted on the intensive and not on the extensive scale. Where the staple crops of half a century ago, such as wheat, corn, oats, and rye, gave a gross income of perhaps from twenty-five to forty dollars per acre, the sales from garden truck, small fruits and tobacco now exceed these amounts five to ten fold. To be sure, competition from the South is felt somewhat, but the city consumer who is ready to pay good prices, wants the freshest and the best products, and the local pro-

ducer has only to meet these requirements in order to command his own prices. The profits that may be derived from some of the common fruits and vegetables may be seen by comparing their market value per acre with the cost of production. Several of the more reliable growers have given me figures showing the average market value of certain crops they have grown. These figures show the market value per acre of strawberries to range from \$200 to \$450; of raspberries, \$200 to \$400; of peaches, \$200 to \$400; of muskmelons, \$200 to \$400; of cauliflower, \$200 to \$400; of celery, \$200 to \$300; of onions, \$150 to \$300. The total receipts, of course, vary with the season and the skill of the grower in producing and marketing. It is more difficult to get reliable figures as to cost of production, yet few farmers place the cost of producing and marketing most of these crops above \$100 to \$125 per acre.

One of the most striking features of the agriculture of to-day, when contrasted with that of the past, is the substitution of machinery for hand labor. The United States rivals all nations in the use of improved machinery on her farms. The steady sway of the mower has been superseded by the click of the mowing machine, with the result that as much is accomplished with one team as was formerly done by ten men. On the more level lands of the state crops are planted, cultivated and harvested without the use of hand labor except to guide and regulate the machines. The cost of growing our common farm crops has been reduced nearly one-half by the introduction of such useful machinery as the mower, the tedder, and

the horse rake; the corn planter and the harvester; the potato planter and digger; sulky plows, improved harrows and the other machines that are now found on hundreds of farms. The high price of labor is forcing farmers to study closely the question of cost of production, and the use of machinery is helping to solve the problem. One progressive farmer recently said to the writer that the use of a hay loader had actually saved him the price of one man during the entire haying season.

The introduction and use of commercial fertilizers has increased the yield of farm crops and aided in the development of lines of farming that would hardly have been possible under former conditions. The area to be cultivated and the yields obtained are no longer limited by the amount of stock the farmer can carry. The use of commercial fertilizers has not only brought larger yields, but has improved the quality of crops to an extent which was not possible with the exclusive use of natural manures. Previous to 1862, when the first company for the manufacture of commercial fertilizers was organized, the only commercial sources of plant food were wood ashes, bone and a small amount of guano. At the present time Connecticut uses \$600,000 worth, while New York and New Jersey each uses over \$2,000,000 worth annually. The commercial sources of plant food that are now available have made it possible for the farmer near good markets to produce large amounts of small fruits and garden truck, without his being obliged to engage in general farming in order to keep up the fertility of his soil.

The growth of our cities has made a large demand for milk and butter, vegetables and fruits, tobacco, eggs and poultry, all of which are profitable when produced near good markets, and some of which may be shipped long distances. For the growth and sale of these products, as well as others that might be mentioned, New England offers advantages surpassed by no other portion of the country. The tendency of the manufacturer to confine his efforts to one line of goods has shown the farmer the value of concentration. The rigid division of labor that is demanded of the operators in a shop, has led the farmer to enquire whether the "Jack at all trades" can be a successful farm manager. The tendency of agriculture today is toward specialties, and the western competition, together with the growth of the manufacturing towns, has made clear what can be grown that will sell readily, and what it is useless to grow and attempt to sell in competition with the West.

More money is invested in dairying in New England than in any other branch of farming. The production of milk for retailing in cities, towns, or villages is proving one of the most profitable specialties on farms within five miles of suitable markets. Along many of the railroads, milk is shipped in large quantities to such markets as New York, Boston and Providence. The great value of milk as food is being more widely appreciated than ever before, and there is a growing demand for products of the best and purest quality. The modern teachings of bacteriology have shown that practically all the changes in milk, that deteriorate its quality, are due to the

growth of germs. Farmers are lessening the bacterial growth by adopting more cleanly methods, and by holding the milk at such a temperature that germ life will not thrive. Those who are producing milk of a high quality and guaranteeing its purity, are thus profiting greatly by the adoption of modern methods.

One of the most helpful features of progress for towns remote from markets is the coöperative creamery. About sixty of these creameries are in operation in Connecticut alone, and they can be found dotted all over New England. The creameries have not only increased the general quality and price of butter, but have relieved the household of one of the most arduous tasks of the whole life of the farm. To-day very few farmers' wives are expected to make butter, while fifty years ago all the butter and cheese was prepared for market by the skill and energy of the good housewife. The establishment of creameries has made this a great dairy region. No better evidence of the high quality of our dairy products can be cited than the fact that the highest awards for butter at the Columbian Exposition in 1893 were made to New England states.

Next to dairying, the most common branches of farming now practiced in New England, are market gardening and fruit growing. A trip eight to ten miles north, south or west from Boston will take one to some of the most thriving market garden establishments in the United States. Many of these farms have from ten to twenty acres under glass, and are producing crops that often give gross returns of one thousand dollars per acre annually. There is doubtless more

profit in market gardening to-day than in any other single branch of farming, and the activity and business push of the men engaged in it indicate no symptoms of decline. Farmers, as a class, are seeing the advantage of these crops and are quite generally turning their attention to the raising of garden vegetables and fruits. A large area in New England is found to be admirably adapted to the growth of fruits. No better apples and pears than those grown on our higher hills and no better small fruits than those in our valleys and warmer slopes can be grown anywhere in the United States. Even our remote hill farms offer excellent advantages for the growth of apples and other large fruits. The demand both here and abroad is always good, and when care is used to obtain good quality, the profits are large. The orchard, well cared for, is often the most profitable area on the farm.

Not being satisfied with present conditions, several progressive farmers are making use of small streams and other sources of water supply to irrigate land for small fruits and vegetables, and no more profitable enterprise has been undertaken in connection with the farm. In seasons of abundant rainfall an acre of strawberries will afford gross sales to the amount of about four hundred dollars, yet during the past seven years there have been no less than three seasons when the gross returns have been cut down by drought, fifty per cent. or more. During one of these dry seasons, experiments made on strawberries on the farm of a leading Connecticut grower, showed an increase in yield of nearly 170 per cent. from plots



of land well irrigated, as compared with similar areas supplied only with the natural rainfall. Not only were the yields greatly increased but the size and general appearance of the fruit was so much improved that it commanded a higher price than fruit from plots not irrigated.

The farmers of the Connecticut and the Housatonic valleys are largely interested in the cultivation of tobacco. No region in the United States produces tobacco of a higher quality than these two valleys. True, prices have fluctuated, and at times have been almost ruinous; but, on the whole, the crop has been a profitable one, notwithstanding the assertion of one writer that "of late years it has paid poorly or not at all." Personal interviews with some of the most successful tobacco growers of the Connecticut Valley bring out the fact that the grower with "dogged persistence" is the one who has gained in the race for profits. One grower of twenty-five years' experience said to me in substance, that the man who has profited by growing tobacco is the one who has "stuck to it," raising a certain amount each year without regard to prices, while the man who has gone wild over high prices one year and has planted extensively the next, has sometimes lost heavily. The average yield of tobacco is about 1,800 pounds per acre, and the price to the grower for the past fifteen years has averaged between twelve and fifteen cents per pound, while the cost of production is placed, by experienced growers, at from eight to ten cents per pound.

The statement has been made, without the least reservation, that, "Whenever agriculture is the sole basis of

subsistence you have at best the premonitory symptoms of decline and at worst an advanced stage of depopulation." The latter part of this claim I will not try to refute, as I do not consider that it bears much weight on the question of the general decline of agriculture. If, however, the best conditions of agriculture point to degeneracy and decay, rural New England is in a sorry state.

In order to obtain some facts relative to the financial status of agriculture in a purely farming community, I recently visited a certain farming district in Connecticut, the area of which comprises about one-half of a township. The farmers were in the main giving their attention to dairying and tobacco culture, and to a limited extent to the growth of fruits and vegetables. Careful inquiry showed that of the one hundred and fifty farms in the district, only seven and one-half per cent. were in the hands of foreigners, the others having been inherited by the present owners. The number and extent of mortgages was quite large, but this was due to the fact that the original farms had, in many cases, been divided in the settlement of estates. The construction of a new set of buildings for one of the farms, often necessitated the placing of a mortgage on the property. A far more important and interesting condition was found in the fact that the mortgages were being gradually reduced. No less than four-fifths of the farmers were saving money beyond the requirements of good living. The income from many of the dairies, obtained through a prosperous creamery, was sufficient to support the family and pay the hired help, while the

profits from the sale of tobacco, vegetables and fruits were used in reducing the mortgage, in making improvements on the farm, or in forming a modest bank account. A prosperous grange added to the financial well being of the community. Advantage was taken by its members of the opportunity to coöperate in buying, from ten to twelve car loads of grain for cattle feeding being purchased annually at a saving to the farmer of from three to four dollars per ton. A general feeling of contentment prevailed in the entire community. This is not a rare instance of prosperity in a purely farming district. Similar instances, within ten miles of good markets, can be found all over New England.

Possibly this does not fairly represent conditions that may be found in the more remote hill districts. True, the small farmer of the hill towns is placed at a disadvantage beside his more fortunate brother in the valleys or near good markets. The spirit of coöperation just referred to needs to be extended. Farming remote from markets should be conducted on a larger scale than it is now. Groups of adjacent farms might be combined under a single or a coöperative ownership. I believe the latter scheme entirely practicable. Two things, however, are necessary for the success of such an enterprise,—working capital and good business management. Farmers should combine their capital, throw down their division walls and fences, use the stones in improving the highways, and engage on a larger scale in such branches of farming as soil, exposure, and markets have shown to be best adapted to the locality. Here, too, it seems to me, is a

chance for the capital of our cities that is anxiously seeking investment. I fully believe that capital wisely invested and judiciously managed in such branches of farming as dairying, sheep raising, fruit growing and forestry, will pay good dividends in these remote hill towns. As a part of the enterprise, families from the cities could be provided with delightful and healthful homes six to eight months in the year. I would not advise that money be expended lavishly as is now often the case by city men who make the farm simply a great "plaything." The capital should be invested as a business project. The enterprise would need to be conducted on a scale large enough to warrant the employment of a competent farm manager, and to have the whole farm managed on a sound business basis and according to up-to-date scientific methods.

The use that farmers are making to-day of the teachings of science indicates that there is not only a tendency to improve the financial side of their business, but also that they have entered upon an era of intellectual advance that affords great encouragement for the future. The more progressive farmers are not only familiar with the chemical terms used in connection with commercial fertilizers and cattle feeds, but have such a general knowledge of chemistry that they are making practical application of its teachings in raising their crops and feeding their herds. A knowledge of the life of insects and the nature of plant diseases has led to the use of insecticides and fungicides, and by their use farmers are getting larger crops of better quality. A test for the butter fats of milk, so simple that no special

chemical skill is required in conducting it, is providing an effectual means of studying the relative butter value of cows. Farmers are making use of this as a basis for improving their herds and for getting control of the value of the milk and cream which they sell.

The younger farmers are utilizing and profiting by the teachings of the experiment stations and agricultural colleges to a degree that is not seen in any other country. The granges and farmers' institutes are doing much to awaken the intellectual life of rural communities. Topics of interest in the home or on the farm are most commonly discussed at them, and many an awkward speaker is improved and developed through the practice afforded in the discussions.

The social and ethical sides of farm life are also making progress through the freer intercourse with the world, afforded by improved highways and by the extension of trolley lines. The contact of the younger generation with the life of the city is making new and more progressive methods of living almost a necessity. To-day, on many farms, the "best room" is none too good for the family. Musical instruments are found in a large proportion of the country homes; a daily paper, some of the best magazines, and often the leading novel of the day are not uncommon. The farmer now can not live on the meager income of his forefathers, nor does he care to try to do it. He has begun to realize that if he is to stand on the same social plane as men of other vocations, he must live in a similar way. He must afford his children the same educational privileges that their city cousins enjoy. The theater and the lecture hall now

attract many from the country to the city. The home grounds are more often beautified, and to him who has a love for nature, the opportunities for exercising his tastes in this line are unlimited. The Grange is doing much for the social as well as the educational well-being of farmers. All political and religious discussions are debarred, but the social intercourse of the members tends to develop a spirit of tolerance and of respect among those holding unlike views.

There is, however, a religious phase in the life of the farm that should not be overlooked. It must be admitted that there is a decline in the old time interest in the orthodox doctrines of religion. The membership in the churches has, in many places, dropped off, and the finances will no longer support the class of preachers that the times demand. This is due, in part, to the decline in population above indicated, and in part to a lack of interest in the kind of church worship now offered. The churches of the hill towns have lagged behind both in methods and in freedom of worship. The farmers demand a different sort of preaching from that which satisfied their fathers. The wide gap which formerly existed between the intellectual status of the country pastor and that of his people has been largely closed. The people have gained in intelligence, but the churches, as a rule, do not afford a correspondingly higher type of preaching. Yet in some places we see encouraging signs, such as a breaking down of denominational barriers and a combination of churches under a more liberal form of worship. The country churches are beginning to appreciate that this is an age of hu-



manitarianism and not of theology. They are endeavoring to make their services more intellectual and more practical, and to come into closer touch with the every day life of their communities.

The farmer has, by his own progressiveness, gained a better standing in business and in social life than he formerly held. The conditions on the New England farm are now such as to attract men of brains and intelligence. The tendency to concentrate other lines of business into trusts and combinations is closing many avenues for capital and enterprise, and the inducements for a young man to go West are not as alluring as hitherto. The free and the cheap lands have been so generally taken up that, except for a man with considerable capital, the openings in western farming are not numerous. The East, on the other hand, offers many opportunities to the man of small means, besides social and educational advantages better than those on the large farms of the West. The attractiveness of our rural com-

munities is growing. The movement of the population which has been so strongly toward the cities is now turning toward the country. Improved highways and the extension of trolley lines are bound to encourage this tendency. If formerly country people have sought homes in the cities, it is evident that the people of to-day are appreciating, as never before, that the country offers the strongest inducements for the building up of homes where health and the comforts of life can be fully enjoyed.

New England agriculture, taken as a whole, shows a gradual transition toward better things. Its history, its statistics, and its practical operations indicate that farming has made distinct progress during the past fifty years, and that the present outlook is most encouraging. Everything points to a better future for the life of our country towns. We believe that the tide of prosperity has turned, that the value of farm lands will improve, and that the future of rural New England is brighter than ever before.

## The English Commonwealth

By Burdett Hart

IN the history of the Puritan Commonwealth and in the principles which underlie it, we as Americans and as freemen, have a peculiar interest. If the lofty tone of its government, sounding over the nations, and the fame and prowess of its chief man could lead an Asiatic

Jew to the shores of England to trace the pedigree of Cromwell, with the idea that he should find him to be "the Lion of the tribe of Judah,"\* then indeed does it become us to be familiar with that momentous period of English history,

\*See Southey's *Life of Cromwell*.

which is also our own history substantially.

The Commonwealth is that form of government which was established on the execution of Charles I in 1649, and which lasted till the restoration of Charles II in 1660. It was an eccentric form of government, which arose more from the necessities of things than from any predeterminate design, or because it satisfied the people of England or their leaders in those times. The great bulk of the English people, even of those who battled most strenuously for popular rights, wished for nothing more or better than a limited monarchy, with a free constitution. A government like the present government of England would have been satisfactory to them. And if their monarchs had possessed wisdom enough to grant what was proper and to grasp for nothing more than it was best for them to have, as sovereigns, the English throne would have stood strong in the affections of its subjects, and that wild tempest which swept over the British territory in the seventeenth century would never have been known. The first Charles would have had no more loyal subjects than the Presbyterians and the Independents if he had known enough to be wise and to treat them in a way which would have gratified them while it would not have injured himself. The whole history of this conflict between the king and the Parliament clearly shows that the people wished to bring the king to his senses, not to the scaffold: and it was his own fault that he came to the latter.

Before looking directly at the Commonwealth, we may glance at the causes which resulted in that peculiar development. For it was not the fruit of a sudden impulse, of a premature and groundless excitement. It was the result of ages of thought. It was the harvest of principles which had been germinating and growing for centuries.

Substantial doctrines of a new philosophy had been proclaimed, and on the ruins of fallen systems a structure had been reared stately as the chaste Corinthian architecture. The spirit of enterprise had led over chartless oceans to the discovery of a new world of beauty and wealth. The daring and energy of bold voyagers had woven a charm around the stories which they told of uncultivated gardens on the western shores gorgeous and fragrant with aromatic shrubs and blooming vegetation. Amidst the majesty and solitude and freedom of the wilderness Englishmen were enjoying a liberty which they had sought through hardship and contest and which was in harmony with the grandeur and solemnity and beauty of nature around them. The rich treasures of Grecian and Roman learning had been opened to the British mind and the British intellect was exultant in its communion with the culture of ancient states. A literature was growing up on English soil destined to become as classic as that which had flourished in the classic lands of earlier times, adorned with names that would stand as the peers of names already enshrined by genius and hallowed by antiquity. The Bible, the depository of a more sacred learning than any which is merely

human, had been translated into the language of the people and was furnishing them food for sturdy thought.

Moreover, the great Reformation had made its resistless strides over the altars of superstition and the thrones of tyranny. A voice, which went forth from the cell of a thoughtful monk, had reverberated amongst the temples and palaces of the European states, arousing the slumbering people for the tasks of improvement and redemption. Luther, Melancthon, Zwingle, Calvin, were the apostles of the Reform, and their influence was felt in the schools of German learning and in the Alpine villages of Switzerland, summoning thoughtful scholars and hardy mountaineers to a common rally for principles dear to them all. In defence of the bold reformers princes had marshalled their hosts to battle and the plains of European strife had been shaken beneath the tread of mustering squadrons. It could not be that the Island Kingdom should be unresponsive in the grapple of such a contest. Voices went back from her white cliffs and her venerable universities in deep response to the call from the German Fatherland.

Beside, Great Britain was not unmindful of, and was not untaught by, past efforts for reform. She had read the history that was written in the vales of Piedmont and in the forests of Bohemia and was familiar with the work of Wycliffe at home and of Huss abroad. She had seen the whiskered warriors of the old crusades, who had followed banners to battle that never knew retreat, sweeping down, like legions of wrath, upon the fruitful fields of Provence and Lanquedoc, trampling the olive and the

vine to the earth, demolishing lordly castles, making smoking ruins of the homes of a polished people, and, because they worshipped God in simplicity, driving them forth from their desecrated temples to the temples which He had built for them in the solitudes of the mountains.

All these were lessons which the thoughtful English mind had committed to memory and by which it was to be guided in the serious encounter whose menace was upon the land.

From an early day England had been the home of liberty. Far in advance of the Continental nations, England was the streaming northern light which flashed up the sky of the political world. Her people, offspring of the stern Saxon and noble Norman races, loved the spirit of freedom. The Magna Charta was the bulwark of her government. Every Englishman was a man, and, if accused of crime, he was to be tried by a jury of his peers. A strange peculiarity in English history is the influence of a powerful middle class in society and in politics. Abroad there were nobles and vassals. But society in England was of different organization. There was a great middle class, neither nobles nor peasants, whose influence was wider than that of the nobility, and was more feared, if not respected, by the sovereigns.

The House of Commons was organized within two centuries after the Norman Conquest and was the representative of this great class in the political affairs of the country. Those who composed this class were the landholders, the merchants and wealthy citizens, the scholars and



the members of the learned professions. They were thinking, intelligent, influential, powerful. The king was dependent upon them; the nobility was powerless without them. They were the men who formed the great body of the leading Puritans. They were the men who founded the institutions of New England and gave tone and character to society here. They were the men who, in the times of the Commonwealth, rallied to the popular cause and gave it safety and success amidst the whirlwinds and tempests that burst and beat upon it. A long and severe discipline on English soil had prepared this large class for the great work which they felt impelled to undertake and which resulted in the establishment of the Commonwealth.

In the first place, they were deprived of religious liberty. When Henry VIII had severed England from Rome, it was the powerful middle class which cherished the principles of the Reformation and carried them out to their true issues.

In the second place, they were deprived of civil liberty. From the days of Henry VII the kingly prerogative and assumption had gradually encroached upon the constitutional liberties of the English people. It was the studied policy of that king to exalt the throne upon the ruins of all that came into competition with it. His son, who had many of the attributes of a despot, grasped for a still more unlimited sovereignty and gained much that he sought. Under succeeding reigns the regal power grew still more absolute, and when Charles I. ascended the throne it was with the

mistaken idea that he was the absolute monarch of England and that he had a divine right to govern wrongly. With a recklessness that was prophetic of his downfall he dissolved Parliament after Parliament, disregarding the voice of the people as it was uttered in significant warnings through their representatives, and at length, in 1629, he determined to rule alone. For eleven years the government of England was a despotism. Led by Laud and Stafford, Charles trampled on the constitution, imposing his own will, as the supreme law, upon the English people. Property, liberty, rights, life, were at his disposal. No exactions were too rigid, no measures too violent, for the caprice or necessities of the tyrant. It was a deep game of treachery and wrong. But it was played too rashly. The forfeit was paid in royal blood.

While Charles exulted and ruled, the people suffered and thought. It was not for the English nation passively to bear all this. It was contrary to the training of centuries; it made their blood boil; it kindled in them the flame of vengeance. These eleven heavy years were years of reflection; they were the preparatory season for that great work which was afterward so thoroughly and so terribly achieved. A fire was then kindled throughout England which many waters could not quench nor crimson floods drown.

Such were among the proximate and more remote causes which led on to the establishment of the English Commonwealth. But all this experience of the past, all this training and discipline, would avail nothing without a long and painful struggle. It

came in the exciting discussions of Parliament. Said a great Puritan leader, on the floor of the Commons, in the presence of the king: "Treason against the people is treason against the throne. It is the law that doth entitle the king to the allegiance and service of his people; it entitles the people to the protection and justice of the king. Arbitrary power is dangerous to the king's person, and dangerous to his crown." So bold commoners gave utterance to their free thoughts, and over all the realm rang their denunciation of the despotism of the throne and their demand for the rights of the people.

At length decision was left to the arbitrament of arms. Around the royal standards gathered the nobility of the kingdom and those who were dependent upon the king and the nobles. The cause of the people and of national liberty had the sympathy of a respectable number of the nobility, but was mainly dependent upon the large and powerful middle class which has been alluded to. The one party was moved by the associations of the past, by sympathy for the ancient throne, by the hereditary pride of a privileged aristocracy. It was enough for them that their good blades were drawn for the king and for the old throne of England. The other party fought for civil and religious rights, for the old constitutional liberties of Englishmen, to put down the usurped tyranny of the crown. On the one hand was Charles, the anointed king of England, profligate, false, tyrannical. On the other, were those noble representatives of the people, John Hampden, in the greatness of the term, a man; Oliver Cromwell, with a

mind that grasped great thoughts, with a hand that could execute great deeds, of whom a late historian writes: "Whatever he says or does has some mark of the vigor of his character—so original, so essentially different in its manifestations from the customary displays of public men;" and there were others who ranked with these in the burning love of freedom.

The Long Parliament, which met in the autumn of 1640, firmly proceeded in the work of reform. In 1641, the Earl of Strafford, who was the prime minister of despotism, lost his head. The next year, Charles attempted to seize five leading members of the House of Commons, who were accused of high treason, and marched his armed men into the Hall of Parliament. The men whom he sought were conveniently absent, and the commoners looked defiance at their sovereign. After that their acts were those of men who knew what they were attempting and who were determined to achieve what they attempted. Strong men had taken their seats in the Commons, men who had watched for years with intensest interest the tendency of events, and whom the times had made great. Eminent as has been the talent of men gathered within the Commons of England, imminent as have been the crises at which they have been called to act, never was there an array of loftier talent witnessed there, never was there a more important crisis in the annals of English history. The civil war commenced. The battle of Edgehill was fought, the first in a series which resulted in the overthrow of regal power and the establishment

of the Commonwealth. That war was one of peculiar characteristics. It revealed the masterly qualities of one whom Providence had appointed for a great work, who slowly rose to more than regal rank, who wielded a power unmatched in that age of the world: "before whose genius," in the glowing language of Macaulay, "the young pride of Louis and the veteran craft of Mazarin had stood rebuked; who had humbled Spain on the land and Holland on the sea; and whose imperial voice had arrested the victorious arms of Sweden and the persecuting fires of Rome." In that war it was seen what religious enthusiasm will do for a soldiery, giving to raw recruits the steadiness and nerve and courage of tried and scarred veterans. Then Cromwell formed his famed troop, the Ironsides, composed of stanch religious men, who fought, as they did everything else, in the fear of God. In the shock of battle their onset was irresistible; where their banners flew and their sabres gleamed there went victory. Before them the fiery troopers of Rupert reeled and fled; before them the proud standards of the conquering kingdom went down in dust and dishonor. Through all that war they were never defeated. We read of the persistent Macedonian phalanx, of the invincible Roman legion, of the old guard of Napoleon, whose terrible charge swept down the strongest infantry and turned the tide of mighty battles; but none of those knew of that exalted sentiment which animated the fearless, enthusiastic troops of the Commonwealth. *They* acted under the eye of Alexander or Caesar or Napoleon; *these* under the eye of God. It was the religious sen-

timent blended with sentiments of justice and liberty which gave a peculiar quality to the armies of the Parliament. In 1643, in a skirmish with the royal troops, Hampden, who was confessedly the leader of the peoples' cause, a man of the loftiest character, of most unsullied honor, and who possessed an influence and self-control which eminently fitted him for the crisis of the nation, received a mortal wound of which he soon died. It was the nation's greatest loss. Tears fell from the eyes of the stern soldiery as they followed the manly form of their leader to the grave, "bareheaded, with reversed arms and colors, singing, as they marched, that lofty and melancholy psalm in which the fragility of human life is contrasted with the immutability of Him in whose sight a thousand years are but as yesterday when it is past and as a watch in the night."

In 1644 was fought the battle of Marston Moor. The forces of the king were 30,000 strong. And for a time it seemed as though the victory would be theirs. But in the centre of the bloody field, when all others were routed, stood the victorious Ironsides, still ready for conflict. They dashed through the royal ranks as though the arm of Omnipotence had hurled them on the foe. They rode down the hitherto unconquered cavalry of Rupert, and gained the field. On that day it became plain that the Commonwealth would be established.

About this time the crafty and powerful Laud, the leading instigator of the king, was attainted of high treason and met his fate upon the



scaffold. So one by one fell the supports of the forfeited monarchy.

The famous battle of Naseby in 1645 destroyed the hopes of Charles. Along the lines of the Puritan army rolled up their thrilling war-cry, "God is with us!" as they moved down upon the royalists. The eye of Cromwell ranged over the field, and where great deeds were to be done he rode at the head of his unfaltering Ironsides. Success at any point did not intoxicate them, but, under the steady discipline to which they had been trained, they wheeled and formed and charged again and made the victory certain and universal.

The resistless succession of events led at length to the execution of Charles I. Cromwell became the leading spirit of the new order of things; the Independents gained superiority over the Presbyterians, Episcopalians and all others; it seemed to those whose business it was then to consult for the welfare of the people of England that their tyrannical and treacherous king should meet with the common fate of traitors. The fact that his head had worn a crown, so far from absolving him from responsibility to the people, placed him under the strongest obligation to be just to them: a truth which all monarchs need to learn. In the language of Milton: "they refused, and wisely in my opinion, to make him king again, being then an enemy, who, when he was their king, had made himself their enemy." A high Court of Justice was summoned: the king was tried and found guilty. Sentence was passed upon him, and

on the 30th of Jaunary, 1649. Charles I. was beheaded.

The times of the Commonwealth were troublous times. The nation had received a severe shock. The minds of men were unsettled. The people at large were not prepared for a republic. It needed a strong arm over them. The glamour of the throne still dazzled them. Ireland broke into rebellion, and bloody massacres were resorted to for its suppression. Scotland was impatient and restless. A movement was soon projected for placing Charles II. on the throne of the united kingdoms. England was rent by factions: multitudes of her citizens also were longing for the restoration of her ancient throne. Strong are the old associations which hold the popular mind, and it is always difficult to root out the prejudices which have grown up, as it were, from the soil and have grown into the body politic.

Still the Commonwealth prospered.

The English were an industrious people. Relieved from the duties and burdens of war, they applied themselves to the pursuits of peace. In the country agriculture flourished and improved methods were adopted and new crops were raised. In the cities banking was established and new inventions were adding to the comfort, and increasing the resources of the citizens. Cromwell was a promoter of learning and of art. His own house was the resort of cultivated people, who there enjoyed refined amusement and the charm of music. Schools and the universities were encouraged: popular intelligence and

virtue greatly increased. Religion aided all other progress. The religion of the Puritan, which brought the soul into the presence of God and gave each man a sense of personal accountability to his Maker, which disowned the cant of the hypocrite on the one hand, and the formality of the Pharisee on the other hand, intensified life, gave dignity to all worthy pursuits, and made the Christian a truer citizen, a nobler man. Cromwell desired able, godly men in the pulpits, men of sound bearing, faithful to the Word of God, and watchful for the real interests of their flocks; men who should command respect and honor the sacred office. The influence of the Puritan rulers and the Puritan clergy was hostile to debauchery, licentiousness, the vices which prevailed in the royal circles and which worked down from them among their imitators and widely among the people. They stood for morality which is for the strength of any people, for godliness which is for the right building of all society. Cromwell was a godly man. After a decisive battle he wrote of "an absolute victory obtained by the Lord's blessing." After another, "This is none other but the hand of God, and to Him alone give the glory, wherein none are to share with Him." The battle cry of his armies was, "God is our strength!" While tracing all his victories to God, he was at the same time urging Parliament "to do real things for the common good."

Commercial enterprise revived under the Commonwealth. England became the rival of the United Prov-

inces whose flag had been carried into every sea. Her merchants sought trade in all foreign ports. Her navy, though inferior to that of the Dutch, eagerly engaged in conflict, gained victory after victory, and Van Tromp, who had insolently sailed along the English coasts with a broom fastened to his masthead, was himself swept from the seas; and England then entered upon that maritime supremacy which, for the centuries since, she had proudly maintained.

Only political affairs were in disorder. But there were strong arms and stout hearts enlisted for the Commonwealth. All eyes were directed to Cromwell, whose military genius dazzled the soldiery and whose bold designs and measures marked him as the man of the times, the providential leader of the people. Under his strict discipline the army acquired the nerve and spirit which are prophetic of victory. He possessed two characteristics which indicate the highest military ability, decision and celerity. Called to the command of all the forces of the Commonwealth, he swept over Ireland like an impersonation of wrath. No sooner had his trumpet summoned a city to surrender than his cannon dashed an entrance through its walls into which poured his invincible warriors.

Immediately after the rebellion was quelled in Ireland the Parliament summoned him to lead their armies against the Scots with Charles II. at their head. The battles of Dunbar and Worcester, the latter upon the anniversary of the former, in both of which Cromwell was entirely victorious, destroyed

the plans of the king and his partisans. In each of these engagements the battle-cry of the Puritans was, "The Lord of Hosts! The Lord of Hosts!" with which they hurled themselves upon the enemy, and the royal standards sank before them.

It was not strange that this successful and powerful leader should have desired a more efficient government than that of the Parliament. He saw that England, torn by factions, wasted by civil war, needed repose, and that for this a strong government was necessary. He saw that England looked to her victorious general for help, and that there seemed to be confidence in none other. When therefore, accompanied by a few trusted soldiers, he walked into the Hall of Parliament, and thundered forth the command, "In the name of God, go!" when, in 1653, he permitted himself to be inaugurated "Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland and Ireland," he felt that he was doing for his country what her necessities required and what a true patriotism demanded. The Commonwealth under Cromwell presents a most impressive illustration of what the genius of an individual can accomplish for a people. He was a man, and while, like all other men, he was not uninfluenced by personal ambition, it is plain that he supremely sought the public good. He might have aggrandized himself by foreign wars and made himself conspicuous as the first general of that age. But he promoted the pursuits of peace. He aimed to give the nation stability, confidence, that

character without which it could not be truly great. Civil and religious liberty were cherished. Pure-minded and great men, like Hale and Blake, were summoned to the most responsible public stations. England rose then to a greatness which attests the superiority of Cromwell. She took her own place among the nations, not by violence, not by assumed supremacy, but by her developed ability, by her acknowledged greatness. She was the leader of the Protestant Powers. She commanded the respect of those who envied and hated her. Foreign states courted her alliance because they feared her power. France was glad of peace with the Commonwealth. Spain was humbled before her arms. The fleets of Holland, which had long held the supremacy of the seas, were mastered by the navies of Cromwell. Sweden acknowledged the might of the Protector and showed him the deference which she had never shown to crowned kings of Britain. His demand for justice to the Waldenses was heeded at once. Never had the nation been better governed at home, never had her influence been more commanding abroad, than during these proud days of the Commonwealth.

Names which have become august will often characterize an epoch better than any abstract statement. Among the statesmen of the Commonwealth towers the name of John Hampden, a man of that dignity and affability, that public spirit and self-control, which mark the truly great. Among the preachers and scholars of the Commonwealth are the names of John Howe and John



Owen: the former, Cromwell's favorite preacher and private chaplain, a man of splendid port and a lordly order of mind, of large, genuine Christian charity; the latter, while he was descended from a royal ancestry and inherited a princely estate, and while he honored by his learning the University of Oxford over which he had been appointed vice-chancellor, still thought it his highest honor to preach the Gospel of Christ as a Puritan minister. A great literary authority has said, "In England, during the latter half of the 17th century, there were only two great creative minds. One of these minds produced the *Paradise Lost*, the other the *Pilgrim's Progress*." John Milton and John Bunyan were men of the Commonwealth. It was under the administration of Cromwell that the great dreamer commenced the preaching of the gospel, which, after the restoration of Charles Stuart, exposed him to that imprisonment during which his immortal allegory was written. The connection which Milton sustained to the Commonwealth was most intimate. When, after the execution of Charles I, the republican Council of State sought for a Secretary who should present their communications to foreign states in chaste and classic Latin language, their attention was naturally turned to Milton, who, in addition to his ripe and wide scholarship, had been from his youth up a bold and stanch

republican. It was not beneath that transcendent poet to devote himself to the tasks which liberty then imposed upon its friends. Behold, in the foreign office, Milton expressing in classic elegance the will of Cromwell! Without multiplying names which graced the annals of the Commonwealth, it will be enough to mention one more, in another department, whose youth was spent in this stirring period and whose principles were formed on those of its great men, the name of one of the peers of philosophy, John Locke.

The days of the English Commonwealth were destined to be few. The iron warrior, the strong-handed ruler, England's great Protector, lay in the might of his great manhood on the bed of death. Strong prayers went up from the altars of England for the life of Cromwell. A wild tempest was sweeping over the English capital. Calmly the soul of the dying ruler rested on the God of the Everlasting Covenant, and amidst the uproar of the storm, his voice was heard in his dying prayer.

With Cromwell perished the hopes of the Commonwealth. The enthusiastic appeal of Milton, the efforts of the strong men who clung to the hope of a republic, could not avail to prevent the reestablishment of the throne. So passed the glory of that bright period in the history of England, as sets the sun of a golden day to be followed by a night of gloom and storm.





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## Pilgrim Ports in Old England'

By Edwin D. Mead

FROM the top of the high tower of St. Botolph's Church, in old Boston in England, I imagine that one can see, in a clear day, the scenes of both of the two unfortunate attempts of the Pilgrim Fathers to escape from England to Holland. The first attempt was at Boston itself, almost at the very foot of the tower on which the spectator would be standing, perhaps at the very point on the little river Witham from which Turner's beautiful picture of old Boston and its church was painted. The second attempt was at a point on the river Humber, between Hull and Grimsby, and so about fifty miles from Boston, away at the very northern border of flat Lincolnshire. Here, at "a large common, a good way distant from any town," the Dutch captain was to meet them with his ship. One can read the story of both unhappy ventures in Bradford's Journal. At Boston their shipmaster betrayed them; and they were seized and brought back, Brewster and six others being thrown into prison. At Grimsby only a single boat-load had been taken to the ship, when they were surprised by the authorities, and their endeavor once more thwarted. But in this "first boat-load" was Bradford himself, who tells us the story. Fourteen days he and his companions were tossed on the North Sea, driven by a tempest to the very coast of Norway; for seven days "they saw neither sun, moon nor stars;" but at last they arrived safely in Holland, and were able to act in Amsterdam as pioneers for their brethren, who escaped from England one by one, as best they could. "In ye end," says Bradford, "notwithstanding all these storms of

opposition, they all gatt over at length, some at one time & some at another, and some in one place & some in another, and mette togeather againe according to their desires, with no small rejoicing."

Scrooby, Boston and Grimsby,—all in a country overlooked by Lincoln cathedral, and all at equal distances from the cathedral,—those are the three places to remember in connection with the Pilgrim Fathers before their exile. Amsterdam, Leyden and Delft-Haven,—those are the three places with which they were connected in Holland. In Amsterdam they spent the first year; Leyden was their home for eleven years; from Delft-Haven, on the Maas, just below Rotterdam, they embarked on the "Speedwell," in July, 1620. The stirring lines in Dr. Holmes's poem on Robinson's farewell to them will be remembered:

"He spake: with lingering, long embrace,  
With tears of love and partings fond,  
They floated down the creeping Maas,  
Along the isle of Ysselmond.

They passed the frowning towers of Briel,  
The 'Hook of Holland's' shelf of sand,  
And grated soon with lifting keel  
The sullen shores of Fatherland.

No home for these!—too well they knew  
The mitred king behind the throne;  
The sails were set, the pennons flew,  
And westward ho! for worlds unknown."

Southampton, Dartmouth and Plymouth were the three old English ports in which the Pilgrim Fathers took refuge for a little, in that summer of 1620, on their way from Holland to New England. Southampton has a double interest to us; for it was from there that Winthrop and the Massachusetts colonists also sailed,

in 1630. Winthrop's Journal, it will be remembered, opens with the author "riding at the Cowes, near the Isle of Wight, in the Arbella"; and at Southampton, John Cotton, coming down from old Boston, had just before preached the farewell sermon to the colonists, "God's Promise to His Plantation." Winthrop does not tell of the sermon, which indeed has been strangely overlooked by the historians; but it was for Winthrop's company what John Robinson's farewell sermon at Delft-Haven was for the Pilgrims.\*

Southampton is directly opposite the Isle of Wight, a score of miles up Southampton Water, in the very middle of the south coast of England. Plymouth is one hundred and fifty miles farther west, in beautiful Devon, far on toward Land's End. In the channel directly over against it, fourteen miles from the citadel, is the famous Eddystone light-house. Dartmouth, too, is in Devon, east of Plymouth, nearer Tor Bay, where William III., coming from Holland, landed in 1688, to take possession of England. Dartmouth is only a little town, of perhaps six thousand people.—a little town that looks as though it went to sleep there by the river about 1620. Plymouth and Southampton are two of the greatest ports of England; and Plymouth and Portsmouth, which latter lies so close beside Southampton that we always think of them together, are England's two greatest naval stations. American travelers and merchants know Plymouth and Southampton as the two English ports where the German steamers call.

\*The sermon is printed among the Old South Leaflets—No. 53.



SOUTHAMPTON BARGAT

which sail from New York. The English themselves think oftener perhaps of the steamers sailing thence for Gibraltar and the Mediterranean, for Egypt and India, for Australia

and New Zealand, the West Indies and Brazil. "The perpetual arrival and departure of passengers," says one of the Southampton books, "gives an animation and interest to the town





OLD TOWN WALL, SOUTHAMPTON

not readily to be found elsewhere. The arrival or departure of the Indian mail packets presents a scene that will not easily be forgotten. The mail for India is contained in variously colored boxes, sometimes reaching to a weight of twenty tons. The American mails are packed in India rubber sacks; the West Indian, in canvas bags. Notabilities of all sorts—foreign monarchs, royal Bengal tigers, Indian, African and Egyptian princes, great monkeys, distinguished ambassadors, hippopotamuses, alligators, generals, admirals, illustrious exiles, California bears, colonial governors, etc., are constantly arriving by the various steamers, and afford infinite amusement and occupation to the loungers and gossip-retailers of the town. When a couple of large mail steamers arrive on the same day, which often happens, the win-

dows of the hotels are to be seen crowded with foreign merchants, West India and American planters, East Indian, Australian and Californian nabobs, military or naval officers, and foreign officials, with their families, dressed in every variety of costume,—all besieged vigorously in all their hotels by English, Italian and German street bands."

So Southampton to-day; and Plymouth is hardly less busy and bustling. Very different was it two hundred and eighty years ago, when the "Speedwell" came sailing up Southampton Water from Holland, when the "Mayflower" went sailing out of Plymouth Harbor for New England.

It was about the 20th of July, 1620, that the "Speedwell" sailed from Delft-Haven. "Thus hoysing saile," says Bradford, "with a prosperous

winde they came in short time to Southampton, where they found the bigger ship [the "Mayflower"] come from London, lying ready, with all the rest of their company. After a joyfull wellcome, and mutual congratulations, with other friendly entertainments, they fell to parley aboute their bussines, how to dispatch with

ye best expedition."

They had trouble with their agents; and they were forced to sell sixty or eighty firkins of butter from their stock of provisions, in order to raise money necessary before clearing the harbor. "We put ourselves upon great extremities," they wrote from South-

ampton to the merchants and adventurers, "scarce having any butter, no oil, not a sole to mend a shoe, nor every man a sword to his side—wanting many muskets, much armor, etc. And yet we are willing to expose ourselves to such eminent dangers as are like to ensue, and trust to the good providence of God, rather than his name and truth be evil spoken of for us."

It seems that the "Speedwell" and the "Mayflower" arrived at Southampton, the one from Delft-Haven and the other from London, on the same day, July 22, and remained until about August 5, a fortnight. Tradition has it that it was at the West Quay that they lay.

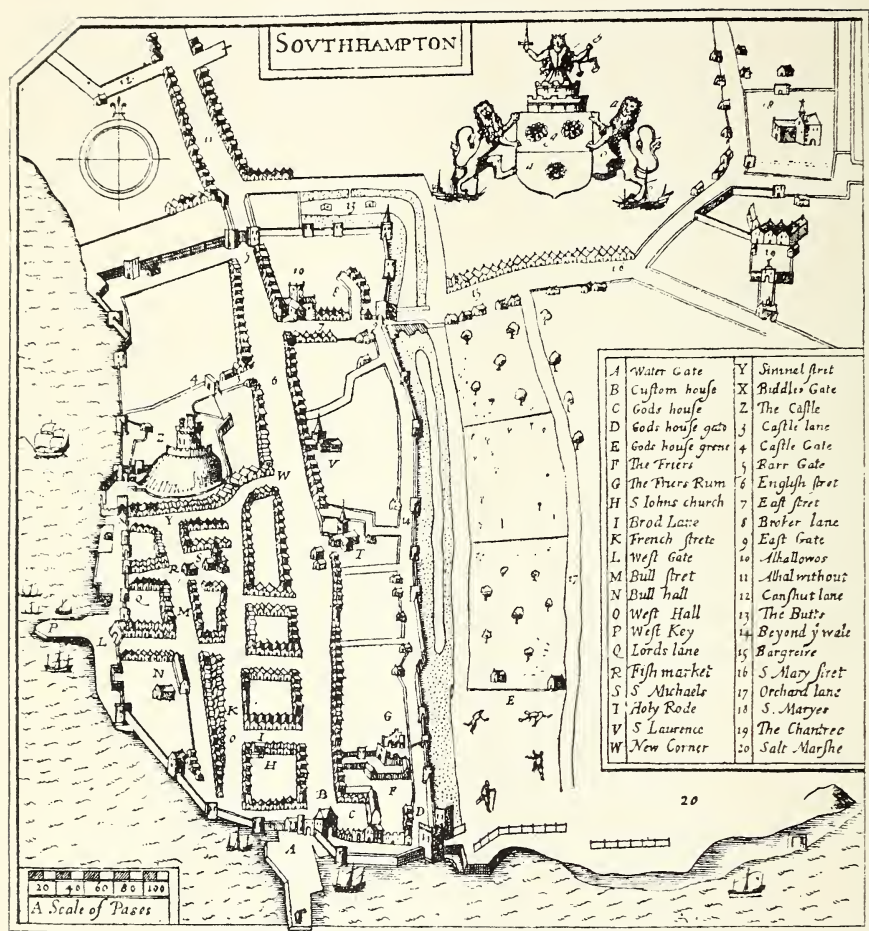
It was at Southampton that John Alden, then a youth of twenty-three, joined the Pilgrim company. Governor Bradford writes in his notes at Plymouth, long afterward: "John Alden was hired for a cooper, at Southampton, wher the ship victuled; and being a hopfull young man, was much desired, but left to his

owne liking to go or stay when he came here; but he stayed, and maryed here." This was the John Alden of Longfellow's poem—the John Alden who married Priscilla. "Mr. William Mullines, and his wife, and 2 children, Joseph & Priscilla; and a servant, Robart Carter,"—that is the way that Bradford describes Priscilla's family, as it came in the "Mayflower."



WESTGATE, SOUTHAMPTON.





FACSIMILE OF A MAP OF SOUTHAMPTON, DATED 1611

With all their troubles at Southampton, the Pilgrims wasted no time there. In little more than a week their accounts were all settled, the freight and passengers were properly placed, and the "Mayflower" and the "Speedwell" sailed from Southampton Water, through the Solent. Before they sailed, however, they received a farewell letter from their pastor, who was left behind at Leyden,—a letter full of wisdom. "The company was caled together," says Bradford, "and this let-

ter read amongst them, which had good acceptation with all, and after fruit with many. Then they ordered and distributed their company for either shipe, as they conceived for ye best. And chose a Govr. & 2 or 3 assistants for each shipe, to order ye people by ye way, and see to ye disposing of there provisions, and shuch like affairs. All which was not only with ye liking of ye maisters of ye ships, but according to their desires. Which being done, they sett sail from thence



aboute ye 5. of August." (August 15, N. S.)

All men have read the old story about King Canute, the Dane,—how one day, disgusted with the flattery of his courtiers, who went so far as to declare in his presence that nothing in nature dared disobey him, he ordered them to place his chair on the sea shore when the tide was rising; how, as the waters approached he commanded them to retire, and not to wet the edge of his robe; how the tide came on, regardless of his word; and how, retiring, he rebuked his courtiers, saying how weak was every earthly creature, even though a king, and that power resides alone with Him who can say to the ocean, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther." It is said to have been on the shore at Southampton that this famous rebuke was given. It would be pleasant to believe that it was at the very spot where the Pilgrim Fathers embarked on the "Mayflower," flying from the fitful tyranny of England's king, but strong in the strength of the great King of Kings, to lay the corner-stone of a nation.

It was six hundred years before the time of the Pilgrims that Canute lived. In those six hundred years, many kings had stood on the shore at Southampton. The town began to grow great from the very time of the Conquest, because there was a ready transit hence to Normandy. Here Henry II., with his queen, landed, on his return from France, immediately before his penance at the tomb of Becket. Here Henry's son, Richard the Lion-Heart, gathered part of his fleet before sailing for Palestine to join the crusade. Here, too, John came frequently, once remaining three months in the

Isle of Wight, expecting succor from the Pope against the barons. On the 4th of July, 1345, Edward III. and the Black Prince embarked here with the army which was presently to win the great victory at Cressy. The army consisted of 4,000 men at arms, 10,000 archers, 12,000 Welsh footmen, and 6,000 Irish; and we read that the number of vessels employed was 1,600. A grand spectacle it must have been, as that great fleet moved down Southampton Water. It would have been hard for the men at the docks in 1620, seeing the "Mayflower" and the "Speedwell" sail, to realize that they were the witnesses of a more important scene.

In 1415, Henry V.'s great expedition for the conquest of France set sail from Southampton. As the ships passed out, we read that swans floated about the mouth of Southampton Water; and the old chroniclers regard these as foretokens of the great victory at Agincourt, which was destined to crown the expedition. Henry VIII. used to come to Southampton; and when Leland, the famous antiquary, visited it in 1548, he saw in the great dock at Portsmouth the ribs of the "Harry Grace de Dieu," the great ship built at Erith, which had conveyed Henry from Dover to the "Field of the Cloth of Gold." In 1522, the Emperor Charles V. embarked at Southampton, on his return to Spain from his visit to Henry. Catharine of Aragon was now Henry's wife. The unfortunate Catherine was the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, who equipped Columbus for America. I speak of her here, because I wish to say that when she came to England from Spain, a girl of sixteen, she

landed at Plymouth, the other Pilgrim port. This was in 1501; and she came not to marry Henry, but his brother Arthur, marrying Henry after Arthur's death. When Emperor Charles, her nephew, sailed back to Spain from Southampton harbor, a hundred years before the "Mayflower," she had been Henry's wife a dozen years and more; and her daughter Mary, afterward Queen Mary, was six years old. Thirty-two years later, Friday, July 20, 1554, Philip II., Charles's son, landed at Southampton, to marry Queen Mary. We read that he remained at Southampton till the Monday, when he left to join his longing bride at Winchester, on a gray gelding, in a violent storm of wind and rain, wrapped in a long scarlet cloak.

These things, or some of them, we may suppose that John Alden, who ought to have known all about Southampton, told Priscilla, as they stood by the railings, while the "Mayflower" dropped down Southampton Water. If it had been a century later, he might have told her of a rather important business which subsisted at Southampton,—the business of runaway marriages; for in the last century, and until comparatively recent times, we read that there were always vessels at Southampton ready to carry parties over to Guernsey, at five guineas per couple, where weddings were managed as easily as at Gretna Green.

But I do not suppose that John Alden and Priscilla were thinking of marriages in August, 1620. They were thinking more of good friends whom, I doubt not, they left in Southampton, and some of whom, I hope, came to the dock to see the "Mayflower" sail. Among them, perhaps,

were men and women from Holland, exiles like themselves,—men and women who had fled from the persecutions of Philip and the bloody Duke of Alva and taken refuge here; for Southampton was one of the places where Elizabeth gave these Dutch pilgrims leave to settle; and the chapel in "God's House," which she appointed them, remains to this day. And I do not doubt that there were many English Puritans in Southampton in 1620; for long before the century was over there was much persecution of dissenters there. Isaac Watts, whose hymns were to be sung so much by the children of the Pilgrim Fathers, was born at Southampton in 1674, while perhaps a score of the old "Mayflower" passengers were still alive at Plymouth, and he had begun to write religious verses before John Alden died; and while Isaac Watts was still a babe, his mother was known to sit, with him in her arms, on a stone by the door of the prison where his father was in bonds for non-conformity.

Many things remain in Southampton much as they were three hundred years ago. The High Street is still said to be, as it was in Leland's time, "one of the fairest streets that is in England." "Few of our towns," says one of the English books, "present so many relics of our ancient domestic and military architecture." There are churches on whose towers the Pilgrim Fathers looked that busy week; in St. Michael's Square, they show an ancient house said to have been occupied by Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn; by the Arundel Tower, they show remains of the old castle first mentioned in the reign of John; and three of the an-





THE AVENUE, SOUTHAMPTON

cient gates and many remains of the old town walls still linger. "Coming out on the shore of the estuary of the Test, the long line of massive gray wall stretches itself out, very little changed since it assisted in repelling the French attack in 1377, or since it witnessed the departure of King Edward's soldiers for Cressy, or of King Henry's for Agincourt."

Yet if John Alden could come back to Southampton to-day, I do not suppose that he would know where he was. I do not suppose that he would know where he was if he should sail down Southampton Water, with the New Forest, where William Rufus was killed, still on the right, with the ruins of Netley Abbey still on the left, and with the Isle of Wight still in front. Portsmouth, at the mouth of Southampton Water, was, when John

Alden knew it, only a small town, its harbor perhaps defended, as in Leyland's time, by a "mighty chain of iron" stretched between two round towers, as was then the case also at Dartmouth and at Plymouth. Now, Portsmouth is a city of nearly two hundred thousand people, with its great docks full of men-of-war, and with batteries and ramparts innumerable grown up about Southsea Castle, which John Alden knew, and whence Nelson sailed for Trafalgar. John Alden probably knew men who had seen the great ship, "Mary Rose," go down off Portsmouth harbor, with her commander and six hundred men; but the boy, Charles Dickens, who was born at Portsmouth, doubtless heard men talk who, in the very harbor itself, had seen the "Royal George" go down, carrying the gallant Admiral Kempen-



feldt and "twice four hundred men"; and in our own time men have witnessed here in Spithead the similar sad fate of the "Eurydice." Tragical indeed is the spirit which has brooded over these beautiful waters.

But the tragical fate of the "Mary Rose" and the "Royal George" and the "Eurydice" is remembered on very few of the gayly decorated boats with which the Solent is brilliant on a summer day, carrying merry people to and fro between the Isle of Wight and Portsmouth or Southampton. Perhaps it is the wedding day, a dozen or fifteen years ago, of the Princess Beatrice. Osborne House, the royal residence, and Whippingham church, in which the princess is married,—more interesting to some of us because near it Arnold of Rugby was born, and within it his father sleeps,—are in the very northernmost part of the Isle of Wight, the part which lay stretched before the Pilgrim Fathers as they sailed down Southampton Water in the "Mayflower" and the "Speedwell." If we would have a picture, therefore, of the scene of the first section of the "Mayflower's" voyage, as it is to-day, we have only to read the London papers of that morning; for all of them are full of descriptions of Osborne and the Isle of Wight. From such a paper is cut the following, on the coming of the German bridegroom:

"If a bridegroom's thoughts could by any possibility be deflected from the object of his adoration, Prince Henry, as he approached the shore at East Cowes on Monday afternoon, might have admired the gentle beauty of the spot where the Queen's sea palace stands. To some, at least, of his princely party, the scene would, no doubt, be new; and these cannot fail to have been impressed with the blending of sylvan and

marine charms which the Solent exhibits all the way from Egypt Point to the Medina. There is, indeed, no gayer or pleasanter strip of inland waters anywhere to be traversed than that which winds like a broad, green ribbon between Ryde and the Needles. Its lightsome waves, thronged at this season of the year with the pleasure craft of a score of yacht clubs, and shadowed on the southern side by the foliage which overhangs the coast of the Isle of Wight almost all the way, present a succession of maritime pictures scarcely to be equaled in any part of the world for placid beauty. Mingling with the ever graceful schooners and cutters, there are grim men-of-war, picturesque old hulks, busy and burly trading ships, fishing smacks and lighters, vessels of all kinds and sizes, perpetually lending variety to the land-locked but never stagnant surface of the inlet. Nowhere does it exhibit more attractions than at the point where the towers of Osborne rise with stateliness, if not magnificence, above the lawns and woodlands of her Majesty's marine domain. The *ensemble* of the prospect hereabouts is, indeed, perfect for the seaside residence of a British sovereign. From the terraces of Osborne, the spectator can look upon the distant masts and buildings of Portsmouth dockyard on the one hand, and away on the other to the Needles and those broad sea-gates by which the ships of the Empire come home 'to their haven under the hill.' Clo. . . beneath the royal residence, the quiet way . . . of the Solent glitter, and reflect the white sails of the summer fleet which has its headquarters round the verdant foreland where the Medina's small but useful channel opens a lively harbor under the walls of Whippingham Church. A prettier place to be married in could not be discovered."

But to-day we think less of a wedding procession in the Solent than of a funeral procession. It was at Osborne House that Queen Victoria died; and on one of the days of the last January her body was borne, in the draped yacht, over these historic waters, amid the booming of guns from the long lines of war-ships, on



PLYMOUTH HARBOR.





WHERE THE MAYFLOWER LAY.

the first stage of the journey to the final resting-place at Windsor.

It was as the "Mayflower" passed into these fair waters of the Solent, shadowed then as now by the foliage of the Isle of Wight, though then there was no Osborne House, that John Alden, with his new Pilgrim friends, had his last look back toward Southampton. The last point of the Isle of Wight which they would see would be the Needles, by which to-day is Farringford, the former home of Tennyson,

"Close to the ridge of a noble down.

"Groves of pine on either hand,  
To break the blast of 'winter  
stand;

And, further on, the hoary  
channel

Tumbles a breaker on chalk  
and sand."

As the Needles faded from their sight, they supposed that they were fairly and finally launched on their voyage for New England. But here comes a chapter in Bradford's

Journal on "The Troubles that befell them on the coaste," which begins as follows :

"Being thus put to sea, they had not gone farr, but Mr. Reynolds ye mr. of ye leser ship complained that he found his ship so leak as he durst not put further to sea till she was mended. So ye mr. of ye bigger ship (caled Mr. Joans) being consulted with, they both resolved to put into Dart-

mouth & have her ther searched & mended, which accordingly was done, to their great charg and losse of time and a faire winde. She was here thorowlysearcht from stem to sterne, some leaks were found & mended, and now it was conceived by the workmen & all, that she was sufficiente, & they might proceede without either fear or danger. So with good hopes from hence, they put to sea againe, conceiving they should goe comfortably on, not looking for any more lets of this kind; but it fell out otherwise, for after they were gone



THE MAYFLOWER STONE.





THE BARBICAN, PLYMOUTH

to sea againe above 100 leagues without the Lands End, houlding company together all this while, the mr. of ye small ship complained his ship was so leake as he must beare up or sinke at sea, for they could scarce free her with much pumping. So they came to consultation againe, and resolved both ships to bear up backe againe & put into Plimouth."

Again, therefore, they turned back; and all know how, at Plymouth, the "Speedwell" was discharged as unfit for the voyage, and twenty of the passengers were left behind, including Cushman, whose melancholy letter from Dartmouth to his friend in London Bradford gives. "Friend," writes the discouraged Cushman in this letter, "if ever we make a plantation, God works a miracle; especially considering how scante we shall be of victualls, and most of all ununited amongst our selves, & devoyd of good tutors and regimente. Violence will break all.

Wher is ye meek & humble spirite of Moyses? & of Nehemiah who reedified ye walls of Jerusalem, & ye state of Israell? Is not ye sound of Rehoboams braggs daly hear amongst us? Have not ye philosiphers and all wise men observed that even in setled comonewelths, violente governours bring either them selves, or people, or boath, to ruine; how much more in ye raising of comonewelths, when ye mortar is yet scarce tempered that should bind ye wales."

Finally, a full month after the departure from Southampton, the "Mayflower" set sail alone from Plymouth for her sixty-six days' voyage across the Atlantic, with one hundred and two passengers. "Thus," says Bradford, "like Gideon's army, this small number was divided, as if the Lord by this work of his providence thought these few too many for the great work he had to do."

Six years before the "Mayflower"



A BIT OF OLD PLYMOUTH

furled her sails in the harbor of Plymouth, in New England, Captain John Smith had named that harbor Plymouth; and so it stood on the map which the Pilgrims carried with them. But Morton says, in speaking of the naming of the colony, "This name of Plymouth was so called, not only for the reason here named, but also because Plymouth in Old England was the last town they left in their native country; and for that they received many kindnesses from some Christians there." The Pilgrims, too, must have remembered their relations to the Plymouth Council, in whose domain they were. When King James parceled out America, in 1606, it was to two corporations, or Virginia companies, one established in London, the other at Plymouth; and, in 1620, the king gave a new charter, whereby henceforth the region which had been called "the

North Parts of Virginia," extending from the forty-first degree of north latitude to the forty-fifth, was to be the domain of "the council established at Plymouth in the county of Devon, for the planting, ruling, ordering, and governing of New England in America."

Great numbers of men went from Devon to New England in that first half of the seventeenth century. At Dorchester, in the neighboring county of Dorset, lived Rev. John White, whose work in promoting the settlement of Massachusetts was so important. There is no county in England which is, to me, so beautiful as Devon. There is no seaport in England which is more beautiful or has had a greater history than Plymouth. Devon is full of pretty little rivers flowing through the greenest of valleys to the sea.—the Sid, the Ex, the Teign, the Dart, the



Ply m, — each river giving its name to the town that lies at its mouth. Thus, Sidmouth is the town at the mouth of the Sid; and so of Exmouth, Teignmouth, Dartmouth and Plymouth. One beautiful summer afternoon, I took the steamer



PLYMOUTH GUILDHALL

at Dartmouth, that first Devon port in which the Pilgrims took refuge, and sailed up the pretty river Dart to Totness. More like an old French town than like an English town little Dartmouth seems, there at the foot of the steep hills by the mouth of the river. I said it seemed like a town that had gone to sleep; and yet, on this sunny summer afternoon, the river was full of boats, sailors and midshipmen rowing back and forth between the "Britannia," the great train-

ing ship, and the two gunboats which had just come into port.

In a few minutes, as you sail up the Dart, you come to Greenway, once the home of Sir Walter Raleigh, opposite which, in the middle of the stream, is a rock called the Anchor stone, where, according to the local legend, Raleigh smoked his first English pipe of tobacco. Further up is Sandridge, the birthplace of John Davis, the famous navigator, who in the reign of Elizabeth sailed from Dartmouth to Green-

land, and after whom Davis Strait was named. And a little further still is Totness, where you take the train for Plymouth, regretting that you have not time for a visit to old Modbury, the seat for centuries of the famous family of the



ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, PLYMOUTH





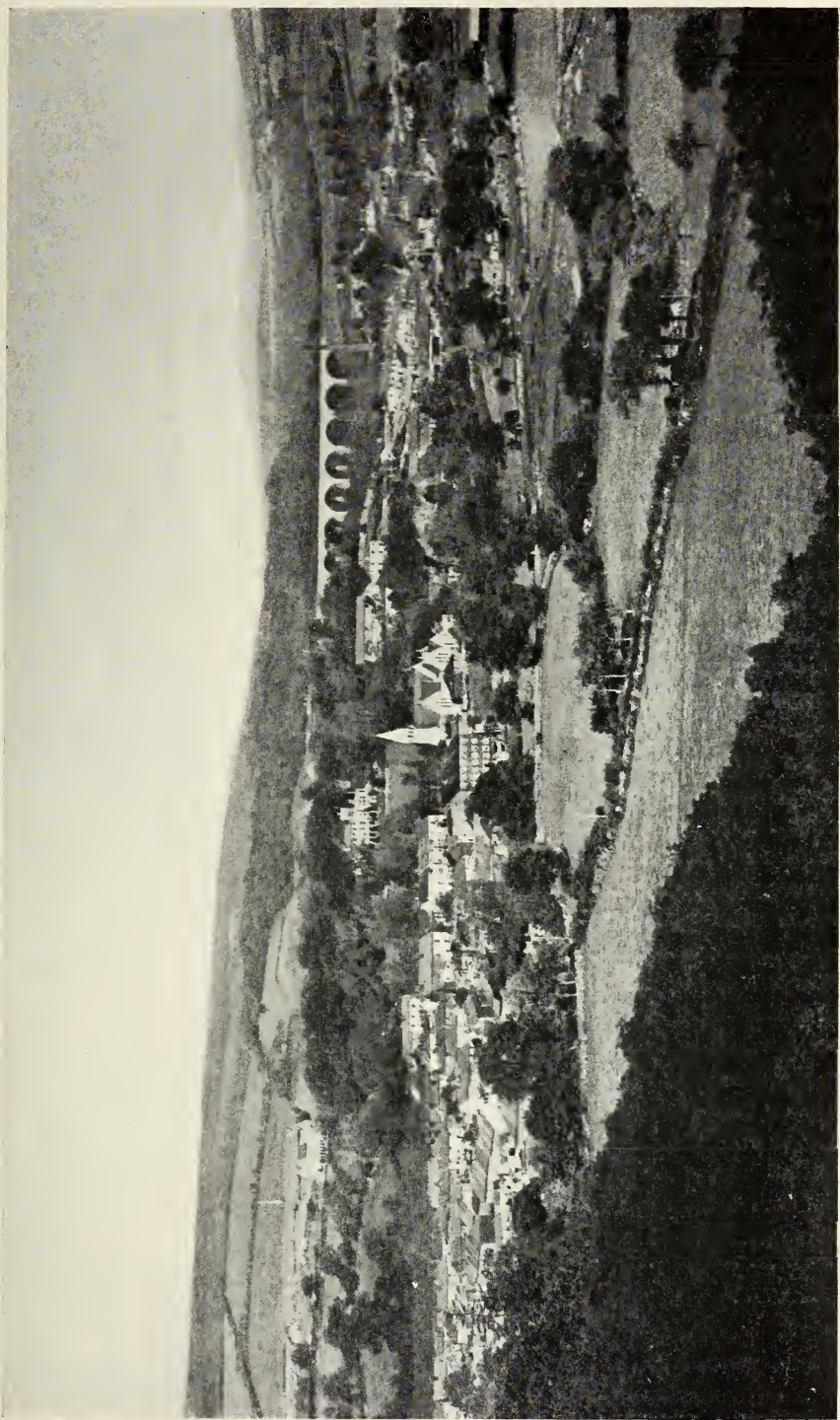
IVY BRIDGE

Champernownes, of whom a daughter married Otho Gilbert, a Devonshire gentleman, and became the mother of Sir John, Sir Humphrey, and Sir Adrian Gilbert, and next married Walter Raleigh of Fardell, and bore to him the great Sir Walter. An illustrious mother indeed, was this daughter of the Champernownes,—the mother of four of the greatest of the great Elizabethan worthies.

It is with no ordinary interest that the New Englander finds himself in old Plymouth, so closely associated with the history of the Pilgrim Fathers. He is glad to find that they are proudly remembered there. His heart beats fast when he goes to the great Town-hall to see its painted windows, and there, among the emblazoned scenes from Plymouth history,—scenes from the time of the great siege,

when Plymouth and Dartmouth were faithful to the Parliament, though all the Devon country sided with the King,—scenes from the time of Drake and the Armada,—looks on the picture of the Pilgrim Fathers embarking from the Barbican. He walks in the old Barbican, scarcely hearing the noisy men and women crying their fish. The spot where the "Mayflower" actually lay by the Barbican is now marked by a stone tablet bearing the simple inscription: "Mayflower, 1620"; and upon the adjacent wall is a memorial tablet with these words:

"On the 6th of September, 1620, in the Mayoralty of Thomas Fownes, after being 'kindly entertained and courteously used by divers Friends there dwelling,' the Pilgrim Fathers sailed from Plymouth in the Mayflower, in the Providence of God to settle in New Plymouth, and to lay the foundations of the New England States. The ancient causeway whence they embarked was destroyed



PLYMOUTH



not many days afterwards, but the site of their Embarkation is marked by the Stone bearing the name of the Mayflower in the pavement of the adjacent Pier. This Tablet was erected in the Mayoralty of J. T. Bond, 1891, to commemorate their Departure, and the visit to Plymouth in July of that Year of a number of their Descendants and representatives."

The visitor climbs to the Hoe and to the Citadel. He looks beyond Drake's Island to the beautiful Mount Edgumbe; he looks upon the ships-of-war and yonder great New Zealand steamer; he hears, perhaps, the sound of the mighty hammers in the dockyard, round the point. He thinks that he has looked on few scenes so fair. But his thoughts chiefly run back into the past,—to the time when Earl Hugh sailed out with the men of Devon against the French pirates; to the time of the great Elizabeth, when Plymouth was the rendezvous of those daring navigators who then did so much to extend the power and glory of England. Drake, Hawkins, Gilbert, Raleigh,—all these sailed from Plymouth, and all were Devon men. He thinks of Humphrey Gilbert sailing, in 1583, for


Newfoundland, on the voyage from which he never should return; he thinks of Drake's voyage round the world, and how his ships sailed out of Plymouth to destroy the great Spanish Armada, filling all the sea outside; and he thinks of Raleigh arriving in Plymouth from his unfortunate Guiana expedition, and going up to London to meet his tragic end, two years before the "Mayflower" sailed. If he is a student of the English Commonwealth and the struggles which led up to it, he thinks of Sir John Eliot, the first of that heroic group—Pym, Hampden, Cromwell, Vane, Milton and the rest—who stood for the rights of Parliament, and remembers that Port Eliot, close by, a few miles up the St. Germans river, was his home, and that he may well have seen the "Mayflower" as she lay in Plymouth harbor. But he thinks chiefly of that little "Mayflower," and that, among all the great days in the great history of old Plymouth, there was none greater, there was none so great, as that when she sailed thence to found New England "in the name of God. Amen."





# Lanty Foster's Mistake

By Bret Harte\*

ANTY FOSTER was crouching on a low stool before the dying kitchen fire, the better to get its fading radiance on the book she was reading. Beyond, through the open window and door, the fire

was also slowly fading from the sky and the mountain ridge whence the sun had dropped half an hour before. The view was up-hill, and the sky line of the hill was marked by two or three gibbet-like poles from which, on a now invisible line between them, depended certain objects—mere black silhouettes against the sky—which bore wierd likeness to human figures. Absorbed as she was in her book, she nevertheless occasionally cast an impatient glance in that direction, as the sunlight faded more quickly than her fire. For the fluttering objects were the "week's wash" which had to be brought in before night fell and the mountain wind arose. It was strong at that altitude and before this, had ravished the clothes from the line, and scattered them along the high road leading over the ridge—once even lashing the shy schoolmaster with a pair of Lanty's own stockings, and blinding the parson with a really tempestuous petticoat.

A whiff of wind down the big throated chimney stirred the log embers on the hearth, and the girl jumped to her feet, closing the book with an impatient snap. She knew her mother's voice would follow. It was hard to leave her heroine at the crucial moment of receiving an explanation from a presumed faithless lover, just to climb a hill and take in a lot of soulless washing, but such are the infelicities of stolen romance reading. She threw the clothes basket over her head like a hood, the handle resting across her bosom and shoulders, and with both her hands free, started out of the cabin. But the darkness had come up from the valley in one stride after its mountain fashion, had outstripped her, and she was instantly plunged in it. Still the outline of the ridge above her was visible, with the white steadfast stars that were not there a moment ago, and by that sign she knew she was late. She had to battle against the rushing wind now, which sung through the inverted basket over her head and held her back, but with bent shoulders she at last reached the top of the ridge and the level. Yet here, owing to the shifting of the lighter background above her she now found herself again encompassed with the darkness. The outlines of the poles had disappeared, the white fluttering garments were distinct apparitions waving in the wind like dancing ghosts. But there certainly was a queer mis-

shapen bulk moving beyond, which she did not recognize, and as she at last reached one of the poles, a shock was communicated to it, through the clothes line and the bulk beyond. Then she heard a voice say, impatiently,

"What in h—ll am I running into now?"

It was a man's voice, and, from its elevation, the voice of a man on horse-back. She answered without fear and with slow deliberation:

"Inter our clothes line, I reckon."

"Oh," said the man in a half apologetic tone. Then in brisker accents: "The very thing I want! I say, can you give me a bit of it? The ring of my saddle girth has fetched loose. I can fasten it with that."

"I reckon," replied Lanty, with the same unconcern, moving nearer the bulk, which now separated into two parts as the man dismounted. "How much do you want?"

"A foot or two will do."

They were now in front of each other, although their faces were not distinguishable to either. Lanty, who had been following the lines with her hand, here came upon the end knotted around the last pole. This she began to untie.

"What a place to hang clothes," he said curiously.

"Mighty dryin' tho'," returned Lanty laconically.

"And your house?—is it near by?" he continued.

"Just down the ridge—ye kin see from the edge. Got a knife?" She had untied the knot.

"No—yes—wait." He had hesitated a moment and then produced something from his breast pocket which he however kept in his hand.

As he did not offer it to her she simply held out a section of the rope between her hands which he divided with a single cut. She saw only that the instrument was long and keen. Then she lifted the flap of the saddle for him as he attempted to fasten the loose ring with the rope, but the darkness made it impossible. With an ejaculation, he fumbled in his pockets. "My last match!" he said, striking it, as he crouched over it to protect it from the wind. Lanty leaned over also with her apron raised between it and the blast. The flame for an instant lit up the ring, the man's dark face, moustache, and white teeth set together as he tugged at the girth, and on Lanty's brown velvet eyes and soft round cheek framed in the basket. Then it went out, but the ring was secured.

"Thank you," said the man with a short laugh, "but I thought you were a hump-backed witch in the dark there."

"And I couldn't make out whether you was a cow or a bar," returned the young girl simply.

Here, however, he quickly mounted his horse, but in the action something slipped from his clothes, struck a stone and bounded away into the darkness.

"My knife," he said hurriedly. "Please hand it to me." But although the young girl dropped on her knees and searched the ground diligently it could not be found. The man, with a restrained ejaculation, again dismounted and joined in the search. "Haven't you got another match?" suggested Lanty.

"No—it was my last!" he said, impatiently.

"Just you hol' on here," she said suddenly, "and I'll run down to the



*Drawn by M. Power O'Malley*

"THE FLAME FOR AN INSTANT LIT UP THE RING"



kitchen and fetch you a light. I won't be long."

"No! No!" said the man quickly, "don't! I couldn't wait, I've been here too long now. Look here. You come in daylight and find it, and—just keep it for me, will you?" he laughed. "I'll come for it. And now, if you'll only help to set me on that road again—for it's so infernal black I can't see the mare's ears ahead of me—I won't bother you any more. Thank you."

Lanty had quietly moved to his horse's head and taken the bridle in her hand, and at once seemed to be lost in the gloom. But in a few moments he felt the muffled thud of his horse's hoof on the thick dust of the highway and its still hot impalpable powder rising to his nostrils.

"Thank you," he said again, "I'm all right now," and in the pause that followed it seemed to Lanty that he had extended a parting hand to her in the darkness. She put up her own to meet it, but missed his, which had blundered onto her shoulder. Before she could grasp it, she felt him stooping over her, the light brush of his soft moustache on her cheek, and then, the starting forward of his horse. But the retaliating box on the ear she had promptly aimed at him spent itself in the black space which seemed suddenly to have swallowed up the man, and even his light laugh.

For an instant she stood still, and then swinging the basket indignantly from her shoulder, took up her suspended task. It was no light one in the increasing wind, and the unfastened clothes line had precipitated a part of its burden to the ground through the loosening of the rope. But on picking up the trailing garments

her hand struck an unfamiliar object. The stranger's lost knife! She thrust it hastily into the bottom of the basket and completed her work. As she began to descend with her burden she saw that the light of the kitchen fire, seen through the windows was augmented by a candle. Her mother was evidently awaiting her.

"Pretty time to be fetchin' in the wash," said Mrs. Foster querulously. "But what can you expect when folks stand gossipin' and philanderin' on the ridge instead o' tendin' to their work."

Now Lanty knew that she had *not* been "gossipin'" nor "philanderin'," yet as the parting salute might have been open to that imputation, and as she surmised that her mother might have overheard their voices, she briefly said, to prevent further questioning, that she had shown a stranger the road. But for her mother's unjust accusation she would have been more communicative. As Mrs. Foster went back grumblingly into the sitting room Lanty resolved to keep the knife at present a secret from her mother, and to that purpose removed it from the basket. But in the light of the candle she saw it for the first time plainly—and started.

For it was really a dagger! jewelled handled and richly wrought—such as Lanty had never looked upon before. The hilt was studded with gems, and the blade, which had a cutting edge, was damascened in blue and gold. Her soft eyes reflected the brilliant setting—her lips parted breathlessly: then, as her mother's voice arose in the other room, she thrust it back into its velvet sheath and clapped it in her pocket. Its rare beauty had confirmed her resolution of absolute secrecy. To

have shown it now would have made "no end of talk." And she was not sure but that her parents would have demanded its custody! And it was given to *her* by *him* to keep. This settled the question of moral ethics. She took the first opportunity to run up to her bedroom and hide it under the mattress.

Yet the thought of it filled the rest of her evening. When her household duties were done she took up her novel again partly from force of habit and partly as an attitude in which she could think of *It* undisturbed. For what was fiction to her now! True, it possessed a certain reminiscent value. A "dagger" had appeared in several romances she had devoured, but she never had a clear idea of one before. "The Count sprang back, and, drawing from his belt a richly jewelled dagger, hissed between his teeth"—or, more to the purpose, "Take this," said Orlando, handing her the ruby-hilted poignard which had gleamed upon his thigh, "and should the caitiff attempt thy unguarded innocence—"

"Did ye hear what your father was sayin'?" Lanty started. It was her mother's voice in the doorway, and she had been vaguely conscious of another voice pitched in the same querulous key—which, indeed, was the dominant expression of the small ranchers of that fertile neighbourhood. Possibly a too complaisant and unaggressive Nature had spoiled them.

"Yes!—no!" said Lanty abstractedly, "what did he say?"

"If you wasn't taken up with that fool-book!" said Mrs. Foster, glancing at her daughter's slightly conscious color. "ye'd know! He ollowed ye'd better not leave yer filly in the far pas-

ture nights. That gang o' Mexican horse-thieves is out again, and raided McKinnon's stock last night."

This touched Lanty closely. The filly was her own property and she was breaking it for her own riding. But her distrust of her parents' interference was greater than any fear of horse stealers. "She's mighty uneasy in the barn, and," she added, with a proud consciousness of that beautiful yet carnal weapon upstairs, "I reckon I ken protect her and myself agin any Mexican horse thieves."

"My! but we're gettin' high and mighty," responded Mrs. Foster, with deep irony. "Did you git all that outer your fool book?"

"Mebbe," said Lanty curtly.

Nevertheless, her thoughts, that night, were not entirely based on written romance. She wondered if the stranger knew that she had really tried to box his ears in the darkness, also if he had been able to see her face. *His* she remembered, at least the flash of his white teeth against his dark face and darker moustache, which was quite as soft as her own hair. But if he thought "for a minnit" that she was "goin' to allow an entire stranger to kiss her—he was mighty mistaken." She should let him know it "pretty quick"! She should hand him back the dagger "quite careless like"—and never let on that she'd thought anything of it. Perhaps that was the reason why, before she went to bed she took a good look at it, and after taking off her straight beltless calico gown she even tried the effect of it, thrust in the stiff waistband of her petticoat, with the jewelled hilt displayed, and thought it looked charming—as indeed it did. And then, having said her

prayers like a good girl, and supplicated that she should be less "tetchy" with her parents, she went to sleep and dreamed that she had gone out to take in the wash again, but that the clothes had all changed to the queerest lot of folks, who were all fighting and struggling with each other until she, Lanty! drawing her dagger, rushed up single-handed among them crying, "Disperse ye craven curs—disperse I say." And they dispersed.

Yet even Lanty was obliged to admit the next morning that all this was somewhat incongruous with the baking of "corn dodgers," the frying of fish, the making of beds and her other household duties, and dismissed the stranger from her mind until he should "happen along." In her freer and more acceptable out-door duties she even tolerated the advances of neighboring swains who made a point of passing by "Foster's Ranch" and who were quite aware that Atalanta Foster, *alias* "Lanty," was one of the prettiest girls in the country. But Lanty's toleration consisted in that singular performance known to herself as "giving them as good as they sent," being a lazy traversing, qualified with scorn, of all that they advanced. How long they would have put up with this from a plain girl I do not know, but Lanty's short upper lip seemed framed for indolent and fascinating scorn, and her soft, dreamy eyes usually looked beyond the questioner, or blunted his bolder glances in their velvety surfaces. The libretto of these scenes was not exhaustive, e. g.:

The Swain (with bold, bad gaiety): Saw that shy schoolmaster hangin' round your ridge yesterday! Orter

know by this time that shyness with a gal don't pay.

Lanty (decisively): Mebbe he allows it don't get left as often as impudence.

The Swain (ignoring the reply and his previous attitude and becoming more direct): I was calkilatin' to say that with these yer hoss-thieves about, yer filly ain't safe in the pasture. I took a turn round there two or three times last evening, to see if she was all right.

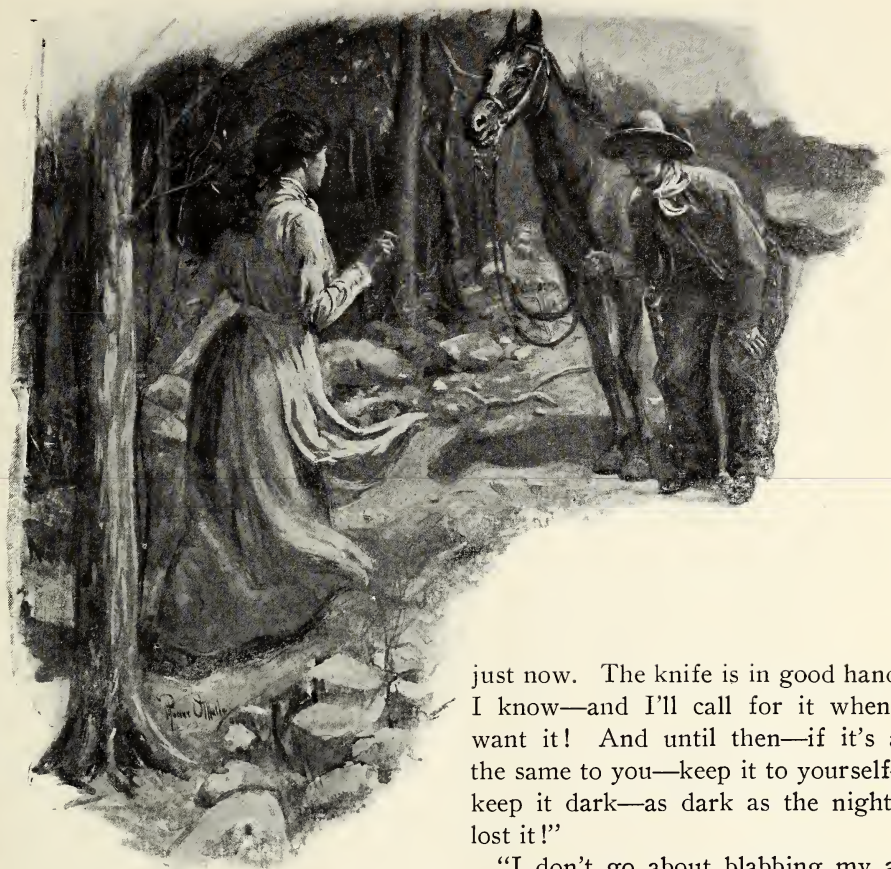
Lanty (with a flattering show of interest): No! *did* ye now? I was jest wonderin'——"

The Swain (eagerly): I did—quite late, too! Why, that's nothin', Miss Atlanty, to what I'd do for you.

Lanty (musing, with far off eyes): Then that's why she was so awful skeerd and frightened! Just jumpin' outer her skin with horror. I reckoned it was bar or panther or a spook! You ought to have waited till she got accustomed to your looks.

Nevertheless, despite this elegant raillery, Lanty was enough concerned in the safety of her horse to visit it the next day with a view of bringing it nearer home. She had just stepped into the alder fringe of a dry "run" when she came suddenly upon the figure of a horseman in the "run" who had been hidden by the alders from the plain beyond and who seemed to be engaged in examining the hoof marks in the dust of the old ford. Something about his figure struck her recollection, and as he looked up quickly she saw it was the owner of the dagger. But he appeared to be lighter of hair and complexion and was dressed differently, and more like a *vaquero*. Yet there was the same flash of his





teeth as he recognized her, and she knew it was the same man.

Alas! for her preparation! Without the knife she could not make that haughty return of it which she had contemplated. And more than that she was conscious she was blushing! Nevertheless she managed to level her pretty brown eyebrows at him, and said sharply that if he followed her to her home she would return his property at once.

"But I'm in no hurry for it," he said with a laugh—the same light laugh and pleasant voice she remembered, "and I'd rather not come to the house

just now. The knife is in good hands, I know—and I'll call for it when I want it! And until then—if it's all the same to you—keep it to yourself—keep it dark—as dark as the night I lost it!"

"I don't go about blabbing my affairs," said Lanty indignantly, "and if it hadn't *been* dark that night you'd have had your ears boxed—you know why!"

The stranger laughed again, waved his hand to Lanty and galloped away.

Lanty was a little disappointed. The daylight had taken away some of her illusions. He was certainly very good looking—but not quite as picturesque, mysterious and thrilling as in the dark! And it was very queer—he certainly did look darker that night! Who was he? and why was he lingering near her? He was different from her neighbors—her admirers. He might be one of these locaters, from

the big towns, who prospect the land, with a view of settling government warrants on them—they were always so secret until they had found what they wanted. She did not dare to seek information of her friends—for the same reason that she had concealed his existence from her mother—it would provoke awkward questions; and it was evident that he was trusting to her secrecy, too. The thought thrilled her with a new pride, and was some compensation for the loss of her more intangible romance. It would be mighty fine when he did call openly for his beautiful knife, and declared himself, to have them all know that *she* knew about it all along.

When she reached home, to guard against another such surprise she determined to keep the weapon with her, and distrusting her pocket, confided it to the cheap little country made corset which only for the last year had confined her budding figure and which now, perhaps, heaved with an additional pride. She was quite abstracted during the rest of the day and paid but little attention to the gossip of the farm lads, who were full of a daring raid, two nights before, by the Mexican gang on the large stock farm of a neighbor. The vigilant committee had been baffled; it was even alleged that some of the smaller ranchmen and herders were in league with the gang. It was also believed to be a wide spread conspiracy; to have a political complexion in its combination of an alien race with southwestern filibusters. The legal authorities had been reinforced by special detectives from San Francisco. Lanty seldom troubled herself with these matters; she knew the exaggeration; she suspected

the ignorance of her rural neighbors. She roughly referred it, in her own vocabulary, to "jaw"—a peculiarly masculine quality. But later in the evening, when the domestic circle in the sitting-room had been augmented by a neighbor and Lanty had taken refuge behind her novel as an excuse for silence, Zob Hopper, the enamored swain of the previous evening, burst in, with more astounding news. A posse of the Sheriff had just passed along the ridge; they had "corralled" part of the gang, and rescued some of the stock. The leader of the gang had escaped, but his capture was inevitable, as the roads were stopped. "All the same, I'm glad to see ye took my advice, Miss Atalanty, and brought in yer filly," he concluded with an insinuating glance at the young girl.

But "Miss Atalanty," curling a quarter of an inch of scarlet lip above the edge of her novel, here "allowed" that if his advice or the filly had to be "took," she didn't know which was worse.

"I wonder ye kin talk to sech peartness, Mr. Hopper," said Mrs. Foster severely, "she ain't got eyes nor senses for anythin' but that book."

"Talkin' o' what's to be 'took'," put in the diplomatic neighbor, "you bet it ain't that Mexican leader! No, sir! He's been 'stopped' before this—and then got clean away all the same! One o' them detectives got him once and disarmed him,—but he managed to give them the slip, after all. Why, he's that full o' shifts and disguises thar ain't no spottin' him. He walked right under the constable's nose onct, and took a drink with the sheriff that was arter him—and the blamed fool never knew it. He kin change even

the color of his hair quick as wink-in'."

"Is he a real Mexican—a regular Greaser?" asked the paternal Foster, "cos I never heard that they wuz smart."

"No! They say he comes o' old Spanish stock—a bad egg they threw outer the nest I reckon," put in Hopper eagerly, seeing a strange animated interest dilating Lanty's eyes, and hoping to share in it, "but he's reg'lar high-toned you bet! Why, I knew a man who seed him in his own camp—prinked out in a velvet jacket and silk sash, with gold chains and buttons down his wide pants and a dagger stuck in his sash, with a handle just blazin' with jew'ls. Yes! Miss Atalanty, they say that one stone at the top—a green stone—what they call an 'emral'—was worth the price o' a 'Frisco house lot. True! ez you live! eh—what's up now?"

Lanty's book had fallen on the floor as she was rising to her feet with a white face, still more strange and distorted in an affected yawn behind her little hand. "Yer makin' me that sick and nervous with yer yarns," she said hysterically, "that I'm goin' to get a little fresh air. It's just stifling here with lies and terbacker!" With another high laugh, she brushed past him into the kitchen, opened the door and then paused, and turning, ran rapidly up to her bedroom. Here she locked herself in, tore open the bosom of her dress, plucked out the dagger, threw it on the bed where the green stone gleamed for an instant in the candle-light and then dropped on her knees beside the bed with her whirling head buried in her cold red hands.

It had all come to her in a flash—

like a blaze of lightning—the black haunting figure on the ridge, the broken saddle girth, the abandonment of the dagger in the exigencies for flight and concealment; the second meeting, the skulking in the dry, alder hidden "run," the changed dress, the lighter colored hair, but always the same voice and laugh,—the leader, the fugitive!—the Mexican horse thief! And she—the God forsaken fool!—the chuckle-headed nigger baby—with not half the sense of her own filly or that sop-headed Hopper—had never seen it! She—*she* who would be the laughing stock of them all—she had thought him a "locator" a "towny" from Frisco! And she had consented to keep his knife until he would call for it—yes, call for it, with fire and flame perhaps,—the trampling of hoofs, pistol shots—and—yet——"

Yet!—he had *trusted* her. Yes! trusted her when he knew a word from her lips would have brought the whole district down on him! When the mere exposure of that dagger would have identified, and damned him! Trusted her a second time, when she was within cry of the house!—when he might have taken her filly without her knowing it! And now she remembered vaguely that the neighbors had said how strange it was that her father's stock had not suffered as theirs had. *He* had protected them—he who was now a fugitive—and their men pursuing him! She rose suddenly with a single stamp of her narrow foot and as suddenly became cool and sane. And then, quite her old self again, she lazily picked up the dagger and restored it to its place in her bosom. That done, with her color back and her eyes a little brighter, she



deliberately went downstairs again, stuck her little brown head into the sitting room, said cheerfully, "Still yawpin' you folks," and quietly passed out into the darkness.

She ran swiftly up to the ridge, impelled by the blind memory of having met him there at night—and the one vague thought to give him warning. But it was dark and empty, with no sound but the rushing wind. And then an idea seized her. If he were haunting the vicinity still, he might see the fluttering of the clothes upon the line and believe she was there. She stooped quickly and in the merciful and exonerating darkness stripped off her only white petticoat and pinned it on the line. It flapped, fluttered and streamed in the mountain wind. She lingered and listened. But there came a sound she had not counted on; the clattering hoofs of, not *one*,—but many—horses on the lower road! She ran back to the house to find its inmates already hastening towards the road for news. She took that chance to slip in quietly, go to her room, whose window commanded a view of the ridge and crouching low behind it she listened. She could hear the sound of voices, and the dull trampling of heavy boots on the dusty path towards the barn yard on the other side of the house—a pause, and then the return of the trampling boots and the final clattering of hoofs on the road again. Then there was a tap on her door and her mother's querulous voice:

"Oh! yer there, are ye? Well—it's the best place fer a girl—with all these man's doin's goin' on! They've got that Mexican horse thief and have tied him up in your filly's stall in the barn—till the 'Frisco Deputy gets back

from rounding up the others. So ye jest stay where ye are till they've come and gone, and we're shut o' all that cattle. Are ye mindin'?"

"All right, Maw—'tain't no call o' mine, anyhow," returned Lanty through the half opened door.

At another time her mother might have been startled at her passive obedience. Still more would she have been startled had she seen her daughter's face now, behind the closed door—with her little mouth set over her clenched teeth. And yet it was her own child and Lanty was her mother's real daughter; the same pioneer blood filled their veins—the blood that had never nourished cravens or degenerates, but had given itself to sprinkle and fertilize desert solitudes where man might follow. Small wonder then that this frontier-born Lanty, whose first infant cry had been answered by the yelp of wolf and scream of panther; whose father's rifle had been levelled across her cradle to cover the stealthy Indian who prowled outside—small wonder that she should feel herself equal to these "man's doin's", and prompt to take a part. For even in the first shock of the news of the capture she recalled the fact that the barn was old and rotten, that only that day the filly had kicked a board loose from behind her stall, which she, Lanty, had lightly returned to avoid "making a fuss." If his captors had not noticed it, or trusted only to their guards, she might make the opening wide enough to free him!

Two hours later, the guard nearest the now sleeping house—a farm hand of the Fosters—saw his employer's daughter slip out and cautiously approach him. A devoted slave of Lan-

ty's and familiar with her impulses he guessed her curiosity, and was not averse to satisfy it, and the sense of his own importance. To her whispers of affected, half-terrified interest, he responded in whispers that the captive was really in the filly's stall securely bound by his wrists behind his back, and his feet 'hobbled' to a post. That Lanty couldn't see him for it was dark inside and he was sitting with his back to the wall as he couldn't sleep comfortable lyin' down. Lanty's eyes glowed but her face was turned aside.

"And ye ain't reckonin' his friends will come and rescue him?" said Lanty, gazing with affected fearfulness in the darkness.

"Not much! There's two other guards down in the corral and I'd fire my gun and bring 'em up."

But Lanty was gazing openmouthed towards the ridge. "What's that wavin' on the ridge?" she said in awe-stricken tones.

She was pointing to the petticoat—a vague distant moving object against the horizon.

"Why, that's some o' the wash on the line—ain't it?"

"Wash—*two days in the week!*" said Lanty sharply. "Wot's gone of you?"

"Thet's so," muttered the man—"and it wan't there at sun-down I'll swear! P'raps I'd better call the guard," and he raised his rifle.

"Don't," said Lanty catching his arm. "Suppose it's nothin'—they'll laugh at ye. Creep up softly and see; ye ain't afraid, are ye? If ye are—give me yer gun—and *I'll go.*"

This settled the question, as Lanty expected. The man cocked his piece, and bending low, began cautiously to

mount the acclivity. Lanty waited until his figure began to fade and then ran like fire to the barn.

She had arranged every detail of her plan before hand. Crouching beside the wall of the stall she hissed through a crack in thrilling whispers. "Don't move. Don't speak for your life's sake. Wait till I hand you back your knife, then do the best you can." Then slipping aside the loosened board she saw dimly the black outline of curling hair, back, shoulders and tied wrists of the captive. Drawing the knife from her pocket with two strokes of its keen cutting edge, she severed the cords, threw the knife into the opening, and darted away. Yet in that moment she knew that the man was instinctively turning towards her. But it was one thing to free a horse thief—and another to stop and "philander" with him.

She ran half way up the ridge and met the farm hand returning. It was only a bit of washing after all—and he was glad he hadn't fired his gun. On the other hand Lanty confessed she had got "so skeert" being alone, that she came to seek him. She had the shivers—wasn't her hand cold? It was—but thrilling even in its coldness to the bashfully admiring man. And she was that weak and dizzy, he must let her lean on his arm going down—and they must go *slow*. She was sure he was cold, too, and if he would wait at the back door she would give him a drink of whiskey. Thus Lanty—with her brain afire, her eyes and ears straining into the darkness and the vague outline of the barn beyond. Another moment was protracted over the drink of whiskey, and then Lanty, with a faint archness, made him promise not to tell her mother of her esca-

pade, and she promised on her part not to say anything about his "stalking a petticoat on the clothes line," and then shyly closed the door and regained her room. *He* must have got away by this time, or have been discovered; she believed they would not open the barn door until the return of the posse.

' ' She was right. It was near day-break when they returned, and, again crouching low beside her window, she heard, with a fierce joy, the sudden outcry, the oaths, the wrangling voices, the summoning of her father to the front door—and then the tumultuous sweeping away again of the whole posse—and a blessed silence falling over the rancho. And then Lanty went quietly to bed, and slept like a three-year child!

Perhaps that was the reason why she was able at breakfast to listen with lazy and even rosy indifference to the startling events of the night; to the sneers of the farm hands at the posse who had overlooked the knife when they searched their prisoner, as well as the stupidity of the corral guard who had never heard him make a hole "the size of a house" in the barn side! Once she glanced demurely at Silas Briggs—the farm hand—and the poor fellow felt consoled in his shame at the remembrance of their confidences.

But Lanty's tranquility was not destined to last long. There was again the irruption of exciting news from the high road; the Mexican leader had been recaptured and was now safely lodged in Brownsville gaol! Those who were previously loud in their praises of the successful horse thief who had baffled the vigilance of his pursuers, were now equally keen in their admiration of the new San Fran-

cisco deputy who, in turn, had outwitted the whole gang. It was *he* who was fertile in expedients; *he* who had studied the whole country, and even risked his life among the gang, and *he* who had again closed the meshes of the net around the escaped outlaw. He was already returning by way of the Rancho, and might stop there a moment—so that they could all see the hero. Such was the power of success on the country-side! Outwardly indifferent, inwardly bitter, Lanty turned away. She should not grace his triumph, if she kept in her room all day! And when there was a clatter of hoofs on the road again, Lanty slipped up stairs.

But in a few moments she was summoned. Captain Lance Wetherby, Assistant Chief of Police of San Francisco, Deputy Sheriff and ex-U. S. Scout, had requested to see Miss Foster a few moments alone. Lanty knew what it meant—her secret had been discovered—but she was not the girl to shirk the responsibility! She lifted her little brown head proudly, and, with the same resolute step with which she had left the house the night before, descended the stairs and entered the sitting room. At first she saw nothing. Then a remembered voice struck her ear—she started, looked up, and gasping fell back against the door. It was the stranger who had given her the dagger, the stranger she had met in the run!—the horse thief himself!—no! no! she saw it all now—she had cut loose the wrong man!

He looked at her with a smile of sadness—as he drew from his breast pocket that dreadful dagger—the very sight of which Lanty now loathed! "This is the *second* time, Miss Foster,"





" SHE FELL BACK AGAINST THE DOOR "

he said gently, "that I have taken this knife from Murietta, the Mexican bandit; once when I disarmed him three weeks ago, and he escaped, and last night, when he had again escaped and I recaptured him. After I lost it that night I understood from you that you had found it and were keeping it for me." He paused a moment and went on, "I don't ask you what happened last night. I don't condemn you for it; I can believe what a girl of your courage and sympathy might rightly do if her pity were excited; I only ask—why did you give *him* back that knife *I* trusted you with?"

"Why?—why did I?" burst out Lanty in a daring gush of truth, scorn

and temper: "*because I thought you were that horse thief. There!*"

He drew back astonished, and then suddenly came that laugh that Lanty remembered and now hailed with joy. "I believe you, by Jove!" he gasped. "That first night I wore the disguise in which I have tracked him and mingled with his gang. Yes! I see it all now—and more. I see that to *you* I owe his recapture!"

"To me!" echoed the bewildered girl, "how?"

"Why, instead of making for his cave he lingered here in the confines of the ranch! He thought you were in love with him, because you freed him and gave him his

knife, and stayed to see you!"

But Lanty had her apron to her eyes, whose first tears were filling their velvet depths. And her voice was broken as she said:

"Then he—cared—a—good deal

more for me—than some people!"

But there is every reason to believe that Lanty was wrong! At least later events that are part of the history of Foster's Rancho and the Foster family, pointed distinctly to the contrary.

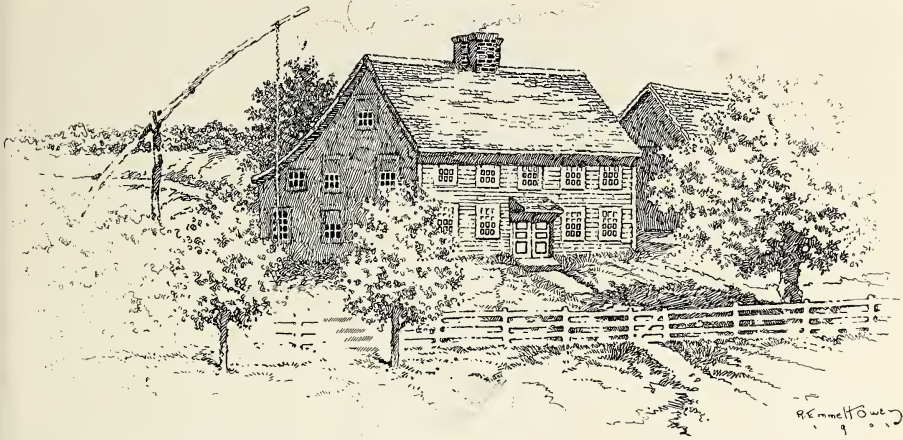
## The Making of Yale

By Edwin Oviatt

THE Bi-Centennial celebrated by Yale in October commemorated the culmination of an epoch in American university education quite as much as it did the close of the first two hundred years of Yale's history. After an evolution of two centuries, marked by earnest purpose, by brave advances and by an ever present conservatism of method, Yale finds herself in 1901 a factor in the national life of the utmost importance. That evolution has not been without its crises, nor has it been crowned with success without self sacrifice; but that it has come, and is of so great a promise for the future, is a cause for national thanksgiving. Dignified in its intellectual features, jubilant in its spectacular, the Bi-Centennial of October, 1901, was a most notable affair. One had only to shift his eyes from the plain brick pile of South Middle to the magnificent stone palace of Vanderbilt to be impressed with the marvelous development that the two centuries have brought, or only to gaze upon the splendid procession of American University leaders to understand the pow-

er of education in the country. It was not simply a Yale birthday, it was as well, the Jubilee of American higher culture.

While the making of Yale was the cause for that brilliant occasion, the spirit of modern America was no less conspicuous in its celebration. For Yale, perhaps, more than any other of our Universities, has shared in the broadening of the horizon of national culture and education, and has herself been more influenced by it. She has preserved less of Colonial self-esteem, and has been nearer to the people than her elder sister. In the early days she sent her sons into the pulpit and public life and later into the law, politics and education. The spread of the colleges westward has been due largely to the missionary spirit of the Yale training. But if Yale has been the "Mother of Colleges"—in the 19th century one hundred American college presidents were Yale graduates—the embodiment of the thought of the people, and the pioneer among universities in nationalism, she has perhaps, in her strenuous character building, lost something more subtle in the



From a photograph copyrighted 1897, by H. O. Andrews.

#### WHERE YALE COLLEGE WAS FOUNDED

character of her work. Yale has been less than Harvard a place for the finer culture, for the more delicate ideals of the literary life. Yet this very fact has made her what she is, hardworking, democratic, nearer to the everyday purposes of the people.

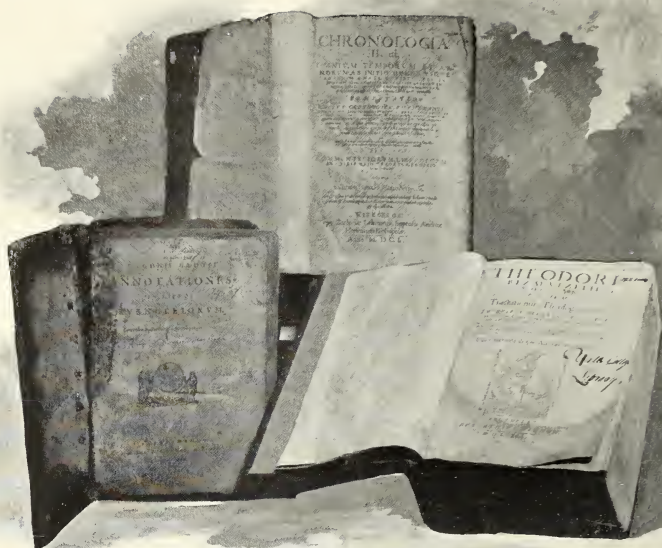
Democracy, high purpose and vigor of intellectual life have, from the beginning, been constant characteristics of Yale's upbuilding. Perhaps her poverty has had something to do with her democracy, the stern orthodoxy of the early days with her high purpose, and a rigid curriculum and hard discipline with her intellectual vigor. Yale's curriculum has been iron clad; her culture vigorous. If it has been less ideal, it has been more strenuous; if less fine, more rugged; if less cultured, more democratic. The sum-total of Yale's characteristics has been force. If thus far Yale has lost something more intangible than a working education, she has plenty of time in which to make it up.

The making of Yale has been in the

main due to two things—her fine line of intellectual leaders, and her quick grasp of opportunities. The names of the men who have fashioned Yale are known and honored throughout the whole country. They are those of theologians, scholars, public servants and public benefactors. Her opportunities have been those which the development of the nation has laid at her feet—colonial staunchness, national republicanism, theological orthodoxy, national expansion, and the demand for educated leaders of the people. It has been her chief pride that the college and the university have responded to these opportunities and have each time given the best of what was asked.

If one were to choose the several influences that have been most constant in their presence in Yale's life he might speak of theology, with its attendant conservatism, scientific investigation, sympathy with the genius of the country, and expansion. But any exclusive selection of one of the





THREE VOLUMES PRESENTED AT THE FOUNDING OF YALE COLLEGE

main tendencies of the two hundred years that have gone to the making of the institution would be arbitrary. Yet in the main I am of the opinion that it has been these several threads that have run through Yale's life to which she is most indebted. With each came its intellectual leaders, with each its opportunities. It may be possible to trace the rise of the university through these several currents of her development.

Puritan protest against the ascendancy of the English Church lies far back in the dim beginnings of the college at New Haven. When Rev. John Davenport and Theophilus Eaton brought their band of earnest Puritan worshippers to the new land at the mouth of the Quinnipiack River, it was one of the first ambitions of those

eminent men to found a college in the new colony of old England. All through the sixty years following the founding of New Haven in 1638 attempts were made to carry out the plans of Davenport and Eaton. Financial embarrassments hindered the undertaking. It was not until 1697 when Davenport had disappeared from the scene and Rev. James Pierpont had succeeded him, that definite steps were taken to establish a collegiate school in Connecticut.

The opportunity and the man arose together. In 1700 Harvard college was the only American school for higher education to which wealthy colonists could send their sons, and there was no place to which the poor man might go without great expense of travel and accommodation. So



ELIHU YALE



# Proposals for Erecting An UNIVERSITY, in the Renowned Colony of Connecticut:

Humbly Offered by an Hearty (tho unknown)  
Well wisher to the Welfare of that  
Religious Colony.

I. Let there be called a SYNOD of all the Confociated Churches in this Colony.

The Synod, (or Council of Elders and Messengers from the Churches,) may as yett be Called by the Civil Government, upon the Motion of some Eminent Pastors.

Or, if that Way should fail, Why may not as many of the Pastors as can come together, modestly write a Circular Letter unto the Churches, intimating their desire, of their sending their Delegates unto a Synod (at a proper Time and Place, agreed on) upon this great Occasion of settling an UNIVERSITY, for the propagation of Literature and Religion among them.

II. The SYNOD being Assembled, Let the Work of that Venerable Assembly be, to resolve upon an UNIVERSITY, that shall be, The School of the Churches; and upon the LAWS, by which the said University shall be Governed.

Let these LAWS declare, What shall be the Qualifications of them that shall be admitted into the Society;

What shall be the Studies therein followed, & how Managed!

What shall be the Manners of the Students, and how Rewarded, or Censured:

And upon what Accomplishments the Persons there Educated, shall go forth, with ample Testimonials, Recommending them to the Acceptance of the World:

III. We cannot presume to give Degrees, Pro: more Academicum: in Angliâ, - nor are the Degrees of Bachelour of Arts, and Master of Arts, in the Forms they are now Ordinarily given, much more than Empty Titles.

A Diploma, or Testimonial, (Signed by the President, & the Tutors of the University, and by Three of the Inspectors) attesting the Qualifications of him, that Receives it, will be as Good as a Degree, in the Honourable Thoughts of Reasonable Men. And, it is hoped, A Society of such Persons, thus founded and formed, may  
with-out



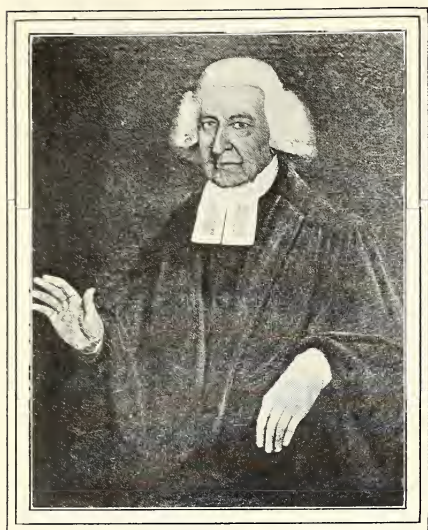
Omnibus & singulis has literas lecturis Salutem in Domini  
 Vobis notum sit, Quod Stephanum Buckingham Can-  
 didatum, Secundum in Artibus Gradum, Desiderantem, tam  
 probavimus, quam approbavimus, Quem examine & tentamine  
 prave approbatum, Nobis placet, Titulo & Gradu Artium libe-  
 ralium Magistri, & ornare & decorare; Cujus hoc Instrumentum  
 in membrana scriptum Testimonium sit. A Gymnasio Aca-  
 demico in Colonia Connecticutensi, Nov-Anglia, Datum Say-Brookii  
 decimo sexto Calendarum Octobris; Anno Domini MDCCII  
 Ab eo: *Pierpont* Rector.

James Noyes }  
 Noahiah Kufel } Inspectores.  
 Sam<sup>l</sup>. Kufel }

FACSIMILE OF AN EARLY DIPLOMA

that, when in 1697 James Pierpont again broached the scheme for a new college he found the economic conditions ready for him. Not only did the personal question of economy enter into the situation, but there was an urgent call from all sides for a collegiate school that would teach a sounder theology than the brilliant Harvard did, and where a young man might prepare for the ministry untrammelled by conflicts of dogma. Harvard's liberal tendencies had awakened distrust in many quarters and had especially roused the ire of Cotton Mather of Boston, who figured largely in the establishment of the new institution. The ferment and disturbances of Eastern Massachusetts

towards the end of the 17th century were powerful stimulants to the new school enterprise. Connecticut shared but little in the intellectual storms centering about Massachusetts, and Boston especially, at that period. The conflict between the Orthodox and the Unitarian found little sustenance in Connecticut, where the difficulties were social and political rather than religious and intellectual. If Harvard was too far advanced for the majority of the country to follow, the Collegiate School of Connecticut offered a safe harborage for the distrustful. In 1700 Pierpont's endeavors took effect in the attempt of a Synod of Churches to establish a school. This failed, but the religious



PRESIDENT EZRA STILES

impetus given by it matured immediately afterwards in the gathering of ten orthodox ministers in Branford, in response to Pierpont's "Proposals for a Collegiate School," and in the founding then and there of the new college. There was no doubt about the spirit of the enterprise when the charter was obtained in 1701, for it clearly stated the object of the undertaking: that "Youth may be instructed in the Arts and Sciences who through the blessings of Almighty God may be fitted for Public Employment both in the Church and Civil State."

At first the new school, founded on orthodox principles, threatened to decline. But during the Saybrook period there had been three influences at work to infuse new life into the struggling institution. Cotton Mather, whom we have seen to be a friend to Harvard's new rival, watched the college closely, and in 1714 secured the services of

Jeremiah Dummer, Connecticut's agent at London, in its behalf. Dummer in turn placed the situation before a number of wealthy patrons of literature in London, with the result that Elihu Yale, sometime Governor of Madras, and a rich man, became interested. Governor Yale sent to the college in 1714 and again in 1718 a number of books and a consignment of East India merchandise from the proceeds of which the trustees were enabled to erect a college building. This building was completed in time for the Commencement in 1718 and so overjoyed were the trustees that they named it "Yale College," thus at once and forever associating the name of the chief benefactor up to that time with the institution. Governor Yale's interest was the more notable in that he could hardly have heard of the Connecticut college before Dummer's introduction of it to his notice, and because the goods that he sent to New Haven were originally



PRESIDENT JEREMIAH DAY

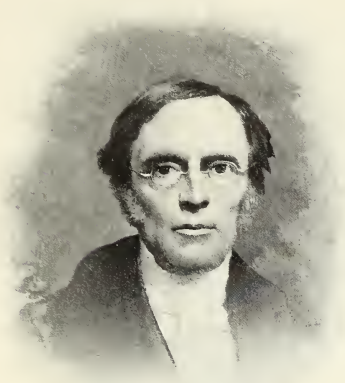
- Apr 28. <sup>St. Disputa</sup>. Opened the federal Court with Prayer  
 Judges Judell & Law present  
 29. <sup>St.</sup> Reads Judge Sullivan's Hist of Province of Maine  
 30. <sup>St.</sup> Recd. a Letter & Hist of Moravian Missions from the  
 Directors at Bethlehem Penn<sup>a</sup>. attended Professor May's  
 Lecture. Recd Lett. from W Woodard N York - he say place  
 was shipwrecked on one of the Bahamas, losing my things,  
 was saved, in an open Boat only, & mineday, in getting  
 to Havana in great distress  
 May 1. <sup>q.</sup> Began the pub Exam of the Class. Seniors this day.  
 Rector Williams Portrait copied from Smildesty by M<sup>r</sup>  
 Moulthrop, finished. Friends Murray & Gddy fr. N.Y. here  
 2. <sup>17.</sup> Proceeded with the Jun Class  
 3. <sup>Lordy.</sup> No Chapel. I attended at Dr Edwards M. Heard  
 him & attended with my Wife at his Communion -- present  
 about 50 Communion. P. M. at Dr Daves - Contribution  
 for Missionaries. Read Pasety Aug. to Ship<sup>s</sup> 1618  
 4. <sup>Q.</sup> Proceeded in Exam. Recd Lett. fr. Cant. Children no better  
 5. <sup>OT</sup> Finished Exam & announced Adjournment.  
 6. <sup>q.</sup> Vacation begins. Deans Exam. Morfe Eldest  
 Last Week I was visited by Capt George Smith, bourn in Scotland  
 & from Oct. 10. followg the seas - now 40 yrs old 40. - He sailed from  
 Boston in 1785, was taken by the Algerines, & confined  
 in Capt. Yabr Agier, 9 years. Then redeemed - went to Egypt,  
 & Joppa, & fr. Joppa travelled inland 18 M. into the holy land  
 to within 8 M. of Jerusalem & saw at a dist<sup>ce</sup> but did not visit  
 He travelled to Cyprus, Candia, Morra, all Italy & Germany.

REPRODUCTION OF ONE OF PRESIDENT STILES' MANUSCRIPTS

intended for an endowment of Oxford University. Elihu Yale will always be regarded as one of the greatest benefactors of Yale. His gift of £562 seems small enough in these days of million dollar endowments, but it was large then and assured Yale for the first time of financial support. He was followed later by Bishop Berkeley, who, though an Episcopalian, was generous enough to give largely to the struggling college.

It was Orthodoxy that inspired the founding of Yale. And Yale has been orthodox ever since. For a hundred years Yale educated ministers and public men almost exclusively. When the "New Light" furore swept the country in 1740 President Clap was drawn into the dispute, and triumphantly passed through the crisis, bringing the college solidly over to the popular side. President Stiles indeed abolished the stiff doctrinal tests that



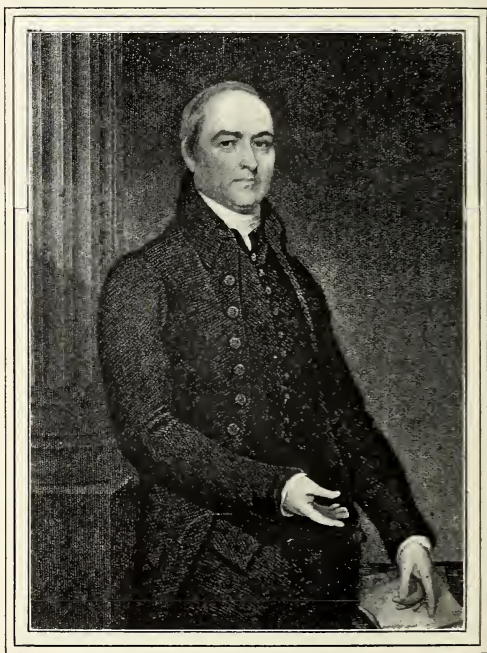


PRESIDENT THEODORE T. WOOLSEY

his predecessor had formulated for the orthodoxy of the tutors, but clung to the Saybrook Platform, which, in a minor degree, insisted upon the adherence of the teachers of the college to the tenets of the Congregational Creed. The Saybrook Platform had a long and tried service, and it determined the theological atmosphere of the institution rigidly until as late a date as 1823, when President Day and the scientific movement caused its removal. Clergymen have from the first formed the mainstay of the corporation. Theological training has until very lately formed a part of the college curriculum. If Theology has been a central thread through all of Yale's development it has at times had a retarding influence. The curriculum was, until President Woolsey's reign, strongly dogmatic in character; until President Dwight's day it was rigid and unbending; it is only just emerging from comparative narrowness into what President Hadley intends that it shall be.

But theology at Yale has also had a most beneficial influence in several important particulars. It may have trammelled the early days with a hard and fast educational system, but it produced a Jonathan Edwards and, later, a Horace Bushnell. These two men exemplify what was old and what is new in Yale's theology. In Edwards, Yale sent out a brilliant but old school thinker, who impressed his time mightily, but whose influence has long been waning; in Bushnell Yale graduated a theologian of the new school, who has exerted a tremendous influence for broad thinking and Christian living. Yale's theology may have had its weak places, but it has worked to wonderful advantage in giving of late years a splendid impetus to broad mindedness.

The main characteristic that has

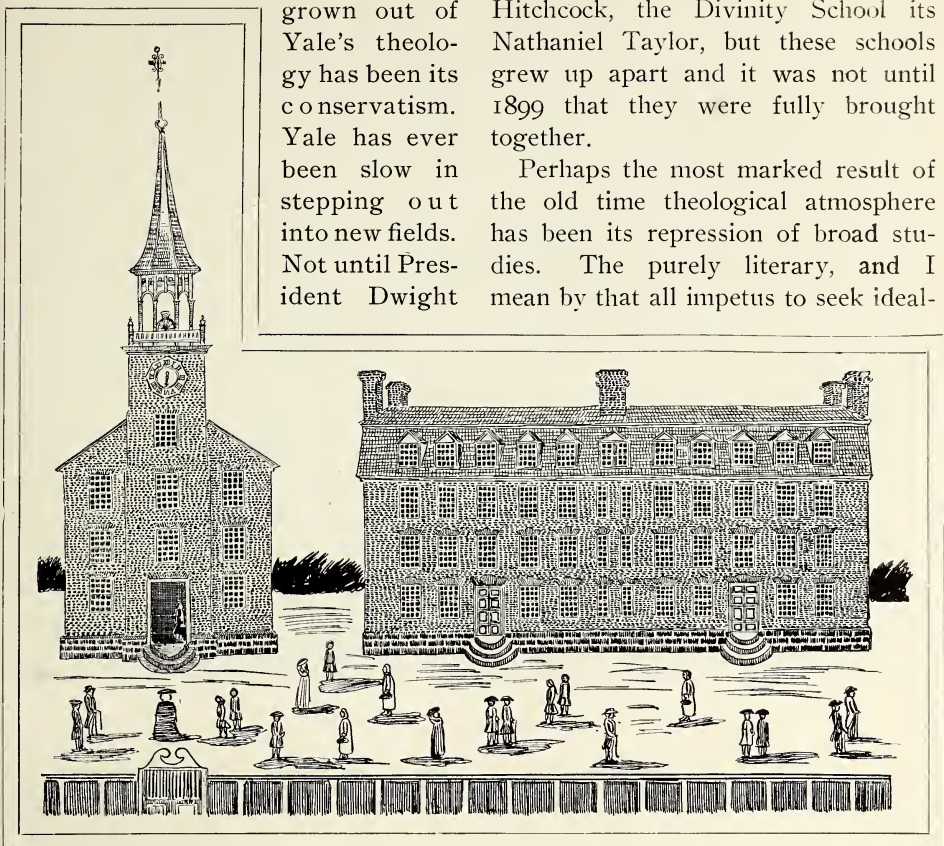


PRESIDENT TIMOTHY DWIGHT

grown out of Yale's theology has been its conservatism. Yale has ever been slow in stepping out into new fields. Not until President Dwight

Hitchcock, the Divinity School its Nathaniel Taylor, but these schools grew up apart and it was not until 1899 that they were fully brought together.

Perhaps the most marked result of the old time theological atmosphere has been its repression of broad studies. The purely literary, and I mean by that all impetus to seek ideal-



AN EARLY VIEW OF YALE COLLEGE

was inaugurated in 1795 did the college curriculum and the teaching force partake of the modernity that characterized other institutions. The strength of her traditions and the fact that she has had no extraneous literary center, such as Harvard had in Boston, upon which to draw, hindered the development of the university idea. The professional schools up to 1887 were loosely grouped together about the college, and the various departments had very little interest in each other. The Medical School had had its Nathan Smith, the Law School its Samuel

ism, has suffered through the preëminence until lately given to a rigorous curriculum. Yale has striven to give a complete education; in early times for a special class and in later times for leaders in every branch of life. She has thus far been slow in imparting the finer subtleties. It was during President's Dwight's term that the only literary movement in her history took place at Yale. In the school of the "Hartford Wits," which a distinguished professor among "our friends the enemy" has stated to have been "the highest literary activity of the latter 18th century in America,"





THE ONLY BUILDING OF OLD BRICK ROW NOW STANDING

Yale has its only remarkable contribution to the literature of the country. There have been sporadic bursts of poetic fire at Yale since that day, and there has been constant undergraduate literary activity, but with the exception of such occasional poets as Percival, Edward Rowland Sill and Stedman, Yale has produced no marked literary men.

But more characteristic, and of much greater influence in the development of the institution was the scientific movement inaugurated by the first Timothy Dwight, again a proof of the commanding importance of that President in the making of Yale. When we speak of the first Timothy Dwight we name a man who above all others of his generation helped to make Yale. He was a broadminded,

rounded man; with a far eye for the future, and not afraid to bring innovations into the college faculty and curriculum. On his entrance upon the control of affairs Yale sprang at once from a Colonial school to a modern college. Up to 1800 the chief end and aim of the college had been to train young men for the ministry and the state. The curriculum had been very narrow, with plenty of theology and mathematics, and little of everyday learning. The teaching had been disciplinary rather than helpful to the students and the college laws were a species of grinding down the undergraduates. With Dwight these things at once changed. He came to his high office at an opportune time, for the country was just entering upon a period of tremendous growth.





THE OLD LABORATORY

where there was strong need for broadly educated men to take the lead. A more generous conception of a college's duty to the nation was demanded by the state and this President Dwight fully realized. His first step showed the change which he later carried fully out. He called to tutorships and professorships young men of talent who were not necessarily clergymen. Previous to Dwight the teaching force was made up mostly of ministers, young and old, but with Dwight there began that splendid line of professional scholars and investigators that has had so many truly great names on its roll. He gathered about him Jeremiah Day, Benjamin Silliman and James L. Kingsley, all

men who made their mark on the college. Before the first Dwight had finished his course he had, for that day, shaped the curriculum on really broad lines, and had greatly added to the revenues of the college and increased its attendance. His administration was an immense benefit to the institution.

Naturally dividing itself into two movements, the scientific school that began under the elder Dwight may be regarded as the most important single tendency in the later development of the college. When the elder Silliman took the chair of Chemistry, Mineralogy and Geology in 1802 he had to go to Scotland to prepare himself to teach. So little scientific knowledge had



COLLEGE STREET

reached this country that when Silliman found a box of minerals in the Yale buildings he had to go to Philadelphia to find a man who could name them for him. Astounding has been the progress made since that day. Under President Day came Olmsted, the truth seeking, patient investigator, whose study of the meteoric showers of 1833 made him famous. Woolsey added to the movement, though he was essentially not a scientific man, by appointing several young men of promise to scientific chairs:—Elias Loomis, the chainer of the storms; Silliman, Jr.; Newton, the astronomer; James D. Dana, the geologist; Josiah W. Gibbs, the student of physics. This great coterie of scientists advanced the cause, not only at Yale but in America, and to them is due

much of the accumulating impetus that Yale received in the middle of the century. The beginnings made under Woolsey produced the Scientific School—through the generosity of Joseph E. Sheffield—which was regarded at the time as “the most important educational movement in the century in America.”

A long line of distinguished scientists have followed in Dana, Silliman, and Loomis; men like Othniel C. Marsh in paleontology and original proof of Darwin’s theories; like William H. Brewer in exploration and agriculture; like Chauvenet in science; like Ebenezer Mason in astronomy; Percival, the Connecticut, and Whitney, the California geologist; S. F. B. Morse, the electrician, and a score of others. The scientific movement





PHELPS HALL





VANDERBILT HALL

brought new ideals to the college, introduced new aims in the curriculum and new ambitions to the students. No one event in her history has had more important consequences.

It has been a characteristic of Yale, and a part of her making, that she has kept in close touch with the country since her early days. She was as republican under Ezra Stiles in the Revolution as she was patriotic under Woolsey in the Civil war. She was as much in touch with the people in the Constitutional Convention of 1788 as in the antislavery movement of 1861. She sent her sons to the front at both times in great numbers, and each time sympathized with the country's resultant momentary retrogression. When the nation began its constructive per-

iod in 1781 the college grew with it, and expanded under Dwight and Day as the country expanded. The call for educated leaders has from the first been answered by the college, as witness her Sherman, Clay and Evarts, Fuller, Brewer, Brown, Taft, White, Choate and a score of others.

It has been sympathy with the country at large that has brought to Yale her peculiar characteristic of a national institution. Her democracy has also helped to make this. Comparatively poor in resources, with no place for the man who would not work, she has from the beginning of the last century been the poor man's college. It has not only been the growing paternalism in the administration that has made the place one of

attractive prospects for the student without money, but it has also been the inherent spirit of the undergraduate body, which has always asked of a man that he succeed at something in his college course, and has ignored his ancestry and his bank account. It is this as much as anything that has made Yale a national institution.

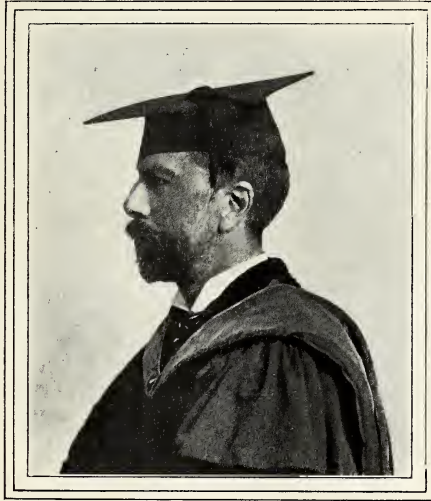
It was natural perhaps that full development should come late. The sum total of the first century of progress has since then been often surpassed in a single decade. Yale was a small country academy in almost every respect until the first Dwight's administration. Then it suddenly bloomed. President Day, a smaller man than Dwight, carried on the expansion, building the last of the Brick Row, and the library, and extending the influence of

the college westward. Theodore T. Woolsey, in a period of unprecedented prosperity for every branch of the college, built deeper and broader still, adding Peabody Museum, the Medical School, and the Observatory to Yale's buildings, and organizing the Graduate School and beginning the Sheffield Scientific School department.

Woolsey, with Dwight, may be said to stand at the head of the list of Yale's Makers. He was eminently an expansionist, far sighted and courage-

ous, believing in the gathering of the various schools about the original college, and it was he who first breathed the possibility of a University. The old and narrow curriculum passed away under Woolsey and a modern course, with traces it is true of the old, took its place. He laid the foundation for the wonderful progress of the next two administrations. Noah Porter continued the work of expansion; but the greatest progress was during the administration of Timothy Dwight the second.

President Dwight concludes the brief survey which has been attempted of the upbuilding of Yale. A theologian, and yet a business man; a scholar, and yet an administrator; retiring, and yet a man of affairs, Timothy Dwight the second accomplished in thirteen short years more actual advancement for



PRESIDENT ARTHUR T. HADLEY

the institution than all of his predecessors had before him. The opportunity was there, and he was the man of the hour. He found the institution crudely made up of four or five departments; the buildings inadequate, the attendance small, the curriculum narrower than the times demanded. When he laid aside his "diadem," which old Ezra Stiles likened to a "crown of thorns," he had in every way immensely benefitted the institution. He had found it a

college and he left it a University. He had found it poor and he left it rich. He had found the teaching force small, he left it immensely added to. He more than doubled the attendance of the Academical department, just doubled the Scientific School, multiplied the Medical School five fold, the Graduate School four fold, and doubled the body of instructors. In 1889 Yale graduated more students than had left her halls during the whole first sixty years of her history. He added fifteen magnificent buildings, exactly the same number that had been built in all the college's previous history. But the greatest success of President Dwight's great régime was the fashioning of a University. The woof and the warp were there, but it took a weaver to work

them into the finished fabric. When he retired from office in 1899 after thirteen years of unprecedented progress in every department of university life, the praise of the great army of Yale graduates went after him. He, with the first Dwight, and with Woolsey, stand at the head of Yale's great makers.

Now again an opportunity faces Yale. President Hadley, loved and trusted by every alumnus, and by his faculties and students, has the best wishes of every Yale man. It would be presumptuous to outline the opportunities before him, as no man understands them better than does this young president himself. Is it not enough to say that with this fine history behind him and this great promise before, he will be equal to the burden?

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## Lights Out

By J. C. Crowell

THE sumach torches were ablaze  
Along the hillside brown,  
Till Frost, a puritanic foe,  
Their lights turned lower down;  
With dull red flame awhile they burn—  
Quaint shrines where Autumn kneels—  
And then ascetic Winter, stern,  
Each feeble spark conceals.





## Me an' Ed an' Jane

By Fred W. Shibley

**W**HEN me an' Ed an' Jane was just little fellers (I was two years older than Ed, and Ed was two years older than Jane), we didn't have the fancy toys to amuse ourselves with that children have now-days. Why, I don't believe we ever received a present except at Christmas, and you must remember our father was a good Christian man and class leader to boot.

We used to set our caps for Christmas, the whole pasel of us. Set 'em on the center table in the parlor and go to sleep expectin' to find marvelous things in them in the mornin'. We usually found a few bulls'-eyes and a dozen or so nuts and raisins. But we were happy just the same, and enjoyed ourselves about as well as the average.

Jane was always with us, and a clip

she was. I remember once, just after threshin'—you know, we lived on a farm, three hundred acres it was, twenty miles from the nearest city, in a typical country neighborhood. Well, as I was goin' to tell you about Jane: One time just after threshin', me an' Ed an' Jane crawled up on the roof of the barn and jumped down on the big straw stack in the barnyard. Any of you that ever saw a straw stack, knows it is built like a cone—big at the bottom and little at the top. Well, we jumped down on the straw stack, and then it occurred to Ed that it might be an interestin' experience to slide down the stack. He tried it, and came out all right. Then I tried it and landed fair, and right after me came Jane with a whoop and her petticoats flyin'. It was fine, for you see, about five feet from the ground the stack was built up straight like a wall,

and when we came to this point in the slide we shot out into the air like as if we was on a toboggan slide.

We hadn't found anything for many a day quite equal to that stack as a fun producer; so up we goes on the barn again, down we jumps on the stack, and away we goes on the slide to the ground.

Now it happened that there was some cows feedin' in the barnyard, but we hadn't noticed 'em, and these cows kept edgin' 'round the stack toward our slideway. Well, now you know, after we had been up and down half a dozen times or so, we got to yellin' like wild Injuns and seein' who could get 'round first. The last round, Ed struck fair and jumped aside; I followed him and also jumped, for I expected Jane was right after me, but she wasn't. She was standin' on top of the stack, holdin' both hands above her head and shoutin': "Watch me come, boys! Watch me come!"

Now, just as she said these words, a fat mulley cow walked leisurely forward directly in front of us, and as Jane came down she struck kerflop right on top of that mulley cow. Yes,

sir, fair on top as you ever see; and with a wild blat, the cow started for the lane, Jane hangin' on and yellin' for all she was worth. Ed laid right down in the straw and shrieked with laughter, and I was grinnin' from ear to ear, when who do you think we saw, just as Jane and her mulley cow disappeared over the hill in the lane, but father, standin' in the drive-house door.

"What are you boys laughin' at?" he said, stern as a judge.

Ed only laughed the louder, but I began to feel mighty serious.

"Nothin' particular, sir," I said.

Then he asked, sudden like: "Where's Jane?"

"She's gone over the hill in the lane," I said.

"What in the world has she gone over there for?" he asked.

Ed was now lookin' solemn, too.

"Please, sir," he said, "will we go and fetch her

back?"

We didn't wait for his expression of permission, but streaked it up the lane as fast as our little legs could carry us. We found Jane pickin' a thistle out of her foot, near the sheep pond.

"Say, boys!" she cried, the moment



"THE COW STARTED FOR THE LANE"

she saw us, "you missed the best part of it!"

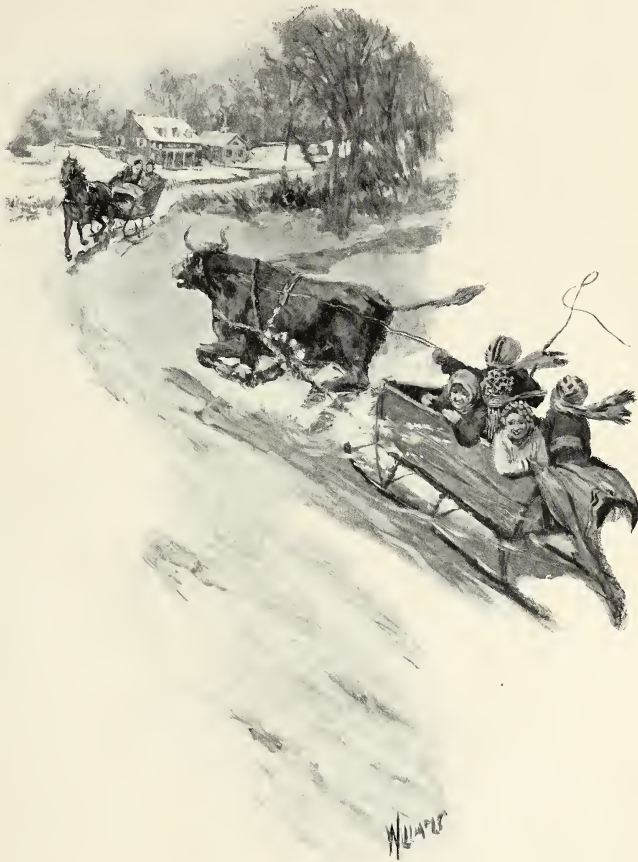
"You ain't hurt?"

I said.

"No," she said. "I jumped off when I'd gone as far as I wanted to. But, say, boys, did you watch me sail out of the barn yard?"

I tell you, Jane was a great girl. Another time I remember, me an' Ed an' Jane raised a pet steer. It was really Jane's steer, for father was mighty fond of her, and he'd let her do what he'd whale us for doin'. This steer grew up to be very tame, and Sime Snider, who was our hired man, rigged up a harness for him, and we used to hitch the steer to a big red hand-sleigh, which had always

been in the family, and make it haul in our fire wood from the wood pile to the kitchen door. That was our regular work each day, fillin' up the big wood box behind the kitchen stove, and what we had once hated like sin to do, became a pleasure when we had taught the steer to haul the sleigh.



"I HUNG ON TO THE LINES"

the road. The steer trotted fine, and we was havin' a big time, when it occurred to Ed that this was too much fun to be enjoyed by just us three, so I hauled up at a neighbor's and Ed went in to get a boy and girl he had, and who was about our age. Pretty soon they came out, muffled up well, and their father with 'em. He looked our rig over with a grin on his face, and then he looked at the steer. His face grew solemn at once.

"Why, boys," he said, gravely, don't you know that you can be ar-



rested and fined for drivin' on the highway without bells?"

My jaw fell. I never thought of bells.

"We ain't got any bells," I returned, "except our best double harness bells, and we couldn't use them."

"Well, I think I can fix you out all right," he said, and went into his drive house, comin' out presently with an old string of bells that must have been made in the year one. They started with a bell as large as your fist in the middle of the string and tapered up both ways, and they was a whole brass band when they jingled. He tied these bells around the body of the steer, our invited guests snuggled down between Ed an' Jane, I chirped to the steer, and away we went up the road past the schoolhouse. I said we went, but if I'd said we flew, it would be nearer the truth, for the minute the steer heard that string of bells strike up in wild melody, it gave one blat and lit out for all it was worth. A scarier steer you never saw. I hung on to the lines with all my strength, but it was no use; the steer was runnin' away!

It was one thing to be run away with by a steer which found itself suddenly transformed into a musical machine, and another to live under the bombardment of snow balls shot back at us from the steer's flyin' hoofs. The

others turned their faces and hung on, but I kept one eye open ahead.

Well, now you know, we hadn't gone the width of a farm when what should I see comin' toward us but old Henry Simmonds and his wife in a cutter! There was only one track, and the snow was three feet deep on either side. In such a case, the way to pass is for one to turn out as far as possible and wait while the other crept slowly past. Our steer was not standin' on ceremony, and he needed the middle of the road. Old Mr. Simmonds had turned out as far as he dared in the limited time at his disposal, but it wasn't far enough, and as we flew by we just took one runner off his cutter as pretty as anything you ever saw. We didn't stop to ask how badly the old lady was hurt, but we saw her flyin' into a snow bank. On up the road we went, until the poor steer run himself to his limit, and then he flopped down in the road with one hopeless blat. When he recovered his wind I unhitched the bells and we turned the sleigh around and came home, the steer trottin' as gentle as a lamb.

It cost father \$40 for repairs on Mr. Simmonds' cutter, but he made the neighbor who had given us the bells pay half, as he claimed it was his fault. No, I don't know what became of the bells. I never saw anything of them again.



# Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson

By Abraham Willard Jackson

I HAVE just been turning over a book which has for me a power of enchantment like that of the bird's song in the "Reverie of Poor Susan." It is Col. Higginson's *Out-Door Papers*, which I first met in 1863 in a regimental camp near Beaufort, S. C.; the camp of the regiment which he commanded, and in which I was a subordinate officer. The circumstances of my meeting it, though not important, are yet a vivid memory. Going to the Colonel's quarters one morning, I saw it fresh and new upon his table; and he met my surprise by smilingly handing it to me with permission to take it away and read it. I was hardly more than a boy then, and I had been reared in a region in which authors did not prosper. Even to have met a man who had written a book,—really written a book—would have been no ordinary event; but to receive a volume from its author's hand with permission to read it was enough to make that day one of the shining ones in all my memory. I am not sure that I excited the envy of my fellow officers as I told my tale; but for myself, a bar added to my lieutenant's shoulder-strap could hardly have meant an equivalent promotion. I remember turning over the pages in debate as to where I should begin. The first essay, on "Saints, and their Bodies," I passed from lack of interest in saints. Another, on "Gymnas-

tics," seemed without special value to a soldier bearing his part in a very active camp. I glanced at another, on "The Health of Our Girls," which, however useful to others, seemed without application to any present need of mine. There was a "Letter to a Dyspeptic," which of all things I was not. It was the last essay, upon "Snow," that won my first interest, perhaps because of the pleasant memories of New England winter which it suggested; after which I took in backward course "The Procession of the Flowers," "The Life of Birds," and "Water Lilies." For nearly a month these nature studies beguiled whatever leisure the camp afforded; and as I go over them now their inherent interest has often to struggle with that of the life that they recall. At this point—I mark the very paragraph—I am detailed to be officer of the guard; at that I am called to battalion drill; here Capt. M.—reads a page and jokes as is his wont; there Capt. D.—takes the volume from my hand and approves it in the best profanity he knows. I ponder the shining sentences with a diverting vision of tents and drill and parade and young companions and dusky faces and red trousers constantly coming before me. I doubt if I saw in these papers all that I see now, for it was my first meeting with literature of this kind; but the firmness of fibre, the transparency of style, the incisive wisdom,

the wealth of allusion, the delightful humor, and that pervasive healthiness with which we have been now so long acquainted in Col. Higginson's writings, I could not wholly miss. As I read, however, a peculiar order of reflection kept recurring. I was meeting the Colonel in all the details of camp life, and not unnaturally I placed him over against his page in something like critical comparison. I rarely read a book without forming a mental picture of its author; but the picture I drew out of these pages and the man I was daily meeting were very dissimilar. The Colonel was then in the full vigor of his most vigorous manhood, ready for any service however arduous and any adventure however daring. Indeed, I think I did very well in an account I gave of him in a letter to a northern friend, as an equally intrepid, but far more accomplished and agreeable, Jim Lane. The book, however, was clearly the production of a more refined, a more penetrating, and more luminous Addison; and the union of Jim Lane and Addison was a phenomenon for which I was hardly prepared. The Jim Lanes, as I conceived them, were quite guileless of literary grace; and the Addisons, through the long hours given to peaceful thought, were "sicklied o'er with the pale cast" of it. The Colonel must have written the book,—I had his word for that; but how could he have done it?

I have had time since 1863 to revise some of my theories, and the union of Jim Lane and Addison seems not now so astonishing. Still the general attitude of my mind is the same now as then: my thought of the man carries me ever to this page,

and I linger over it with side glances at its author. And from knowing both I am sure I have a better acquaintance with each. Of the man it is happily too soon to speak with entire freedom; yet one so conspicuous is a fair subject for study; and the events of a life cease to be private when they are put forth in autobiography.

The Colonel is Puritan in his ancestry; and in moral temper, with which it is convenient to begin our discussion of him, he bears faithful witness to his line. Of the Puritan we might not say "Mark the perfect man," but we could surely say "Behold the upright." We might not enjoy him as a neighbor, but on a moral issue we should not trifle with him. He was not iron or steel which may be bent, but granite which, however it may be chastened into beauty, is unbending. And the Colonel at his moral base is granite too. First and last he has been hammered much, but thus only proved unamalleable. He is not without "sweet reasonableness," but he is utterly without moral pliancy. In attitude, too, as well as in temper, the descendant is not morally unlike his ancestors. They, turning to Deuteronomy or Zachariah, found a "Thus saith the Lord," and went and obeyed. He also looks for a command, but in a different scripture, the moral consciousness within him; and what the Lord says it never occurs to him to gainsay. The right which he sees is an end to be realized, and to protesting expediences he gives no heed. If he will receive current judgments there are faults enough to be found with him; churchmen call him an unbeliever, politicians say he is im-



practicable, gentle spirits complain that he wields too sharp a pen; but it is doubtful if any one ever suspected him of recreancy to the "counsel of God" as whispered within him. He has dealt much with political problems; but politics, as he treats them, are applied ethics, and ethics made for an absolute righteousness that is the ultimate rule of all welfare. Have an eye to your tariff laws, your immigration laws, your suffrage laws: however specious they may look, they cannot be politically wise if not ethically true. While others are satisfied when they have found a superficial expediency, his first concern is with the law by which at last all expediences are proven. Now such a temper as this, though very fair in itself, may lead one in very questionable ways unless a generous enlightenment go with it; and here the Colonel and his ancestors are seen in contrast rather than in resemblance. The Puritan came hither not merely to live by his standards, but also to enforce them; a generous toleration was no rule of his. Neither, for that matter, is it Col. Higginson's; but for the happy reason that he is tolerant even for that. When you tolerate me, you say, in effect, that, though in your standard above me, you will yet graciously endure me; and it may as well be confessed that the tolerance, higher than this, which receives me as a matter of course without bending to my estate, is scarcely possible save as the accidents of life are forgotten in reverence for the fundamental rights of human nature. And this reverence Col. Higginson strikingly manifests. In his dealing with the world it is man, not his conditions, that he sees;

not Englishman or Irishman, not American or Malay, not Harvard scholar or Gloucester fisherman, not white man or black man, not saint or sinner; man, entitled to my help it may be, if he can receive it with willing mind; but entitled also to every possible freedom in the working out of his own life's end. He would not put away the means of social protection,—a prison for the felon, social ostracism for the libertine, a constable for the brawler; but within the ample scope of these safeguards he would have every one go the way of his own appointing, saluting his brother as he meets him. This reverence is worth illustrating. Usually men have sound theories as to the dues of human nature; yet scarcely anything provokes more impassioned resentment than the resolute application of them to an unpopular wrong-doer. While we are wont to regard the especially good as above our justice, holding it ungracious to take note of their peccadillos in the presence of their large virtues, we are also likely to treat the especially bad as beneath it,—the rights still theirs seem hardly worth considering against the enormity of their sin. Here the Colonel's standard would rebuke most of us. I could not warrant him not to see the sins of saints,—his are not the accommodating eyes to which black ceases to be black because in association with white; but I could warrant him to see the rights of sinners, even the most wicked. A man might be so vile that he would not receive him into his family; but let a human right be persecuted in that man, and his pre-emptory challenge of that persecution would be sure. Rights, he would

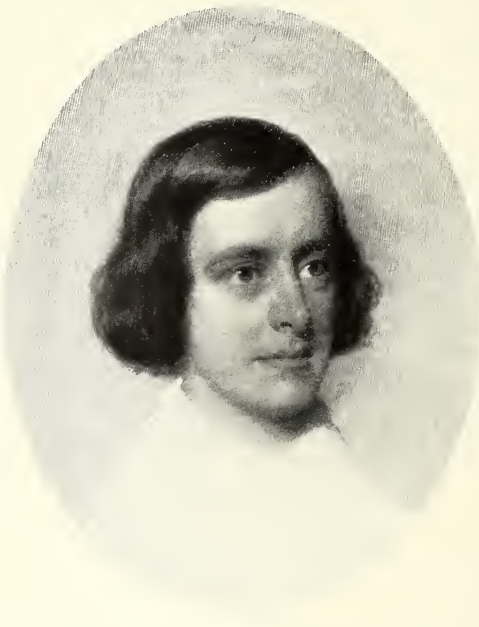
say, are no less sacred because in association with bad character, and to his clear eye they would rarely be obscured by it. The reverence, further, carries him safely over the social distinctions which we so cruelly magnify. A more invincible democrat the land cannot contain than he. Doubtless, if occasion offered, Senator Morgan might be a guest at his table—if he could sit at meat with Booker T. Washington, to whom a like invitation had been given. Indeed, in inviting the Senator, I can imagine the Colonel as saying, though whether in guileless innocence I am not so sure, "Professor Washington of your State will be with us that day, and you will have opportunity to turn over the race problem with him." I carry in mind a picture which I wish I could transfer to canvas: a stately

figure clad in a Colonel's full-dress uniform, standing with uncovered head in South Carolina sunshine, bending in most careful attention to a ragged and ignorant negress, who is pouring out her scarcely intelligible tale of grief and wrath. Cambridge ladies, approaching the same presence with fine manners and choice speech, could not win a more responsive interest or a more royal courtesy. The

explanation, though easy enough, carries a deep meaning: in both cases woman, pertaining to whom the poorest accessories and the best are relatively of no significance, and, to the finer and truer eye, quite lost to view. And the same sentiment he carries also to politics. A man should vote, so he holds, because of his inalienable right to do so, not because he is equal to a page in the third reader. He has once

written in terms of searching disapproval of the "Barrier of the Alphabet." It is not in the ignorant voter, not in the Irishman or Pole or Negro, but in the American demagogue, that he sees the greatest danger; in him and the party subservience that makes even the intelligent voter the sycophant of the party leader. Inalienable rights without the alphabet may be as

confidently trusted as inalienable rights with literature and metaphysics under a rule whereby intelligence does not act. Time enough, he would say, to take into consideration the ignorant voter when it can be shown that the educated voter does so much better. Were he to prescribe the way to political reform, I fancy it would be through the more strenuous and devoted service of the educated, not



COL. HIGGINSON WHEN A BOY. FROM A CRAYON  
PORTRAIT BY ROWSE

through the abridging of the rights of the unlettered. He may better enjoy the society of the philosopher, but he is the tireless defender of the prerogatives of the untutored man. In his encounters with ecclesiastical aggression the like spirit is apparent yet again. Laws forbidding the atheist the oath or the right to sit on jury, laws compelling Bible reading in the public schools, or regulating Sunday behavior, all such, like the Puritan laws regulating the style of clothing or the cut of hair, he resents as encroachments upon the rightful prerogatives of the individual man. Were a young man to go to him seeking advice as to how he should spend his Sunday, I doubt if it would first of all occur to him to advise playing golf. But let the church undertake to prevent golf-playing on Sunday, and few things could be counted

upon more surely than his resistance. Decorums which it is well voluntarily to observe, and disciplines which it is wise to take, and conduct only wholesome in itself, wear no winning look when authority prescribes them. Then the nature of man, faithful to its in-born prerogatives, protests; and there are those who hold that rules of conduct in themselves never so wise may be less sacred than these prerogatives; and among those who so hold is Col. Higginson.

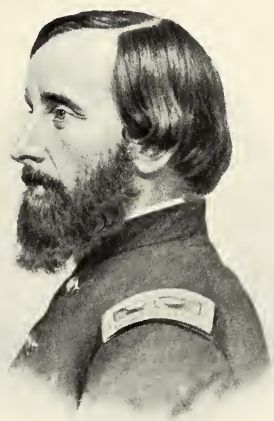
A democracy so comprehending as

this, and based on a reverence so deep, is likely to be challenged in the name of practical wisdom. To be sure it is not new with Col. Higginson. It was published on Channing's voice; we meet it in the verse of Lowell; it shines through Emerson's deep musings; and it has some consecrated spots where the patriot stands uncovered, as the green at Lexington and the bridge at Concord. But can we trust its wider application? How can we hold in due subjection the negro in the South and the Chinaman on the

Pacific Coast in pursuance of an ethic such as this? How about Anglo-Saxon supremacy in South Africa and in Luzon?

In answer, suppose Col. Higginson, representing America, to have met Aguinaldo after the capture of Manila. "We desire self-rule," says the Filipino. "Certainly," we must sup-

pose the Colonel to reply. "We know no other rule in America, and to deprive you of it would be to contradict ourselves. According to our ethics, too, such deprivation would be criminal aggression. But this conceded as your unquestionable right, are there not some things that we can do for you? Certainly there are difficulties in your situation; while you establish your government and set in motion its machinery, shall not a body of our troops preserve order for you? I see that you are much in need of highways



COL. HIGGINSON IN 1861



and bridges and docks and railroads. We have many trained engineers in our country; shall we not send out a few that you may profit by their skill? We have fine educational systems; shall not some of our teachers come out and apply them? We have fine hospitals; wouldn't you like three or four? We have many schools of technical skill; shall we not help you to the like of them? Wouldn't you like a university or two? You have need of money; shall we not loan you a few millions? America is great and powerful; would it not be well for you in your weakness to come into such relations with her that she may extend her ægis over you, and say to the nations of the earth with the emphasis of shot-ted cannon, if necessary, that she protects you?" Somewhat thus would this true American have spoken, glad to recognize rights, unwilling to exercise a repressive authority, and conceiving it the high office of strength not to conquer but to uplift.

Another subject we will dare submit to the Colonel is the race question. In pursuance of his ethics what would be his solution of it? First of all observe that it is a question of *one* race. Frederick Douglass and William White, once on an anti-slavery tour together in the West, went to the house where they were to spend the night. The hostess, seeing a negro and a white man, was nonplussed; for, while willing to entertain both, she had but one spare bed. "Do not apologize, madam," said Douglass. "I have not the slightest prejudice against color." So far as I know his race have none, though Heaven knows they might with good reason.

What is the ground of this oppug-

nance to the negro? 'In answer you may say that the negro is of an inferior race, and that you as superior, therefore, cannot mingle with him on terms of equality. But I do not find that improvement of the negro works any appreciable melioration of this feeling. No one will deny that some negroes are superior to some white men; but I do not learn that the inferior white men gracefully recognize the superiority, or that still superior white men greet with encouragement the nearer approximation to their standard. I fear the only explanation is that you do not like him because you do not, and that you are swayed by a hard race-antipathy for which there is no rational justification.

And now Col. Higginson. "It is a very important question," I can imagine him to say, "for two peoples cannot live together without acting on each other; and so the white man cannot be in the truest sense civilized while the negro is barbarous. It is also a very difficult question if we attempt to find for it an easy and agreeable solution; but the true rule of conduct is not far to seek. Race-antipathy may be very real, as is many another propensity in unregenerate human nature; but the way to deal with it is to crucify it within yourself, not to visit it upon another. The negro's physiognomy may not be agreeable; but behind it is a human nature whose high prerogatives it is cruel despotism to thwart, and from despotism can flow no welfare. In your dealing with him you have tried demagoguery, intimidation, social ostracism, political suppression, lynch-law, with the inevitable result that, while you have retarded the civilization of the negro, the white man has been de-

civilized. You have tried everything but a frank and comprehensive recognition of his rights. Suppose now you try that?"

From the regulating moral sentiment we turn, for a more personal scrutiny, to the man it regulates. The standard we have shown might do for a literary recluse, or any gentleman of noble feeling and passive temperament, in whom one should see scarcely a suggestion of Col. Higginson. A great deal of what we call virtue is correct behavior, but invirile. In Col. Higginson the *vir* is the predominant feature—masculine, aggressive, fearless, chivalrous. With the aptitudes of a scholar he was endowed also with great physical vigor and a fondness for the robust disciplines that promote it. Greek and mathematics are accomplishments which he can appreciate, but adroit boxing or graceful skating he can applaud as warmly. In his earlier years good health seemed catching where he was, and in his earlier writings he preached its gospel. There was given him, too, a fondness for adventure, which he tells us in *Cheerful Yesterdays* that "threescore and fourteen years have by no means worn out." Add now a grace of leadership, and we see one to whom a career of hardy and daring enterprise had been quite possible and wholly congenial.

Thus morally and temperamentally endowed, it is easy to see what his sympathies and affiliations must have been in the years of his younger manhood. Of course he was identified with the reforms, of which the Anti-Slavery reform had the right of way. He became a minister, at least he made some tentatives in that direction. He was

settled for two years and a half over the First Religious Society at Newburyport, where he preached of the cross and the negro crucified, with solemn judgment upon the crucifiers. Of course this did not please, but the Anti-Slavery reformers, like the Hebrew prophets, said plain things for other reasons than to give pleasure. Soon after his retirement from his charge, he went up to Boston on a "fugitive slave foray," a determined though abortive effort to rescue Thomas Sims. Soon after this, in 1852, he was tendered the pulpit of the Free Church in Worcester, at that time "a seething centre of all the reforms," and where he found himself "almost in fashion, at least with the unfashionable." Two years later the arrest of another slave, Anthony Burns, brought him to Boston on another "foray." The riot that ensued is matter of history. During it he received a cut in the chin, and afterwards was indicted for being "riotously and routously engaged." The indictment was quashed; but whoever will look into *Cheerful Yesterdays* may find his more than sufficing testimony to the fact. After the rendition of Burns, the "crime against Kansas" was the next act in the drama of those stern days. This brought him into active relation with the Emigrant Aid Society, and at length sent him to Kansas; where even he for a season must have had his fill of adventure. He next came distinctly upon the stage in the Civil War, in which his more distinguished part was that of Colonel of the First South Carolina Volunteers, a regiment of ex-slaves. At first the proposition to arm the Negroes was met with wide opposition in the North, and in the South with the threat of



COL. HIGGINSON'S CAMBRIDGE HOME

death to all white officers taken in command of them; and this regiment was undoubtedly the first regiment of freed slaves. Its command brought into exercise the sentiments most sure to move him—his sense of right, his sympathy for the wronged, his love of adventure, and that chivalrous impulse to which a noble enter-

prise is likely to be somewhat more tempting for being frowned upon. The success of the experiment, so far as this regiment was concerned, was speedily and gloriously manifest. The ex-slave took on the soldier with an alacrity which the most confident had not anticipated. There was, however, what we must logically think of as an



intermediary stage. The slave properly speaking is not a man, and a real soldier must be always that. To put on the soldier, therefore, he must put off the slave, and to work this transformation was to perform what looks like miracle. It was, however, miracle by formula, and so in any analogous case can be applied; *the holding of him strictly to his every duty and the rendering to him of his every due*. His duties were not merely the routine of service that must be exacted of any soldier; they embraced cleanliness of person and surroundings, decorous and punctilious behavior, truthfulness of speech, temperance of habit. His dues were not merely the dues of a soldier, but also the larger dues of a man,—unfailing justice, dignified example, scrupulous courtesy. Insulting speech and degrading punishment, common enough in white regiments, were not tolerated here. For the first time in his life the ex-slave had it borne in upon him that duties are reciprocal, that he was the object of them as well as the subject of them; and from the consciousness of this truth the sense of a new dignity awoke within him. He became proud of his soldiership; in military service eager and reliable, a trust given him was met as an honor conferred upon him. This transformation the Colonel has touched upon in his writings; but as to the cause of it, the originating impulse and directing wisdom, he has not borne testimony. His reticence is to be respected; but it is permissible for another who was in close touch with him through all this enterprise to be more explicit. That impulse and direction flowed from Col. Higginson himself. He has done many good things, but

this, as I view it, is his noblest achievement. Were I writing his epitaph, I think I should say, He met a Slave; he made him a Man. I am not sure but I should give it the dignity of Latin: *Servum convenit fecit virum*.

Such are characteristic features of the man. We come now to the work to which all that we have recounted was but prelude. He was not long to be a minister for the sufficient reason that his ordination was forestalled by a higher foreordination to another service; and though he was destined to be all his life a reformer, it was to be after the manner of Emerson rather than of Garrison. Though graduated at Harvard before eighteen, he was thirty-three before his way opened clearly. He had variously experimented with his pen, had written much for newspapers, somewhat for magazines. He had published a child's story, together with Samuel Longfellow he had put forth *Thalatta*; he had also published *Woman and Her Wishes*. These, however, were tentative efforts, and however much of pleasure they may have given, they failed of prophecy. It was in the fifth number of the *Atlantic Monthly*—April, 1858—that he really began his career with a paper on "Saints and Their Bodies." What may have been his emotions as the paper grew under his pen I do not know, but it is difficult to think of one as writing such without seeing in it the forecast of destiny. To those who read it, it was an announcement that a new man had come.

The heroes of the young monthly were toiling then. Holmes was writing the *Autocrat*; Mrs. Stowe was soon to appear in its pages; Emerson was a possibility in any number; Agas-

siz, Lowell, Longfellow, Whittier, in the vigor of their manhood, formed a group upon whose brows the aureoles were budding; and he, a new comer, by right of high achievement was received among them.

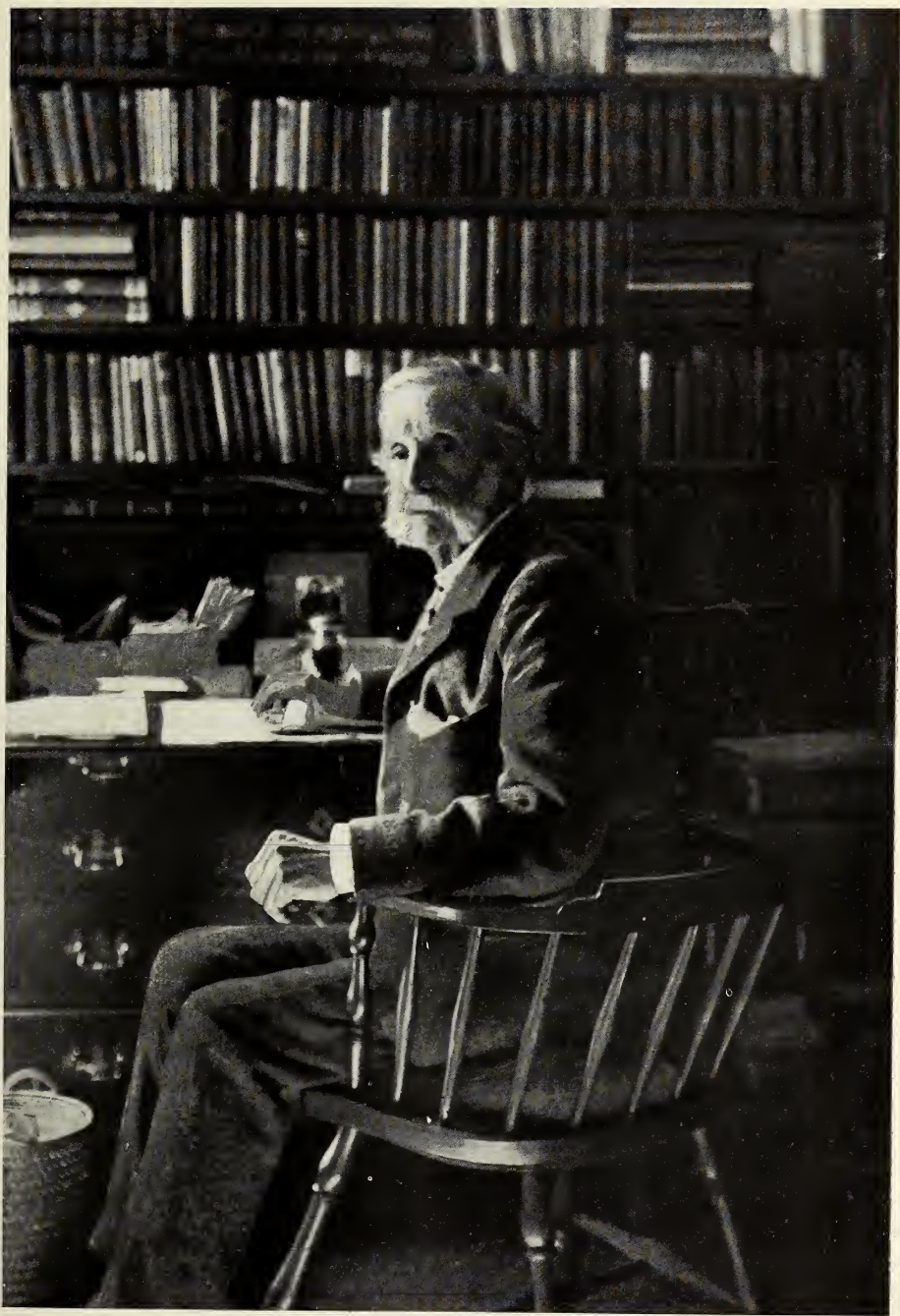
His next volume was *Out-Door Papers*, already referred to, devoted to studies of health and nature. In those days he was an enthusiast for physical culture, and his zeal is reflected in the group of papers which, wisely read, should make good health as fashionable as health resorts are. He was also a keen observer of nature, and here records some of the results of his observation. The pages of *Walden* are not fresher. I suspect this volume has never been widely read, though why I can scarcely understand. Certainly not from any defect in the book itself, whether in spirit, matter, or form. Perhaps in the definitive edition of his works now appearing, the public may discover the treasure they have so long neglected.

His next venture was a translation of *Epictetus*, originally based on that of Elizabeth Carter of a hundred years before, but becoming by revision a substantially new work. This was to many an important service, though of a kind very easy not to appreciate. A translator is likely to be lost in the translated, especially if he is clear and accurate and winning. The reader sees a shining thought, but not the laborious research and toilsome discrimination through which it is offered him. Such were bestowed upon this rendering, but it is doubtful if in general appreciation the Colonel has ever received his due for them. The most we dare to hope is that readers of the volume have not unconsciously

given the Greek stoic credit for the faultless English dress in which his thought is brought to them.

From the length of the list of his work judicious skipping seems necessary, and *Malbone*, his one attempt at novel writing, should next be noticed. It was first printed as a serial, and much was expected of it by the discerning ingenuity of plot, delineation of character, vividness of narrative, grace of style, nobility of thought; nothing seemed wanting that should ensure a high success, and for a time we dreamed that a new novelist had appeared among us. By the reading public, however, this high appreciation was not ratified; in fact the volume was given anything but a popular welcome.

The next volume was *Army Life in a Black Regiment*, a series of fascinating pictures of life in the regiment which he commanded, and one of the brightest volumes that came out of the Civil War. It was held valuable at the time, when we were struggling with the thought of justice to the Negro; and it might be found no less valuable now, though in another sense, when injustice to the Negro is almost as frankly purposed. The next volume was *Atlantic Essays*, followed in two years by *Oldport Days*, both reprints, and both in their line among the higher achievements of American letters. We come now to the *Young Folks History of the United States*. This appeared in 1875, and was followed two years later by the volume of *American Explorers*. The latter, though an admirable companion to the former, was probably never in large demand. Of the *History*, however, over two hundred thousand copies



*from a photograph made expressly for this article*

COL. HIGGINSON IN HIS STUDY



have been sold, and it is still in favor. It has been translated into French, German and Italian. Skipping again, we come to *Margaret Fuller Ossoli*, an admirable biography of that remarkable woman. Next came the *Larger History of the United States*, a finely illustrated volume, beginning with the earlier discoveries and closing with the administration of Andrew Jackson. Another skip, in which ten entries are embraced, and we come to *Cheerful Yesterdays*, his autobiography, followed by *Tales of the Enchanted Islands of the Atlantic*, *Old Cambridge* and *Contemporaries*, a group of the later delightful volumes of our more recent reading.

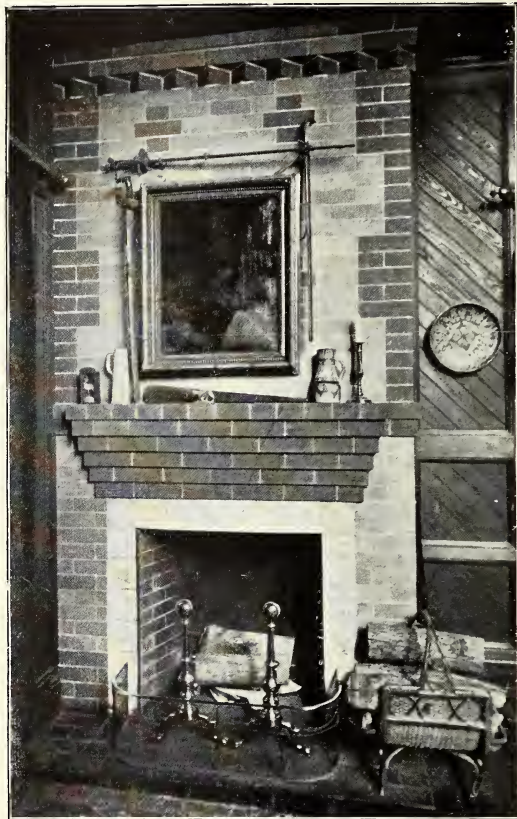
All included, thirty-three volumes great and small attest the industry of these years. Those enumerated are the ones by which Colonel Higginson is best known, and to which the reader, who will walk with him in his ampler and higher ranges, must turn. Those skipped are not to be lightly esteemed, but they represent his lighter vein and

less elaborate toil. Among them are two slight volumes of verse, two thin biographies, a few volumes of brief papers on subjects of life and letters, which first appeared in literary or daily papers. Among them also is an essay, *The Sympathy of Religions*, which,

first delivered as a lecture in Boston, disturbed the peace of theology for a season. It has been translated into French, and, though within brief space, is a valuable contribution to the comparative study of the faiths of man.

Soon after the publication of *Epictetus*, a reviewer wrote of him: "Now that Hawthorne is dead, America has perhaps no writer who is master of a

more graceful prose." Through the thirty-five years since then he has held the position thus early won; no writer, it is speaking within bounds to say, has written more satisfactory English. Pope tells us that "good art is nature to advantage dressed." Col. Higginson would probably say that good literary art is nature as she dresses herself. Open a volume any-



FIREPLACE IN COL. HIGGINSON'S HOME

where and study a sentence. The language is that which brothers and sisters use; there is no apparent effort to produce effect; there is nothing that, in any superficial meaning of the word, you can call adornment; the common devices by which some even good writers, give emphasis to their thought are conspicuously absent; there are words enough, but no waste of them; and they seem precisely the ones that the utterance requires, and to take their order by some natural law, which will permit no other. But in the end something has been said clearly, accurately, vividly, elegantly, and your study is reasonably sure to convince you that it cannot be said better. It is the style of a strong man. In a New England college town some years ago Edward Everett Hale was announced to preach on the occasion of a church dedication. Though the college was quite orthodox in its doctrinal temper, the Professor of English loved letters as well as theology, and advised his class to hear the sermon. The next day in the class-room he asked his pupils one after another their impression of it as a piece of literary workmanship. After they had given their impressions, the professor gave his: "It impressed me," said he, "as the production of one who can afford to be simple." The remark clung to memory, and gave the young men a standard of judgment of which they made wide and useful application. Somewhat later the Colonel wandered thither to address the college societies on a Commencement occasion. His address was the fine paper on "Literature as an Art," which we now read in *Atlantic Essays*, and he laid a spell upon those young men which not all

of them as yet have had time to forget. Their comment upon him, however, was, "He can afford to be simple." By which they meant, that there was in him so much resource that he was lifted above the temptation to resort to any artifice.

Of course the young men had in mind the Colonel's intellectual fulness, from which point of view their judgment could hardly have been better; yet I venture to doubt if the simplicity and vigor of his style should be explained from his intellect alone. Of few things do I feel surer than that I see in it a reflection of that physical vitality so abundant in him. He himself has somewhere said that he could hardly conceive Hawthorne other than the robust personality he was, drawing his inference of the man from the quality of his work. Whether or not, however, the Colonel's physical vigor adds grace to his style, none acquainted with his books will doubt that he has transfused it as an atmosphere into them. He has given us what I will dare to call a literature of good health. As already shown, good health was much the theme of his earlier writings, and in *Out-Door Papers* one meets not only fine literature, but the best hygiene. Through all his various writings, too, he touches upon it with a frequency that suggests that it is never far away from him. But better than this, it is an elixir of life with which he suffuses every page. No dyspepsia, no jaundice, nothing that suggests a reflection of weakness is there; but, on the contrary, vigor, enterprise, daring, seem ever to give tone to his utterance. He may touch upon pain with a word of compassion; but it is the compassion of a gentle, not an ailing heart.

This characteristic is peculiarly manifest in his use of nature, from which he draws as often as any writer to whom nature is not a special theme. He has an eye for nature, her "wealth of form," her "flush of hues," but it is peculiarly the vigor and the health of nature that wins him. Does he speak of a summer morning? it is of its freshness that he makes you sensible. Do you walk with him in winter? it is not the gleaming snow but the tonic air that he most often mentions. He is very fond of the sea, especially if he can launch a wherry upon it or swim in its tide. In a mountain ramble his joy is not so much in the expansive vision at the summit as in the exhilaration of the climb.

The moral temper which we have found in him he has also imparted to his writings by the like transfusion. He never preaches, never moralizes; yet the Emperor Marcus is not more ethical. He writes as artist, often seemingly with the artist's unconcern for all but artistic completeness. But the ethics are in his page, as flavor is in cinnamon and odor in rosemary. You lay down the volume with a feeling akin to that of having spent an hour in clean, sweet air. Treating a wide variety of themes, he often approaches considerations in dealing with which the careless shading of a sentence might involve a peril; yet you may search his volumes through and not meet a suggestion that is impure. The reader turns from his writings with fairer ideals and cleaner soul.

We may exhibit this aspect of his page a little further. The Colonel had a Christian nurture, but in the bed-rock of his character is a stoicism. He is not sure to be effusive as to faith,

hope and charity, but the moral temper suggested by the word virtue, when used, not with its modern but its classical connections, pervades his writings everywhere. His steady appeal is to purity, courage, fortitude, magnanimity, justice,—the high qualities of a manly nature. Here, too, in this stoicism is the root of that high regard for the dues of human nature; and this also his every volume irradiates. He once said of Emerson that of no man could it be more confidently affirmed that his life was worthy of his word; of Col. Higginson we can as confidently say that in his word his life is made articulate.

Now to the final question which every such labor will suggest, and in answering which our ultimate estimate of it is given: with its wealth of knowledge and keen insight and noble tone and artistic grace, will it endure? To this question, of course, only a tentative answer is possible. Recurring to it as a whole, we observe that it is very varied, and to some it has seemed that Colonel Higginson might have impressed his time more strongly and made his place in the future more secure if he had concentrated upon one or two lines of work. Of versatility, however, as well as of concentration, there are pleasant things to be said; and while the Colonel has done many things, it is impossible to deny that he has done them well. But while there is an order of writing which, if sufficiently well done, may add to the world's stock of permanent literature, there is another order which, no matter how well done, must from its very nature be transitory,—for the "times," as Thoreau would say, not the "eternities." A school history, for instance,

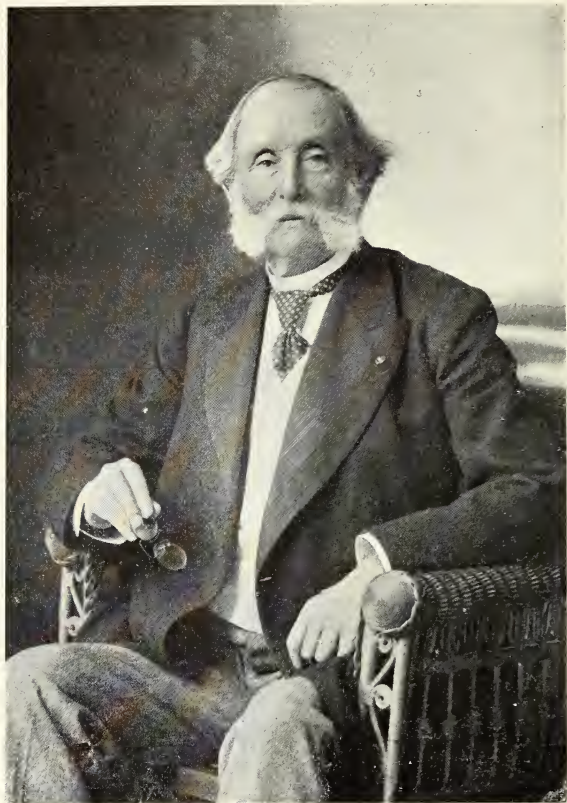




THE HALLWAY

even though as admirable as the *Young Folks' History*, must in the nature of things be superseded. Even a history of larger aim, excellent though it be, unless very successful pioneer work, will not be likely to be held in permanent service. Books, too, that are re-

prints of newspaper writings, like *Common Sense About Women*, and *Book and Heart*, must almost surely be short lived. A writer of prose, too, who now and then experiments in verse, will rarely win a permanent place as a poet. In the Colonel's two



*From a photograph by Pach*

COL. THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

thin volumes of verse are pieces of much merit, like "A Jar of Rose-Leaves," which must sing in many memories. Did we meet this in a volume of Lowell's or Longfellow's poetry, it would be quoted long; but with a backing of poetic achievement so slight, we cannot feel so sure.

With these exceptions, we turn back to the long array of his volumes, if without surety, yet not without assurance, that some of them will abide the test of time. *Epictetus* must always be read, and the Colonel's translation

is not likely soon to have a competitor. The writers who can bring to such a task at the same time a scholarship so accurate, an insight so clear, a style so winning, and a sympathy so warm, cannot be often with us, and such a one, turning over these fascinating pages, will not be likely to undertake to improve upon them. The volumes, too, in the main, that have passed through the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly*—*Out-Door Papers*, *Atlantic Essays*, *Army Life*, *Oldport Days*, *Cheerful Yesterdays*, and their successors—I

cannot think of as transitory. No quality seems to be wanting that should ensure their permanence; and placing them beside volumes that have achieved a fixed place in letters, I can see no reason why those should endure and these not. In the experience of letters, present favor is anything but a guarantee of enduring influence. Neither does present neglect make future recognition incredible—a truth of

which Robert Browning lived just long enough to become aware, and Charles Lamb died too soon to be assured. The only guarantee for the future is high quality of some sort, and this Colonel Higginson has. In his chosen lines he has achieved the highest standard of execution, the promise of no guerdon has tempted him from his ideal, he has been true to the nature of man, his dignity and his aspiration.



## Recognition

By Florence Wilkinson

THE Earth lay dark as some closed book,  
 Featureless, shrouded wholly,  
 And melancholy,  
 While far above her vainly shook  
 The dumb Sky's passionate downward look:

Then the swift lightning flashed between,  
 Fearful as joy's first cry,  
 And Earth and Sky  
 Each saw the other in that keen  
 White marvelous moment's leap and sheen.

Thus we, Beloved, yearning, not aware,  
 Till suddenly there came  
 One look of flame,  
 And in that instant's vision rare  
 Each knew the other's soul laid bare.



# Washington-Greene Correspondence

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A large collection of original letters written by General Washington and General Greene has come into the editor's possession. It is our intention to reproduce in fac-simile those of the letters which present the most interesting details and side lights on the great events of the period covered, even though some of the letters may have been previously published.

The reproduction of these letters in chronological order will be continued through the following eight issues.

In the first of the two here reproduced General Greene expresses the hope that the motives which impelled him to risk an action at Guilford Court House will be approved of by General Washington. The latter, in his reply, signifies his approbation and informs General Greene that the situation is still critical and that the enemy are congregating in the Southern States. Printed copies of these letters appear on page 468.—EDITOR.

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for Head Quarters, Iron Works, N.C. March  
17th, 1781.

Inclosed is a Copy of a Letter to the President  
of Congress, giving an account of an action at Gellson  
Couch House. The honor of the Day terminated  
in favor of the Enemy, but their loss being infi-  
nitely greater than ours I trust will ultimately  
be advantageous to us.

I hope the reasons which urged the rescue  
of a general action, will meet with your Excel-  
lency's approbation. —

I have the honor to be with great  
respect and esteem

Your Excellency's  
most obedient &  
most humble servant

Genl Washington.

Nathl Green

Head Quarters New  
Windsor April 19 '81

Dear Sir,

I duly received your letter of the 17<sup>th</sup> of March inclosing the copy of one of the 16<sup>th</sup> to the President of Congress. The motives which induced you to hazard a battle appear to me to have been substantial. I am happy to find by your subsequent letter to Congress, that the retreat of Cornwallis in circumstances of distress corresponded with your expectations. — I still however regard your affairs as critically situated — the enemy are accumulating a large force in the Southern States; we have several concurring accounts that a further detachment is preparing at New York to be commanded by Clinton himself — its destination is given out to be for Delaware Bay; but it is much more probably for Chesapeake or Cape Fear.

The Marquis will have informed you of the orders he has received to march Southward with his corps, and to concert with you his ulterior movements, whether



to remain in Virginia to make head against  
the enemy who are now in force there, or  
to proceed directly to a junction with  
you.

General. 'Clair informs  
me that 900 of the Pennsylvanians were  
to march the 16<sup>th</sup> from York Town.

You may be assured that we  
give you all the support in our power  
— with our means were more adequate.

We are impatiently waiting  
for definitive advices from Europe;  
we have nothing certain since the Dutch  
war — — The precariousness of our supplies  
by the post would make it dangerous  
to enlarge confidentially.

With the kindest esteem  
and regard. I am &c

W<sup>m</sup>. most obed<sup>t</sup> Serv<sup>t</sup>.

G. Washington

General Greene

Gen. Greene to Gen. Washington

Head Quarters, Iron Works, N. C. March  
17th, 1781.

Sir,

Inclosed is a copy of a Letter to the President of Congress, giving an account of an action at Gilford Court House. The honor of the Day terminated in favor of the Enemy, but their loss being infinitely greater than ours I trust will ultimately be advantageous to us.

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and regard. I am D'r Sir  
Yr most obed Servt  
G. Washington.

General Greene.

# The Fur Coats

By Alice E. Allen

“WELL, if we’re a goin,’ I s’pose we’re a goin,” said Miss Wealthy.

Miss Patience did not answer. She was washing the quaint blue and white china cups and plates, and above their homely clatter came the sound of her voice singing—

“Jerusalem, the golden,  
With milk—”

The clatter and singing both ceased as, half-turning, she met Miss Wealthy’s spectacled eyes fixed fiercely upon her.

“Yes, if we are, I s’pose we are,” said Miss Patience mildly.

Miss Wealthy bustled to and fro between the table and the “buttery,” putting away the supper things. Miss Patience continued washing dishes with a subdued clatter, singing in a subdued voice,

“With milk and honey blest.”

“Patience Alden,” exclaimed Miss Wealthy pausing with a plate of caraway cookies in one hand and a pitcher of cream in the other, “if you must sing, try something new. I’m tired to death of that milk and honey of yours.”

Miss Patience scalded and dried the blue cups in silence. Miss Wealthy folded the table-cloth, spread a bright red cover over the table, and exactly in the center, on a crocheted worsted mat of gorgeous reds and greens, placed the tall kerosene lamp. Then she drew up before the fire a large

cushioned rocker and seating herself, unfolded the evening paper.

The faint splashing of the water in the sink was broken by a sweet, quavering voice which sang,

“Jerusalem, the golden,  
With milk and hon—”

Patience Alden,” said Miss Wealthy dryly, “you’re singing again.”

“Am I?” asked Miss Patience in a tone of gentle surprise, “I didn’t sense it, sister.”

She dried her hands and removed her long, gingham apron, then came forward, drawing her rocker toward the crackling fire in the big fire-place.

Her chair was two sizes smaller than Miss Wealthy’s. It was cushioned in a softly subdued gray, instead of in red, and its squeak was less loud and pronounced; in fact, it bore about the same resemblance to Miss Wealthy’s chair that the younger of the two sisters bore to the elder.

Miss Patience took a small, much-used book from the corner of the stand near by. Dusting it carefully, she opened and began to read. It was the Book of Common Prayer. Every evening, for twenty-five years, Miss Patience had read a selection from it, while Miss Wealthy perused the evening paper.

Miss Wealthy’s eyes, which glanced through the magnifying glass of those printed columns upon the gaiety and magnificence of the far-off metropolis; were as gray as steel under her large,



iron-bowed spectacles. Miss Patience's, which saw beyond the printed page of her book the glories of the New Jerusalem, were softly, luminously blue, like the blue of distant hills. She wore spectacles, too, not because she needed them, but because "It wa'n't sensible," Miss Wealthy said, "for a woman of fifty year to try to appear youthful."

Sixty years ago, when Miss Wealthy had come into the world, the first child of well-to-do Parson Alden and his sweet English wife, he had said solemnly:

"The Lord hath blessed us with a goodly heritage. The child shall be as an olive branch in the vineyard of the Lord. Her name shall be Wealthy."

The olive branches increased with alarming rapidity, but the other wealth of Parson Alden took to itself wings.

With the birth of the ninth child into a home of dire poverty, the wife died. The old man shook his head sadly over the frail, delicate daughter.

"We have need of patience," he said solemnly. "Name the girl Patience."

So, with ten years and seven brothers between, the "Alden girls" grew to womanhood. At her mother's death, Miss Wealthy had assumed the care of them all, and that care-taking had never been relinquished. The father died, she managed the farm, and took care of the boys and of the money, too, so that there was more of that than there had been in many years. The boys—one by one—married or died, until only she and Miss Patience were left. Then she took care of Miss Patience.

Of course there had been a lover in their lives, and there had been one only. He came when Miss Wealthy

was twenty-eight, and Miss Patience eighteen. Both loved him. Miss Wealthy, sure of his regard for Miss Patience, sternly and defiantly hardened her heart, and would have nothing to say to him, because, as she told herself, "She wa'n't one to stand in that child's way."

Miss Patience, as sure that he loved Miss Wealthy, sadly and sweetly kept herself out of his way, because "'Twa'n't fair, after all Wealthy'd done, to—to—" a faint blush always completed her unspoken thought.

Which sister had he loved? Only he himself knew.

He had gone into business in New York about the time that Miss Wealthy and Miss Patience had moved away from the little farm to the town near by. That was twenty-five years ago, but to the town people they were still the "Alden girls."

During the summer just past, his motherless niece whom he had adopted had visited them. She had been in need of rest and change, and who could care for her so well as his old friends? Thus he had written. And so Marion had come.

The girl fell in love at once with everything,—the queer, quaint, old-fashioned town; the old-fashioned house with the maiden-blush roses running riot all over the yard; the dear old garden with its rows of stately hollyhocks, its sweet william, and thyme and lavender; the low, old-style rooms with their treasures of cherry furniture; the kitchen with its shining yellow floor and the snowy table where they ate the three old-style country meals,—breakfast at six, dinner at noon, and supper at half-after-five. And such meals. Strawberries

smothered in thick yellow cream, biscuits white and light as snowflakes, butter rivalling in color the buttercups themselves, coffee like amber, and tea so fragrant it was no longer a mystery why the sweetest of all roses should be called tea-roses.

Best of all, the girl fell in love with Miss Wealthy and Miss Patience—"the dearest and queerest of all dear, queer old ladies," she wrote home.

She went with Miss Wealthy to the old stone church and heard wonderingly the stern, Calvinistic doctrines of fore-ordination and election. She went with Miss Patience to the little brick church, and heard the sweet, quavering voice confess that "there was no health in her," and join soon afterwards in her favorite hymn,

"Jerusalem, the golden."

She coaxed Miss Wealthy into doing her hair less stiffly. She herself arranged Miss Patience's soft locks into snowy curls about her forehead. She selected for each a pretty new silk gown, with rich lace trimmings, and was so sweet and winning and loving and lovable that they both learned to love her dearly. The night after she went away, Miss Patience spotted her selection from the Psalter with tears, and even Miss Wealthy complained that "Karsene wa'n't what it was. She couldn't see to read."

To-night it was scarcely strange that although Miss Wealthy and Miss Patience were both reading, there was in the mind of each an under-thought of Marion.

For that day had come to each a heavy, creamy-white, beautifully engraved invitation, in which "Mr. Hugh MacClure desired the honor of their company," etc., "to witness the

marriage of his niece Marion Elizabeth to Mr. Harold Grant," etc., etc. And there had come also a letter from Marion herself insisting upon their coming at once. "Bring your two dear selves for my wedding-gift," she had written.

Miss Patience was inwardly in a tremble of excitement. Her selection being finished, she dropped her book and allowed her thoughts to wander at their own sweet will down certain delightful paths.

For twenty-five years Miss Patience had possessed but one fond earthly ambition. For twenty-five years she had worked and saved toward gratifying that—her one material desire. For twenty-five years her dearest dream had been to own a real seal-skin coat. Her zeal had so completely overcome her habitual quiet timidity, that in a burst of confidence, fifteen years before, she had unfolded her cherished scheme to Miss Wealthy. In glowing terms she had set forth the merits of this fur over all others, and so carried away had she become with her own eloquence that she had not noticed the grim twinkle in Miss Wealthy's eyes until that worthy woman had broken in upon her with:

"You can't tell me nothin' about seal-skins. I guess I know 'em from A to Z. I've studied 'em for nigh onto ten year; and a seal-skin coat I'm goin' to own, myself, Patience, or my name ain't Wealthy Alden."

After this astounding announcement, it developed that for years Miss Wealthy had been accumulating advertisements of the coveted fur. These had been brought out and discussed by the sisters until their bedtime was long passed.

And so, silently and determinedly, day by day, week by week, they worked and economized until quite a neat little sum was amassed in the savings bank. Just about the time when Miss Wealthy's advertisements threatened to overflow the bureau drawer, and Miss Patience found herself obliged to close her eyes on winter Sundays in church to shut out the gold-brown richness and elegance of an occasional seal-skin garment near her, lest she be guilty of breaking the Tenth Commandment, a small legacy from a distant and unknown relative had come to them.

This, when added to their savings, justified them in feeling that the time had come when their dream of luxury might be realized.

Miss Patience had just reached this pleasant resting-place in her thought-wanderings when Miss Wealthy dropped her paper.

"It'll be as good a chance as we'll have, I s'pose," she said, peering at Miss Patience over her glasses, "to buy 'em."

"The—the seal-skins?" questioned Miss Patience, a thrill of delightful anticipation causing a slight tremble in her voice.

"Was you expecting to buy anything else with our savin's?" said Miss Wealthy with some scorn in her voice.

"No, no, indeed, Wealthy," said Patience.

"I shall cut out to-day's advertisement," Miss Wealthy continued, "and carry it in my purse. Then we'll know just where to go and needn't trouble no one to show us round. Marion's folks 'll be busy enough 'thout any extra goin's on."

"I think Marion 'ud like to go," said

Miss Patience quietly. "She loves furs—she said when she was here she'd like a seal-skin coat—said she'd rather have it than anything else."

"Did?" said Miss Wealthy. "Well, she can wait, I guess. We've waited."

Miss Patience did not answer, and Miss Wealthy went on: "The train starts from the depot at one minute to six; and just one week from to-morrow morning we'll start on it. There's a sight of things to do, Patience Alden, and the first thing is to go to bed."

Patience acquiesced meekly. She generally did acquiesce, unless her religious beliefs, or some weighty principles were involved. In such cases, she showed the tenacity of purpose and unyielding determination which such quiet people sometimes do, upon occasion.

The news spread with incredible swiftness through the small town, that the "Alden girls" were going to New York.

The milk-man, who peddled the cream of gossip along with the richest and thickest of Jersey cream, was undisputed authority for the report that each sister had a new black dress and a new "bunnit," and that they'd each "drawed four hundred dollar" out of the savings bank.

The morning of the all-important day was wild and windy, with a steady down pour of rain that promised ill for the new gowns and bonnets. At an early hour Miss Patience was awakened by Miss Wealthy, who, in nightgown, night-cap and slippers, was unstrapping and unlocking the big trunk.

"I'm a-putting in my good dress and bunnit," she said at Miss Patience's exclamation of surprise. "You must wear yourn, so folks 'ull know we've



got 'em. But 'taint no kind of use for both of us to. I'll wear my old things, and hold the umbrell' over your good ones."

So, in this fashion, they entered the train,—Miss Patience, in her new alpaca and small bonnet, holding up her skirt and displaying a foot in a strong, sensible shoe and white stocking, going ahead; Miss Wealthy, wearing a last-winter's bonnet and a twice-turned gown, looming up behind her, grimly grasping a dripping umbrella.

When the first thrill of excitement and sensation of strangeness had worn off, the thoughts of both sisters turned naturally to Marion, and next, quite easily, to those precious seal-skin coats so soon to be in their possession.

Miss Patience leaned back in her seat and tried to imagine the soft feel of the fur collar about her neck. Miss Wealthy drew out her pocket-book and read the advertisement three times, on the look-out for any chance wording which might indicate a cheat or swindle, then shut her lips firmly and put the paper back.

Ever since their conversation of a week previous, the subject of seal-skins had been avoided.

Once Miss Patience had said, "I don't suppose Marion's uncle could afford to buy her a coat, even if he knew that she wanted one, could he?" and Miss Wealthy had responded, with a queer tightening of her lips, "'Taint a-goin' to hurt Marion to wait—she's young."

On and on flew the train. Miss Patience was no longer enjoying the imaginary feeling of the fur about her neck. She was gazing out of the window, but what she saw was a girl's slim, straight figure, wearing a beauti-

ful coat of shining fur. A girl's lovely face, shadowed with golden hair, laughed out at her from the rich recesses of the high fur collar.

Miss Wealthy, who was not blessed with as highly developed an imagination as her sister, was saying to herself.

"You'd look like an old fool in a seal-skin, anyway, Wealthy Alden, and you know it."

Presently she said aloud, severely, "Patience Alden, if you don't quit humming that tune of yourn, folks 'll think you're a lunatic."

"Was I a-hummin', sister?" she asked with a queer, quiet little smile. "I was a-thinkin'."

"Well, other folks might like to think in peace and quiet," responded Miss Wealthy pointedly.

In the rush and roar and tear and tumult of the great city, that night, in Miss Patience's fear lest she muddy her best gown, and Miss Wealthy's positive belief that every man was a rascal, a thief, and a pick-pocket, in the warmth of Marion's welcome, and in the hand-clasp of the man they had both loved, long ago, what wonder that the seal-skin coat question was pushed quite into the background of their thoughts?

It was brought again to the front, however, the next day, when Marion proudly displayed her trousseau. "There is nothing lacking—not one thing," she said with a happy laugh, "except my sealskin. And if I wait long enough I'll have that."

Miss Wealthy made two remarks. One to Marion, to the effect that folks had to wait for things in this world in order to appreciate them. The other to herself, "You've got to do it,

Wealthy Alden. And enough sight more sens'ble she'd look in it than you would."

Miss Patience, turning over a pile of dainty, lace-trimmed garments, took a silent backward glance down a vista of twenty-five times three hundred and sixty-five days, not including leap-years, in all of which she had waited and hoped for that one piece of finery. With a little sigh she held up to herself the skirt of one of Marion's beautiful gowns.

"Well, I never," said Miss Wealthy, "you aint a-thinkin' of gettin' married, be you, Patience?"

"No," said Miss Patience, flushing faintly under her sensitive skin, "I aint. I was just wondering if Marion wa'n't about as tall as I be."

"She's consid'ble plumper," said Miss Wealthy with a scornful glance at the slight, spare figure of her sister. "You wa'n't never no bigger than a pint o' cider, Patience."

The next morning Miss Patience drew from an envelope three hundred dollars in clean, crisp bank-notes. "There aint no use in tellin' Wealthy as I know of, till it's all done with. She'd only say 'twas foolish. And mebb'y 'tis. But I'm goin' to do it." And Miss Patience crept out of the house as stealthily as if she was about to commit some atrocious crime.

Ten minutes later she was riding in a crowded surface car down Sixth Avenue. During a halt, in a swiftly rushing elevated train overhead, Miss Wealthy passed her.

"Taint nobody's business but my own," she was saying to herself.

A full hour after Miss Wealthy had made her selection from among the elegant seal-skins presented for her

careful and somewhat critical consideration, Miss Patience entered the same store. Tired, timid and breathless, her alpaca skirt muddy and bedraggled, her best bonnet perched ridiculously upon one side of her head, she asked in a quavering voice to look at seal-skin coats.

But once among them, with one in all its stylish elegance upon her, she was so transformed that it was some time before she recognized herself in the long mirror.

She drew a long breath—it was such luxury just to draw breath among a pile of real seal coats, each redolent with that peculiar perfume of the fur. As she tried on first one, then another, she grew critical and hard to please. She discussed the merits of various skins and the beauty of certain linings with the air of a connoisseur.

Finally, having selected one of unusual beauty and finish, two sizes too large for herself, she ordered it sent to Marion's address. As she left the store Miss Patience felt that the dream of the past twenty-five years had at last been realized. For two long hours she had owned, not one, but many seal-skin coats. And she was satisfied.

Dinner was over. In the brightly lighted parlor Marion was writing acknowledgements of wedding-gifts received. Miss Wealthy was knitting, Miss Patience was hemstitching and Mr. Hugh MacClure was glancing at the sisters over the top of his evening paper and thinking of the time when he had first known them.

A loud rattle of wheels on the pavement outside—a fierce ring at the bell—a sound of footsteps on the stairs, mingled with the steady scratch, scratch of Marion's pen—and a terri-

ble thumping of two hearts when the servant's voice announced:

"Packages for Miss MacClure."

Down went Marion's pen, and down went Marion herself on the floor in front of two immense boxes, wildly pulling off the wrappings of the first, and screaming for everyone to "Come quick! Come quick!"

"A real seal-skin coat, Uncle Mac, and such a beauty. Miss Patience, Miss Wealthy, do—do look!"

Miss Wealthy gave a quick, surreptitious glance at the garment which Marion in an ecstasy of delight was unfolding and shaking out, exclaiming upon its elegant cut and its rare quality.

"How good of you, Uncle Mac," she cried, but Uncle Mac positively disclaimed all knowledge of the affair.

"Humph," said Miss Wealthy, pushing back her spectacles to examine, "I don't just take to that linin' somehow—purple. Red 'ud be enough sight prettier and more becomin' to Marion."

Miss Patience was white as the linen she was still mechanically hemstitching. No one appeared to notice her silence and pallor, however, for by this time Marion had remembered the second box.

There was a quick twang of the cord as her eager fingers snapped it, a swift rustle of paper and then—

It was Miss Patience's turn to flush now, in unbounded surprise, while Miss Wealthy, sitting stiff and straight, knitted violently. There in its folds of satiny paper lay another coat as like and as unlike the other as Miss Wealthy was like and unlike Miss Patience.

"Was there ever such richness!" exclaimed Marion, fairly hugging the

coat in delight. Both such perfect material, yet so different in cut and style. And see, Miss Wealthy, this one has the red lining. Who can have sent them?" she rattled on. "Of course I'm to take my choice and return the other. Uncle Mac, *have* you the slightest idea who could have sent them?"

"The slightest only," said Uncle Mac with a little smile. Miss Wealthy knitted swiftly on, with queer, compressed lips. Miss Patience—her face like a pale-pink rose-leaf—shook her head at him ever so slightly.

Marion, arrayed in the purple-lined coat selected by Miss Patience, paused in the survey of herself in the long mirror, to look at him. Her back was toward Miss Patience. "Is it to be a secret?" she asked.

"For the present—yes, I believe it is," said Uncle Mac.

"Well, it's a secret worth keeping," laughed Marion, turning back to the mirror.

"Now, all of you," she continued, "are made judges in this matter. You shall tell me which of these two adorable coats I am to keep and which to return. I shall reserve the right of casting the final vote myself. You have all beheld me in this one, now you shall judge of my charms as set forth by the other."

"Uncle Mac first," she said, "because a man's opinion in such matters doesn't carry the weight that a woman's does. Which shall it be?"

Mr. Hugh MacClure regarded his niece admiringly. "I'll give Harry a chance to vote in my place," he said. "Whichever one he likes you best in is the one to keep—that's my opinion."

"He likes me well enough in either or neither," said the girl joyously.



"Well, Miss Patience, what is your verdict?"

Miss Patience arose and went over to the girl still revolving before the mirror. She caressed the fur with gentle fingers. She raised the collar, lowered it, stood off at one side to gaze critically, then tried the effect of fastening and unfastening the front of the coat.

"Now, put on the other," she said softly.

Marion was nothing loth. So, on went the purple-lined pride of Miss Patience's heart. She thrilled as she stroked it, and touched the soft satin of the lining.

"I really believe—I like—the purple-lined one—a little mite better," she said slowly and truthfully.

"Now, Aunt Wealthy," said Marion, "your turn."

"I aint one to change my mind 'bout things," said that worthy lady with a sharp click of her needles, "I'd keep the red-lined one."

"Well," said Marion, with a deep breath, "I believe I will. Yet, the purple is so—elegant, someway, and makes me feel like a princess. I almost think, Miss Patience, that I like the cut of the collar a very little better, too—and it fits perfectly, and yet——"

"Let Miss Patience try one on," said Uncle Mac, suddenly.

Miss Patience protested and remonstrated, but with no avail. On went the purple-lined coat. And out from the luxury of its soft, dark collar, her fine, fair face beneath the soft snow of her hair, smiled like a late rosebud. Even Miss Wealthy dropped a stitch in her amazement and ejaculated something which closely resembled a grunt of approval.

But Miss Patience took it off quietly and quickly, and with lingering touch, laid it again in its wrappings.

"I like the purple one best," she said again.

And it was the red-lined coat that found its way back to the furrier's the next morning.

Miss Wealthy, too, was back in the store at an early hour. "I've concluded not to keep the coat," she explained to the polite salesman.

On her way out, among the crowds of richly dressed ladies, she saw a slight little woman in a faded old-style coat and a bonnet considerably the worse for wear.

"What on airth be you doin' here, Patience Alden?" exclaimed Miss Wealthy, "and where be you a-goin'?"

"Aint this the furrier's?" gasped poor Miss Patience, alarmed by her sister's sudden appearance.

"Of course it's the furrier's," said Miss Wealthy scornfully. But you aint goin' to buy no coat in that old dress, be you? Wait till the weddin's over——"

Miss Patience had caught her breath. Now or never.

"I aint goin' to have me no seal-skin, sister," she said faintly. "I've give up havin' one. But after the weddin' I'll help you select yours."

"Humph," said Miss Wealthy, "Guess you won't, for I aint goin' to have one, either. Fact, is, Patience, I give it up two or three days ago. I'd look like an old fool in one of them coats. But you didn't look so bad as you might in that one of Marion's, Patience. I wouldn't say but that 'twas middlin' becoming."

The tone was grim, but genuine. And Miss Patience flushed crimson. It

was the first compliment she had ever received from Miss Wealthy.

"Truth is," she said, "I can't buy no coat anyway, Wealthy. I—well, you see—I—I bought that purple-lined one for Marion."

"You bought that purple-lined one for Marion?" repeated Miss Wealthy, dropping into a chair.

The dreaded disclosure made, Miss Patience felt a sudden increase of strength. "Yes," she said, "I did. 'Twas my own money, Wealthy, and I'd earned it myself. Mebby 'twas a little mite foolish, but——"

"Well, I never," said Miss Wealthy, getting to her feet, "they's two of us, then, Patience Alden, for I bought 'tother one—the red-lined one."

"You?" gasped Miss Patience weakly.

"Yes, me," said Miss Wealthy. "And it's no one's business but mine if I did. And there's only one more thing to do," she went on with her usual quick acceptance of situations, "and that is to settle for 'em. We'll both go half, and keep our mouths shut, and that's the end on't."

So the Alden girls returned to their native town wearing their last winter's coats. And if Marion had guessed

the secret she said nothing whatever about it.

On Christmas morning, however, the expressman left a large package at the front door of the Alden homestead. When it was opened there appeared two beautiful seal-skin coats, exactly alike, save that the one marked for Miss Wealthy was lined with red, and the one for Miss Patience with purple satin.

And for each there was a letter from Mr. Hugh MacClure, in which he begged them to accept, with his best regards and kindest Christmas wishes, etc., etc., "these little tokens of his lasting esteem and affection."

The letters were exactly alike, too, save in one respect. To Miss Patience's there was added a short postscript. When she read it love's crimson roses, which should have bloomed in her cheeks at eighteen, blossomed, the brighter, perhaps, for the long years of waiting.

And quite unconscious of Miss Wealthy's disapproving comments, Miss Patience, while she washed the quaint blue china, sang from beginning to end,

"Jerusalem, the golden,  
With milk and honey blest."



# Sir Christopher Wren's London Churches

By Ralph D. Cleveland

A CASUAL observer who visits London and views the city from Fleet street to the Tower, and from London Bridge to the Bank and the Royal Exchange, would scarcely imagine that almost within that area there are some forty parish churches, nearly all over 200 years old, and the foundations of some of them dating back to the 11th and 12th centuries. In 1350, London was a town of about 90,000 inhabitants, and these churches, each dedicated to some especial saint, were located in what was presumably the residence centre of the city, which was divided into many small parishes. From these early days they gradually increased in number, until the great fire of Sept. 2nd, 1666. At one o'clock on the morning of that fateful day fire broke out in a house in Pudding Lane, and after raging for three days and four nights, was finally arrested only when the King, Charles the Second, ordered some buildings in its path to be blown up with gunpowder.

Evelyn's Diary, in describing this conflagration, says: "All the skie was of a fiery aspect like the top of a burning oven, and the light seen above forty miles round about, for many nights. God grant mine eyes may never behold the like—who now saw

10,000 houses all in one flame; the noise and crackling and thunder of the impetuous flames; the shrieking of women and children; the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses and churches, was like an hideous storme, and the aire all about so hot and inflam'd that, at last, one was not able to approach it,—so that they were forc'd to stand still and let the flames burn on, which they did for neare two miles in length & one in breadth.

"The clouds, also, & smoke were dismall, and reach'd upon computation neere 56 miles in length.

"Thus I left it this afternoon burning—a resemblance of Sodom, or of the last day."

Again: "Sept. 4th . . . . The Eastern wind still more impetuously driving the flames forward,—nothing but the power of Almighty God was able to stop them, for vaine was the help of man."

Pepys' Diary mentions the fact that the entire lead roof of St. Paul's—no less than six acres by measure,—fell in, the melted lead running down into the streets and the crypt, where the books belonging to the Stationers' Hall had been carried for safety. These caught fire and continued burning for a week.

Pepys, in his diary for Jan. 31st, 1667, also quaintly remarks:

"It is observed, and it is true, in the





SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN

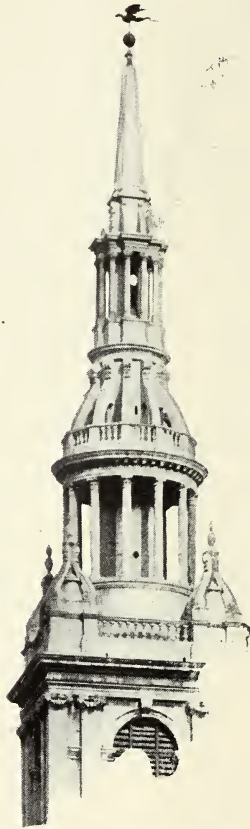
late fire of London, that the fire burned just as many parish churches as there were hours from the beginning to the end of the fire; and next, that there were just as many churches left standing, as there were taverns left standing in the rest of the city, that was not burned, being, I think, thirteen in all

of each, which is pretty to observe."

In such wholesale destruction of property the churches suffered with the rest, and in addition to St. Paul's Cathedral there were no less than eighty-seven parish churches and six chapels destroyed. In the gigantic work of rebuilding that became necessary, a man



ST. BRIDE'S



ST. MARY LE BOW

of much more than usual ability was needed, and such an one was fortunately at hand.

Christopher Wren, at that time only thirty-four years of age, was so remarkable a man, and is so identified with the rebuilding of London and its churches, that we cannot do better than give a short sketch of his life before speaking of his work.

The Wrens were an old Danish family, and one of these members fought with Richard Cœur de Lion in Palestine. Several held positions of trust under different monarchs before Chris-

topher's time,—his grandfather, Francis, being steward to Mary, Queen of Scots, during her captivity in England, and his uncle, Matthew, accompanying Charles the First both to Spain and Scotland, and afterwards being made Clerk of the Closet to Charles,—an office requiring much tact and discretion. He also became Bishop of Hereford, and later of Ely, and was also Dean of Windsor. In consequence of all this kingly favor, he was imprisoned for nearly twelve years by Cromwell.

Christopher's father was an Oxford man, took holy orders, received a living near Fonthill Abbey in Wiltshire, succeeded his brother as Dean of Windsor, and seems to have been a man of great attainments in science and literature, with some skill in architecture, even to being employed in designing a royal building. He married Mary, daughter of Robert Cox, who bore him seven children, two of

them sons, and both christened Christopher. The first, born in 1630, probably died very young, as we find the record,—“Christopher, 1st sonne of Dr. Wren,” and next, “Christopher, 2nd sonne of Christopher Wren, Doctor in Divinite and Rector now.” The entries in the register are much confused, but from diaries kept by the family, the latter's birth must have been about October, 1631.

Christopher was a delicate, weakly boy, who early gave promise of brilliant achievement, his frail health seeming to act as a spur instead of a



check, so that, in his ninth or tenth year, he entered Westminster, then under the famous Dr. Busby. While still very young he showed marked ability in Latin, mathematics and astronomy, and being also of a decidedly inventive turn, he devised some very valuable astronomical instruments before entering Oxford, which he did at the age of fourteen. Here he became deeply interested in all the new scientific apparatus, and it was then he invented the diplographic instrument for simultaneous writing with two pens.

In the autumn of 1653, Wren was elected to the fellowship of All Soul's. Evelyn, who met him at Oxford the following year, speaks of him as "that miracle of a youth." In 1657, he was offered the Gresham professorship of astronomy in London; but being only twenty-four, he doubted whether he should accept the post. His friends, however, were of a different opinion, and he came up to London to accept, delivering his opening address in Latin.

He was largely instrumental in founding the Royal Society, and the first meetings were held in his rooms. In 1661 he resigned his Gresham professorship and accepted the Savilian



ST. MARTIN'S, LUDGATE

professorship of astronomy at Oxford. This chair was founded by Sir Henry Saville in 1619, and required the professor to "explain the Ptolemaic, Copernican and other modern astronomical systems, teach and read on optics, dialling, geography and navigation,—he was to be of any nation in Christendom provided he was of good reputation, had a fair knowledge of Greek, and was twenty-six years of age,—if an Englishman, he must have taken his M. A. degree."

The choice of a professor was to lie with the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor of the University, the Bishop of London, Principal Secretary of State, Chief Justices, the Lord Chief Baron, and Dean of Arches. From these requirements it is easy to see what Wren's abilities must have been. He had studied architecture with as keen an interest as he had shown in his other studies, and when, in 1651, Inigo Jones died, poor and lonely in a lodging near the ruined St. Paul's, his opportunity came. The King sent for Wren to assist Sir Jno. Denham, the Surveyor-General to His Majesty's Works. The following year he was asked to survey old St. Paul's and draw up a plan for rebuilding it.



In 1663, the Sheldonian Theatre at Oxford, his first building, was erected. Then followed the Chapel of Pembroke College. But Wren now felt that he lacked complete mastery of the artistic element in architecture, and paid a visit to France, where he met Bernini, the architect of St. Peter's at Rome. The latter's designs for repairing the Louvre he had an opportunity to see, but not to copy, as he was allowed but a glance at them.

He had intended going to Italy, but was prevented, and returned to England in 1666. It was, as we have said, in September of this year, that the Great Fire occurred. Had Wren's plans for the rebuilding of the entire city been carried out, the London of to-day would not be in its present congested condition. For example, his plan provided that Ludgate Hill should widen gradually as it approached St. Paul's, where it was to divide into two broad streets, running on either side of the Cathedral, and leaving a large open space in which it was to stand. One of these streets was to run parallel to the river until it reached the Tower, and the other to the Royal Exchange, which Wren meant to be the centre of the city, and which he planned should



ST. AUGUSTINE AND ST. FAITH

stand in a great piazza. From this, ten streets were to diverge, and around it were to be placed the Post Office, the Mint, the Excise Office, the Goldsmiths' and the Insurance Halls, forming the outside of the piazza.

The churches were to occupy commanding positions along the principal thoroughfares—and "all churchyards, gardens and trades that use great fires or yield noisome smells" were to be placed out of town. These were the main features of Wren's plan, and the present visitor to London can readily see what a vast difference it would have made, had it been carried out,—but, alas for London, the quarrels and greed of property owners prevented, and its citizens are now expiating the folly of their predecessors.

Sir Jno. Denham dying in 1668, Wren succeeded to his office and authority, and began at once the rebuilding of the entire

city. A tremendous task it was, for we learn from Wren's records that he was hampered much as are architects of the present day, by lack of funds, petty jealousies and other annoyances.

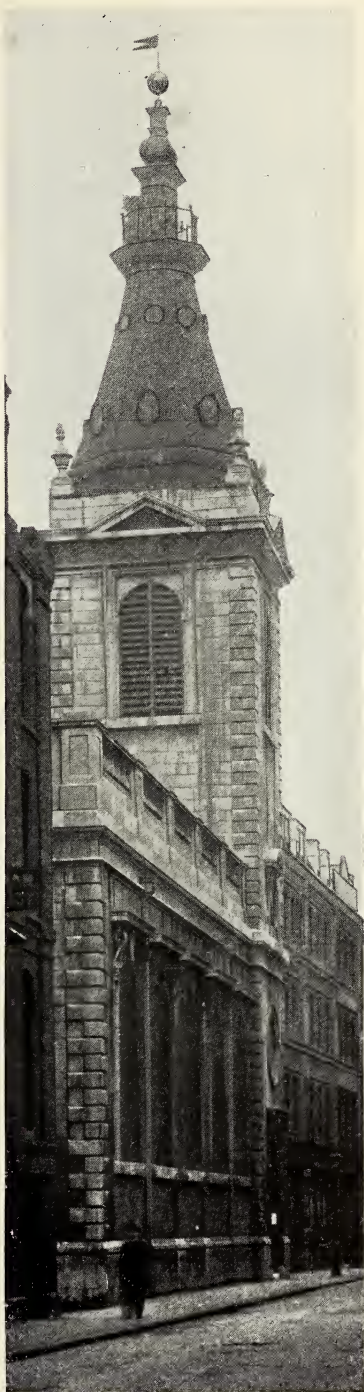
Wren's mathematical and mechanical instincts were such that, wherever constructive strength was concerned, his judgment was unerring, as is dem-

onstrated by the solidity of his structures to-day.

To appreciate their artistic beauty and historic value as well, requires a stroll through the "City," for it is in its most crowded business streets that they are to be found. Many of them are hard to find at all, and it is almost impossible to secure an advantageous point from which to get a good picture. If the keys, or the person in charge, can be located—not always an easy task—many of them will be found extremely beautiful, but the light in most is so poor that a photograph of the interior would be very unsatisfactory.

In walking down the right hand side of Fleet Street from the Strand, just before coming to Ludgate Circus, is a little narrow street called "St. Bride's Court," or "Place." Up this some fifty feet is St. Bride's, one of Wren's most beautiful churches. You might pass along Fleet Street a thousand times and never see it. St. Bride's, which is considered to rank next in beauty to St. Mary le Bow, was rebuilt in 1680. It had been originally named for an Irish virgin, St. Bridget, or Bride, who died in 525. An iron pump, in a niche near by, shows the site of the holy well of St. Bride. The hospital, founded by Edward the Sixth, and named for this church, was afterward converted into a prison, called Bridewell. Hence the derivation of our word for a city prison. The steeple of St. Bride's was originally 234 feet high, but was struck by lightning and reduced eight feet in rebuilding.

Crossing Ludgate Circus, we come to St. Martin's, half way up Ludgate Hill, on the left. This is one of the less picturesque and interesting churches. It was rebuilt in 1684, and



'ST. NICHOLAS, COLE ABBEY





ST. ANDREW'S BY THE WARDROBE

its early history is very obscure.

Continuing up Ludgate Hill, derived from Lud's Gate,—an entrance to the city built by a certain King Lud sixty-nine years before Christ,—and passing St. Paul's on the left, we come

to St. Augustine and St. Faith, at the entrance to Watling Street. A very good view of it may be obtained from the steps of the south portico of St. Paul's.

This church was rebuilt in 1695, and



owed its name to a Benedictine monk who was sent to England by Gregory I. to convert Ethelbert to Christianity. Augustine founded a monastery at Canterbury, and was buried there. The Christian Church in England really began with him, and to him the order of St. Augustine owes its name. The church in Watling Street is mentioned in the 12th century.

Taking the first turn to the right from Cannon Street brings one to St. Nicholas, Cole Abbey, in Knight-Rider Street. Little is known of its ancient history, but it was rebuilt by Wren in 1677, and has one of his lead spires, with a balcony so near the top as to make it very difficult of access.

Descending from here to Victoria Street and turning back to the west, we soon come, on the right, to St. Andrew by the Wardrobe, rebuilt by Wren in 1692.

After the fire this parish was united to St. Anne's, Blackfriars—it was called "by the Wardrobe" from being next the King's house or "Wardrobe." It was also very near Baynard's Castle, belonging to the Fitz Walters, where Shakespeare placed one scene of his "Richard III," as the Duke of Gloucester occupied the castle when he assumed the throne. The interior has a very lofty carved pulpit, surmounted by a tall sounding board or canopy, and reached by an unusually long flight of steps. It is remarkable as being constructed of brick with stone trimmings and quoines, a comparatively rare thing in Wren's churches, and it is also more conspicuous than some of them as standing back from the street and several feet above it.

Continuing east again, in Upper Thames Street, we come to the tower



ST. MARY'S, SOMERSET

—all that now remains of it—of St. Mary, Somerset. It was named originally "Towerhithe," from a "hithe" or wharf near by, and was rebuilt in 1695. The body of the church has been demolished to make room for business buildings. The tower was left as a means of collecting parish taxes, which could not have been done had it been totally destroyed.

Following down Thames Street, up a little lane to the left, brings us to St. James, Garlick Hithe—so named from St. James, the Great, beheaded under Herod, and from a hithe, or wharf, near by, where garlic was formerly

sold. A figure of St. James projects over the dial outside, and the tower is especially beautiful. It was rebuilt by Wren in 1683.

Taking next a little street, passing along the south side of St. James, and following it across Queen Street, in a very few steps we shall come to St. Michael's, College Hill. This is one of three which are modeled on somewhat similar lines, the others being St. James, Garlick Hithe, and St. Stephen's, Walbrook. The square tower of St. Michael's is surmounted by a circular lantern, surrounded by eight beautiful Ionic columns, from which springs another smaller lantern of a somewhat similar type, terminating in a solid finial and vane. The church was rebuilt in 1694, but the steeple was not finished until 1713.

Retracing our steps a little and ascending Queen Street as far as Queen Victoria Street, we shall see the square pinnacled tower of St. Mary, Aldermary, across the street and to our left. It was so called as being older than the other Mary churches. Wren did not rebuild it, but merely repaired the old church not entirely destroyed by the fire.

Passing down Cannon Street, nearly opposite the Cannon Street Station, we come to St. Swithin's, and a little further on, up a court to the left, is



ST. JAMES

St. Mary's Abchurch, another of Wren's brick churches, with a lead steeple, called Ab, or "up" church, from the fact of its being built on rising ground.

Again passing down Cannon Street, we enter Eastcheap, and turning down Fish Street toward the river, St. Maglens the Martyr, is before us. As it is within a stone's throw of the celebrated Billingsgate Fish Market, it would be well to defer one's visit to it until Sunday, as on other days the street is crowded with fishmongers and their carts. Legends say that St. Maglens was twice submitted to the test of a fiery furnace, and three times exposed to wild

beasts, without injury, and though ultimately stoned to death, lived till he prayed to die. We may infer that the church was poorly attended, as in an old chronicle it is written:

"We fynde dyver of the priests and clarkes, in tyme of dyvyne Service, be at tavernes and ale howses, at fysshing and other trifils; whereby dyvyne service is let, etc."

Wren rebuilt this church in 1705. The ground story of the tower was opened out on three sides after the fire of 1759, to form a footway to old London Bridge. At this time, it was found that Wren had foreseen this necessity and made provision for it, filling up the arches with brick. When the present London Bridge was built, in 1830, St.





ST. MARGARET, LOTHBURY



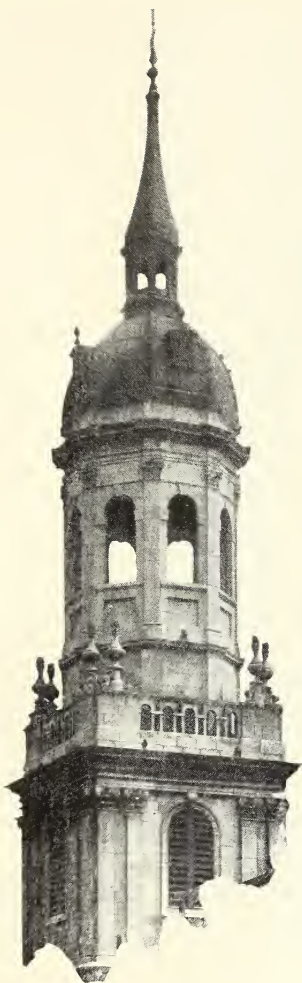
ST. MARY, ALDERMARY

Maglens was left out of the stream of traffic, and her sacred walls have become a lounging place for the fish-monger, while the air reeks with the odor of his wares, and the arches re-echo his "Billingsgate."

Continuing down Lower Thames Street, past the fish market, we turn up to the left, opposite the Custom House, and come to St. Dunstan's in the East, one of the most graceful of Wren's steeples. It was said this steeple was designed by his daughter

Jane, but of this there seems to be no certainty. Its construction is peculiar and was thought, by many, to be weak, but time has demonstrated that Wren's judgment was correct, and that it is one of his strongest. This church was rebuilt by him in 1698, but the original was erected about 1300, and the list of presiding clergy began about 1312. There is every reason to believe that the old church was much larger than the present one, as, when Wren's workmen were digging they found remains





ST. MAGNUS, LONDON BRIDGE



ST. MICHAEL, COLLEGE HILL

of walls and buildings extending far outside of its present limits.

Dunstan was the nephew of Athelm, Archbishop of Canterbury, and was born at Glastonbury, in Somersetshire, in 924 or 925. In 946 he was made Abbot of Glastonbury, that celebrated Abbey whose ruins still remain one of the most beautiful in England. He is said to have founded the order of Benedictines in England, and was also made Archbishop of Canterbury and became

instrumental in placing Edward upon the throne. He died in 988. Both Canterbury and Glastonbury claim him as their own, and authorities differ as to his final resting place.

The spire of St. Dunstan's is considered faulty in design, from an artistic point of view, by some of Wren's critics, but its exquisite lightness and grace cannot fail to give pleasure to any observer.

We have now reached the extreme

eastern limits of our ramble, and must turn backwards to the west. Ascending the hill from St. Dunstan's, and passing into Eastcheap, the tall lead spire of St. Margaret, Pattens, will be in view to our left.

This church was named for the Virgin of Antioch, who gave up her life for Christianity about the 4th century, while its latter name came from that of the lane, where it stood,—pattens being made and sold there,—since called Rood Lane, from the fact that when the old church was pulled down, a cross was put up on the spot for the offerings of the faithful. It was rebuilt in 1687.

Passing west, on Eastcheap, into King William Street, looking up the first alley to the right, the pretty spire of St. Edmund the King and Martyr will be revealed. Edmund, a just and holy man, was King of East Anglia in 840, ruling till 870, when he was taken prisoner by the Danes, tortured and beheaded for refusing to abjure his faith. The spot where his head was buried is the site of what was one of the richest monasteries of England, Bury St. Edmunds, in Suffolk. The present church was rebuilt in 1690.

Close to this church, on Lombard Street, under an archway, back of business buildings, is All Hallows, Lombard Street, and just north of it, in Cornhill, is St. Peter's—two more of Wren's churches of which it will be found impossible to secure a good view.

Crossing now the open square in front of the Royal Exchange, and turning to the left, around the corner of the Mansion House, we come to St. Stephen's, Walbrook, so named from being on the west side of a brook,



ST. MARY'S, ABCHURCH

which was probably where the Mansion House now stands.

This is another spire almost exactly similar to that of St. James, Garlick-Hithe. It was this church, rebuilt in 1681, which so charmed Canova, that he wished to revisit England "in order

to see again St. Paul's, Somerset House and St. Stephen's, Walbrook."

Crossing over to the Bank, and passing up Prince Street, we shall find St. Margaret's, Lothbury, facing the back of the Bank. It is but a small church, curious now only as illustrating how the city has grown around it, the back of the Bank of England being opposite its door, and Throckmorton Street, with its Stock Exchange, and rush of brokers, within a stone's throw.

Following Gresham Street, the continuation of Lothbury, to the west, for perhaps two hundred yards, we come to St. Lawrence, Jewry, just at the entrance to the Guild Hall.

We get more of a view of the body of this church than of almost any of the others, as it is nearly surrounded by streets instead of buildings. It was rebuilt in 1667, but existed as early as 1293. Here are buried Thomas Boleyn, father of Anne, wife of Henry the Eighth and mother of Elizabeth. Here, also, lies Richard Rich, a mercer, from whom descended the Earls of Warwick. In the vestry room is an old painting representing the manner of St. Lawrence's death, and another showing his reception into Heaven, while, outside, the vane has the form of a gridiron. It derived the term Jewry from the locality, which was that finally apportioned to



ST. MARGARET,  
PATTEN'S ROOD LANE

the Jews, for residence and church purposes, soon after the arrival of William the Conquerer.

Turning to the right, around the west end of St. Lawrence, Jewry, into Aldermanbury, we come to St. Mary's of that name. At the south side of the church there is a small churchyard with seats in it, and a few trees, under whose shade, at the lunch hour, many of the clerks of the neighborhood find a pleasant resting place and change from their dingy offices. This church, and many of the others, is open during the noon-time, to afford those who wish it an opportunity for quiet prayer.

St. Mary's, Aldermanbury, took its name from its situation, formerly called Alderman's Bury, or Guild Hall. It was rebuilt in 1677.

There is a tablet with a Latin inscription, showing that it existed in 1181. On the north side of the communion table lie the remains of the infamous Judge Jeffreys.

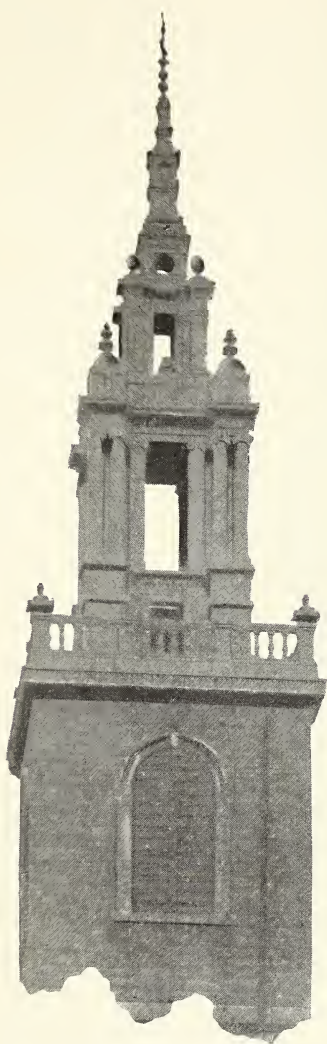
By a little alley at the side of St. Mary's we pass into Wood Street, where we shall find St. Alban's, one of Wren's most pleasing Gothic compositions.

The history of the old church is worth mentioning: The Emperor Diocletian, in the third century, persecuting Christians wherever found,





ST. DUNSTAN'S, IN THE EAST



ST. STEPHEN'S, WALBROOK

caused the death of a man named Alban at Vernham, in Hertfordshire, about twenty miles from London. Alban was called the pro-martyr of England, and in 793, Offa, King of Mercia, having received pardon from the pope for a murder, on condition that he would be liberal to ecclesiastical establishments, obtained the canonization of Alban and erected a large and state-

ly monastery near Vernham to his memory. St. Alban's, Wood Street was one of several belonging to this monastery, and was in existence in 1077. It was rebuilt in 1685.

Among the epitaphs written on its walls we find this one:

"Hic jacet Tom Shorthose,—

Sine tombe, sine sheets, sine riches  
Que vixit sine gowne, sine cloak,  
Sine shirt, sine breeches!"

Turning south in Wood Street to Cheapside, the beautiful spire of St. Mary-le-Bow, with its celebrated dragon, is in view on the left. This spire is considered one of the most beautiful of Wren's conceptions, and the church is unusually well known from its association with "Bow Bells." Originally a cockney was anyone born within sound of Bow Bells, but if this definition still held good, there would be no cockneys other than the children of some of the janitors and attendants in the business buildings of the present City. It was rebuilt in 1671, but was first mentioned as a Christian church in the reign of William the Conqueror. Stowe says it was built on arches or "bows" of stone—thence named "arquebuse" or "bow."

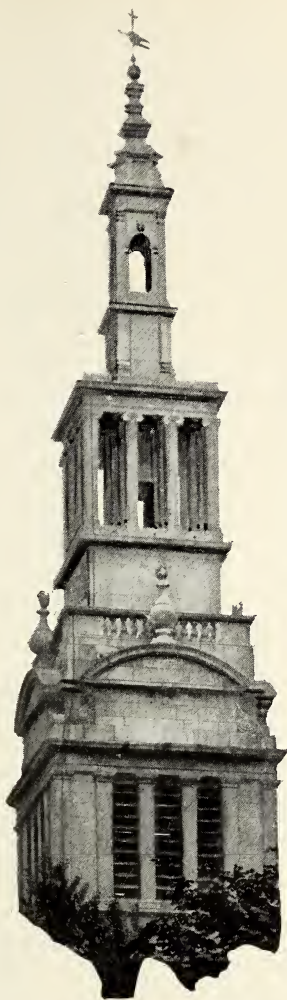
The old steeple was rebuilt in 1469, and Bow Bell was ordered to be rung nightly at 9 o'clock—a vestige of Norman curfew. Apprentices in the neighborhood used to await its ringing anxiously, and an old couplet shows complaint against the parish clerk for not keeping regular hours:

"Clark of the Bow Bell, with the yellow  
lockes,  
For thy late ringing, thy head shall have  
knockes."

And the clerk's reply:



ST. VEDAST.



CHRIST CHURCH

"Children of Cheape, hold you all still,  
For you shall have the Bow Bell, rung at  
your will."

The old church was a mean, low edifice, and the new church was built partly over the crypt of the Norman one, and partly on an old Roman causeway.

Turning now again to the west, we shall find St. Vedast, to the right, off Cheapside, in Foster Lane, just back of the General Post Office. A pretty view of this tower may be obtained from Newgate Street, looking east.

The old church was certainly extant in 1308. Vedast, for whom it was named, was Bishop of Arras, in the province of Artois, in 484. "A man of great holynesse and charitie," and many are the legends of miracles performed by him. He is said to have once met with a cruel bear, prowling in the ruins of a Christian church. At his command, the bear departed into the wilderness, and never returned





ST. LAWRENCE, JEWRY

again! Hence the symbol of the bear in connection with the saint.

Directly north of where we stand in Newgate Street is the celebrated Christ Church and Christ Church Hospital, or the Blue Coat School, as it is now called.

In 1224, nine Franciscan friars came from Italy to England. Four went to London and five to Canterbury, where they were helped by some citizens to erect buildings. Stowe says they consecrated their church in 1325, and four queens are known to be buried there.

In the reign of Henry the Eighth, their property suffered many changes, and was used for divers purposes, but was finally restored as a large parish under certain conditions attached, one of the priests being always required to attend prisoners at Newgate. The present church is only one-half the size of the original, the remainder being enclosed as a burial ground, and Christ Church Hospital has become the Blue Coat School, of which Lamb speaks so feelingly:

"The Blue Coat School is an institution to keep those who have yet held up their heads in the world, from sinking; to keep alive the spirit of a decent household when poverty was in danger of crushing it; to assist those who are the most willing, but not always the most able, to assist themselves; to separate a child from his family for

a season, in order to render him back hereafter with feelings and habits more congenial to it than he could have attained by remaining at home in the bosom of it."

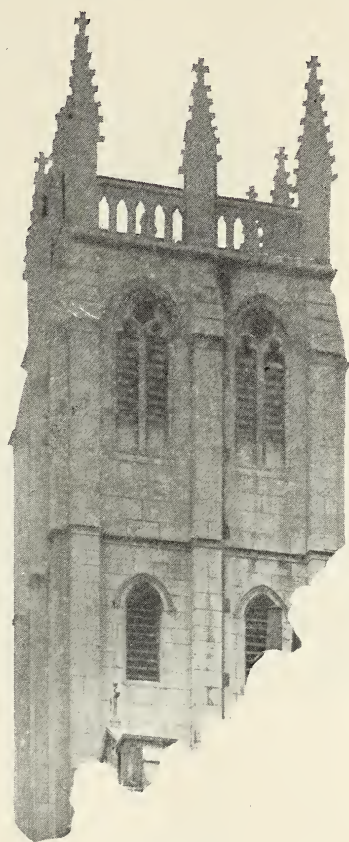
Lamb, himself, was a member of this school, as were also Leigh Hunt, Coleridge and other well-known men, among them, we understand, Baden

Powell, the hero of Mafeking.

Following up Newgate Street to Holborn Viaduct, we come to St. Andrew's, Holborn, on the left. Wren did not rebuild, but merely repaired it in 1704. It was so named from the disciple, Andrew, and from being on the site of a stream which ran to old Borne Bridge, the old "bourne" or limit.

This brief survey may draw the reader's and the traveler's attention to the life and labors of one too little known, and help those who wish to find these churches.

That Wren did not escape unfair treatment is shown by the fact that while he was working upon St. Paul's Cathedral, he was only allowed payment of half his salary till the church should be completed, "to ensure speed and faithful expenditure of time!" Later, attempts were made to defraud him of some of the salary due him, until at last, in despair, he applied to the House of Commons, which directed immediate payment of all arrears. Jealousy prompted several malicious attacks upon his integrity, all of which, of course, proved utterly false, while those directed against Jennings, his master carpenter, fell to the ground as well, so bravely did Wren defend him.



ST. ALBAN'S

In 1673 Wren had been knighted, and for some portion of his life he inhabited a huge house, which he had built in Great Russell Street. It was so large that it was afterward divided into four, and was occupied by Wren's eldest son and, in turn, by his second son, Stephen.

In 1710, after thirty-five years, the crown was put to his labors, and the last stone of the lantern above the dome of St. Paul's, was laid by Wren's son, in the presence of his father and others, most of whom had worked on the building. Dean Milman gives a beautiful pic-

ture of the scene in his *Annals*:

"All London had poured forth for the spectacle, which had been publicly announced, and were looking up in wonder to the old man who was on that wondrous height, setting the seal, as it were, to his august labors. A man, not originally educated for an architect, but compelled by the public necessities to assume, and so to fulfil it, as to stand on a level with the most consummate masters of the art in Europe, and to take his stand on an eminence, which his English successors almost despair of attaining." "A man who had the conception of a painter, as well as an architect."

In April, 1718, George the First dismissed him, and he retired to his house at Hampton Court, where he spent the greater part of his declining years,



though he still watched the progress of the works at Westminster Abbey, the surveyorship of which he retained. Old age weakened his limbs, but not his clear understanding, and in scientific pursuits and the diligent study of the Holy Scriptures, serene and gentle as ever, he awaited his summons.

Once a year it was his habit to be driven to London and sit for a while under the dome of his own cathedral. On one of these journeys he caught a cold, and soon after, February 25th, 1723, he was discovered, by one of his servants, dead in his chair, with an expression of perfect peace on his calm features.

He lies buried in the southeast crypt of St. Paul's, whose mighty dome is daily filled with the vast congregations he had foreseen, and whose grand bells fill the air with music, dominating even the roar of London.

Of Wren's character it has well been said: "In a corrupt age, all testimony

leaves him spotless, in positions of great trust and still greater difficulty his integrity was but the more clearly shown by the attacks made upon him; among the foremost philosophers of his age, he was a striking example

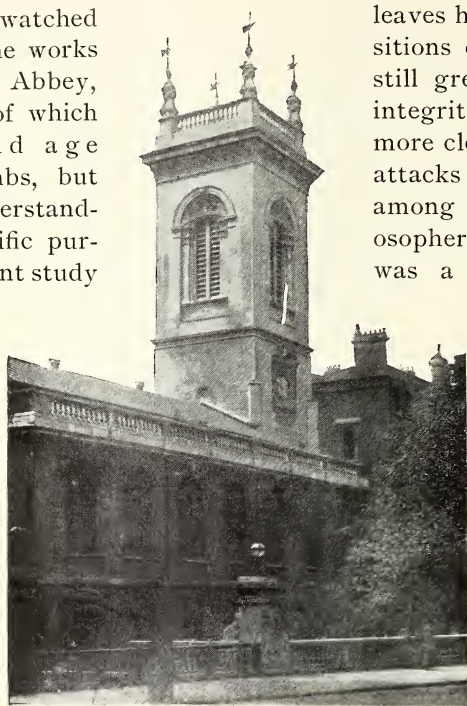
that 'every good and perfect gift cometh from above.' No child could have held the truths of Christianity with a more undoubting faith than did Sir Christopher Wren."

In person he was short of stature,

thin and dark, with black hair and eyes.

His son's beautiful inscription in Latin, to his memory, is placed in letters of gold over the door of the north transept of the church. We give the translation:

"Beneath is laid the builder of this church and city, Christopher Wren, who lived more than ninety years, not for himself, but for the good of the State. Reader, if thou ask for a monument, look around thee!"



ST. ANDREW'S



# When Christmas Comes

By Virna Sheard

FOR thee, my small one,—trinkets and new toys,  
The wine of life and all its keenest joys,  
When Christmas comes.

For me, the broken playthings of the past  
That in my weary hands I still hold fast,  
When Christmas comes.

For thee, fair hopes of all that yet may be,  
And tender dreams of sweetest mystery,  
When Christmas comes.

For thee, the future in a golden haze,  
For me, the memory of some bygone days,  
When Christmas comes.

For thee, the things that lightly come and go,  
For thee, the holly and the mistletoe,  
When Christmas comes.

For me, the smiles that are akin to tears,  
For me, the frosts and snows of many years,  
When Christmas comes.

For thee, the twinkling candles bright and gay,  
For me, the purple shadows and the gray,  
When Christmas comes.

For thee, the friends that greet thee at the door,  
For me, the faces I shall see no more,  
When Christmas comes.

But ah, for both of us the mystic star  
That leadeth back to Bethlehem afar,  
When Christmas comes.

For both of us the child they saw of old,  
That evermore his mother's arms enfold,  
When Christmas comes.



# Children in Factory and Commercial Life

By Haryot Holt Cahoon

**T**HE wrongs of the child wage-earner furnish one of the strongest commentaries upon the selfishness of human nature and man's inhumanity to man. During the past few years legislation in the interest of child labor has been exceedingly active, but the obstacles to progress have been and in certain localities continue to be many and potent, and the enforcement of the law is met by such contentious conditions that one is forced to conjecture as to what the situation might be if dealt with on grounds of principle rather than of law. In the year 1802, in England, manufacturers took children from almshouses to work, and to prevent

them from running away obliged them to wear chains extending from hip to ankle, thereby impeding their progress on the way between the poor house and the factory. In the year 1819 Parliament declared that no child younger than nine years of age should be employed. So intense were the wrongs heaped upon the children by the heartless employers of that time that much indignation was aroused, and the institution of child labor was generally referred to as Yorkshire Slavery, and the Society for the Improvement of Factory Children was founded to remedy this evil. This was in the year 1830, and that same year Massachusetts passed a law forbidding the

employment of children under twelve years of age for more than ten hours a day. Even at the present time there are more children under fifteen years of age employed in the United States than in either England, Italy or Germany, in proportion to population.

The compulsory education law has, in this country, proved to be the key to the child labor problem. It provides schooling for every child under fourteen years of age, while any under sixteen must be supplied with a birth certificate before being eligible to employment, and every factory employer is obliged to keep an age record of such employes under penalty of the law. There is also a health law which requires that the child pass a physical examination at the hands of some reputable practitioner, and there is another holding the employer to a certain standard regarding protection to life, limb and morals.

While these laws do not hold in every state, they suggest in what measure the promoters of the welfare of child laborers have sought to lessen the injustice that falls to the lot of the helpless. Six of the southern states have no compulsory education law, nor labor law of any description in behalf of children, and some other states are manifestly indifferent regarding their welfare to the extent of placing the age under which employments are forbidden at ten and twelve years. Many of the latter, however, specify against the employment of girls in mines, but it is a question whether the law is enforced.

New York and Massachusetts are most vigilant in looking after the interests of the working children, and Illinois is fighting energetically against

the sweat shop evil which flourishes in that state. In New York, after the first offence, the penalty for the illegal employment of children may be as severe as fifty dollars fine and three months imprisonment, so that there the employment of children in sweat shops is a thing of the past. The last Factory Inspector's report stated that they found 20,191 children under sixteen employed in factories throughout the State of New York. In Pennsylvania there are 125,000 children, from ten to fifteen years of age, employed in manufacturing and mining. For the violation of the compulsory education law the fine is two dollars. North Carolina employs 8,000 children in the cotton mills, and only 68 per cent. of them can read and write. In that state the average wage is thirty-two cents for a day of twelve and a half hours, and many are only eight years old. During these long hours they either stand or run with trucks or ply a broom larger than themselves. North Carolina is trying to pass a compulsory education law. Alabama tried in the last legislature and failed. In that State there are twelve hundred little children working in the cotton mills.

The growing efficiency of the factory inspectors in detecting violations of the law has contributed largely to reduce the amount of child labor in manufacturing industries of the various states. The enforcement of the health certificate clause has had the effect of making the employer more observant of the condition of the child put to work, and as a consequence children of better physique are employed. When the age affidavit, health certificate and other details are recorded the child possesses an added





the early morning run over the ice and snow to their homes. The health certificate clause does not protect these children from burns and blindness inflicted while carrying red hot rods along intersecting paths. The further restriction of the employment of boys in this industry might stimulate technical improvements.

The inspector has many phases of abuse to com-

bat. value to the employer, as one not apt to involve him in prosecution, and as the child is thus retained permanently there is a gain of material value from this beginning of stability in work.

"Law breaking in this particular shows a marked decrease in Illinois," said a factory inspector of that State: "In 1895 there were 45 children to every 1,000 employes. In 1896 there were 37 to every 1,000, notwithstanding the increase of factories."

The enactment of the Ohio prohibition of the employment of children at occupations dangerous to life, limb, health and morals would facilitate the release of boys from some of the worst phases of the glass industry for example. No law is broken when boys work all night long in the heat of the glass-furnaces, and then in the darkness of

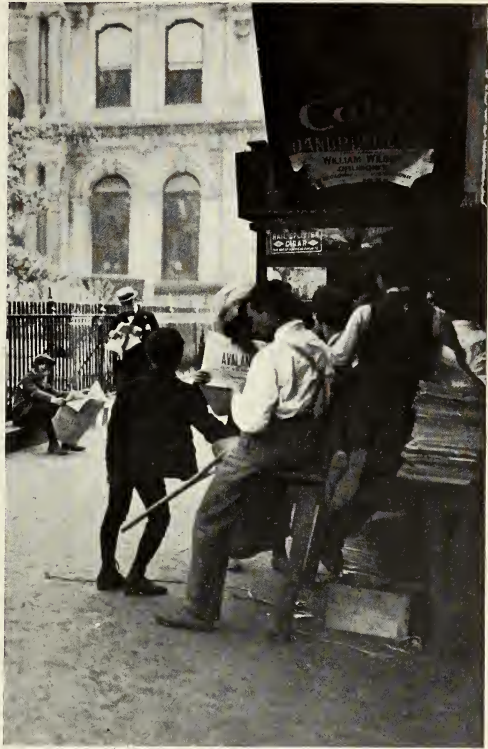
bat. Arsenical paper and paste that is unfit for use sicken the child in the paper box factory; nicotine poisons the worker in tobacco; cheap mercurial gilding stains the hand and produces paralysis; but the inspector cannot prohibit employment after the health certificate has been obtained. A child may run an elevator, or feed a buzz saw, or a stamping machine, and the inspector is powerless to interfere.

The health certificate fails in meeting its requirements for the reason that a child forbidden to work by one physician has only to search long enough to find some ignorant or unscrupulous practitioner who will issue a certificate. Thus, when a scrupulous employer refuses to employ a child who has no certificate of health, there is easily found

an unscrupulous employer who sees that the child obtains one, and the inspector, following the case up, finds the certificate on file, and so can proceed no further. Out of 135 children examined by two physicians at the instigation of the inspector, 72 had certificates issued, 53 were prohibited from work, and 10 were forbidden to work at tobacco stripping, stamping machines, knife grinding or in sweat shops. Each child was weighed with and without clothing, had eyes and ears tested, heart, lungs, skin, spine, joints and nails examined, and forty measurements taken.

Laws are made protecting child labor, and it is the business of the factory inspector to enforce them, but it is next to impossible to do so, when parents and employers connive to evade and violate the law. The mother's word regarding the age of the child is more readily believed than the intelligent estimate of the inspector. If the child is only ten or eleven, and the mother states that he is fourteen, no more can be said. The country is full of undersized children, and the reason is obvious. Premature work results in physical break-down, in the sapping of moral energy and the stunting of wage-earning capacity. If society suffers children to work prematurely, society must pay the penalty when the child becomes dependent upon it in mature years.

It is but just to state that many of the children in factories have far from unpleasant experiences. All the factories are not glass; nor silk, where they sometimes stand ankle deep in water; nor tobacco, where the fumes



and poison wreck them physically; nor cotton, where they stand all day at the loom. In many of the better class of canning factories the surroundings are healthful and cheery and the work far from unpleasant.

Children in mercantile are more pleasantly situated in many respects than those in factory life, and in large cities, particularly, a business chance is regarded as a most valuable opening. The law provides that children in New York may work at fourteen years of age. Too much cannot be said in praise of the humane methods employed by many merchants in training their youthful workers. One of the large firms has established a lesson hour, and half of the entire staff of boys attends school each alternate





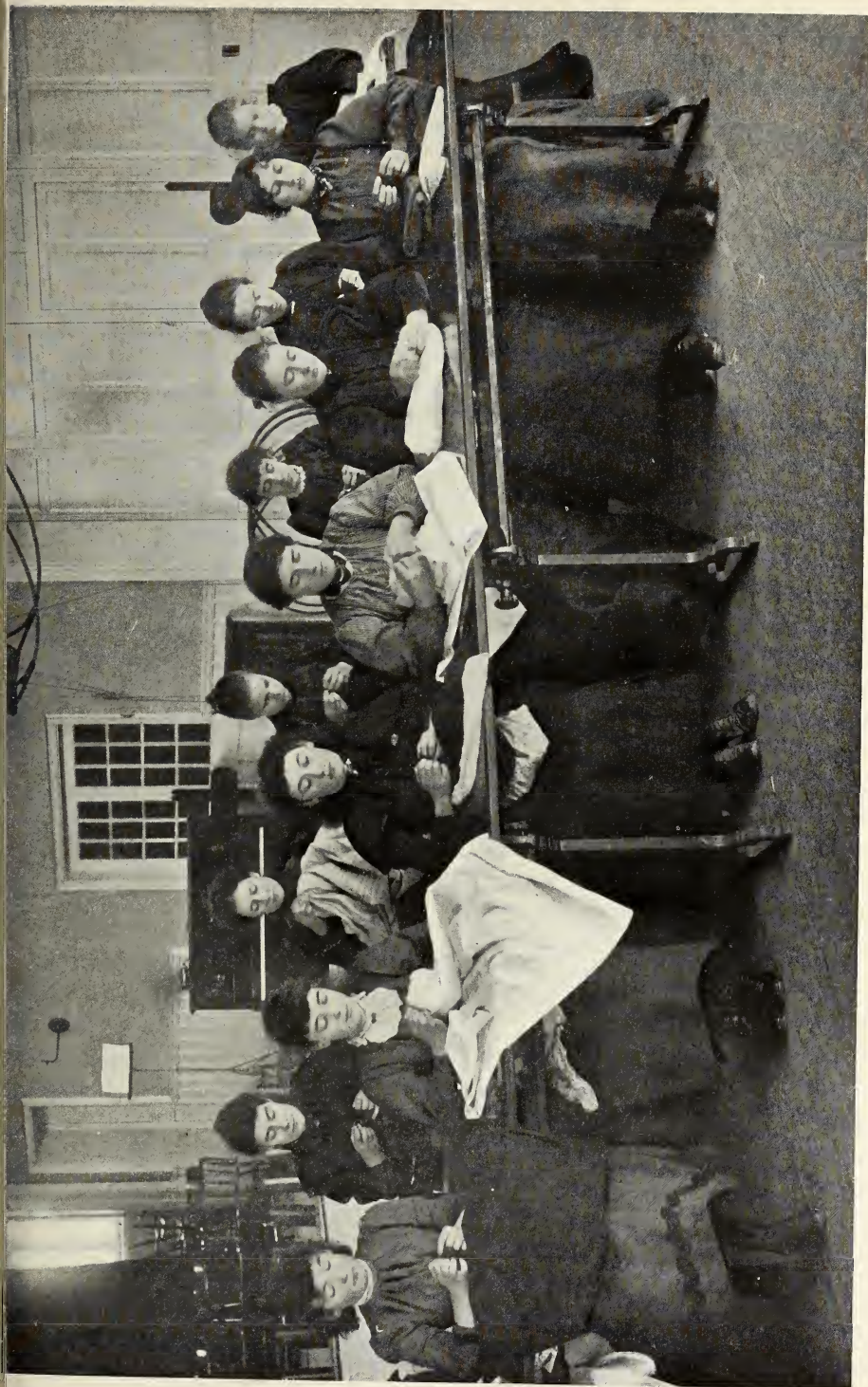
AN ITALIAN SEWING SCHOOL

morning from eight to nine o'clock, under the tutelage of an excellent master. There are boys' and girls' clubs, a gymnasium and a recreation room. There is a social secretary presiding over the mercantile family, and her business is along purely ethical lines. There is a summer vacation house among other advantages to be enjoyed. It is not an unusual feature of the large store that a restaurant is run expressly for the accommodation of the employés and the children in particular, with a variety of simple refreshments for one and two cents. The stores are subject to the supervision of the mercantile inspector, whose business is the same as his of the factory; he looks after the sanitary condition, the hours of work, and so on. No child is permitted to work more than sixty hours a week, and seats are provided for their use when not actually busy.

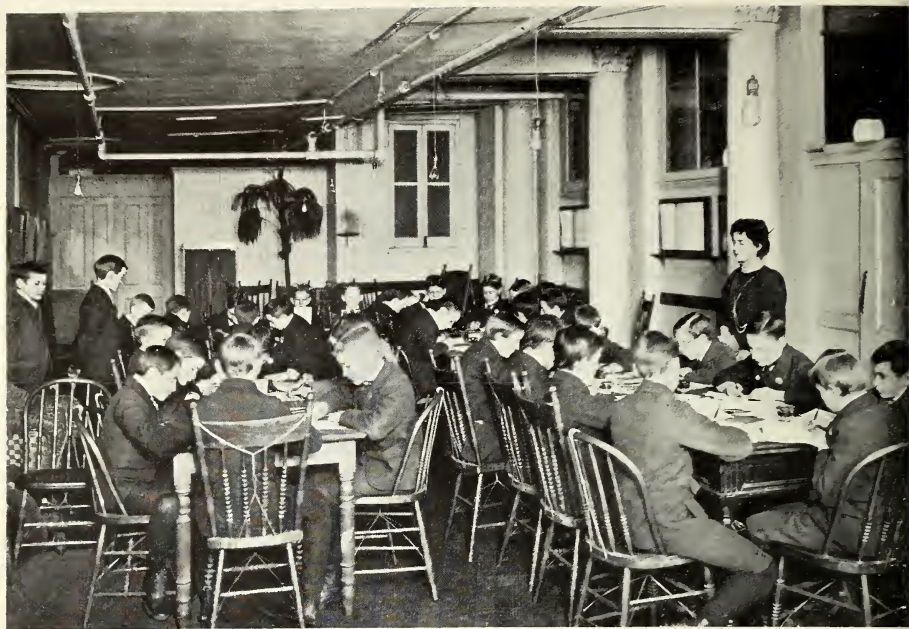
There are, of course, unscrupulous men among this class of employers, the same as elsewhere. There is a case on record where a merchant employed an extra force at holiday time, hiring children indiscriminately without a reference, and at the end of the busy week dismissing first one and then another on the charge of thieving, withholding the wages due to cover the shortage. Thus every child, guilty and innocent alike, went away branded a criminal. The law does not govern the wage of children. Its work is of a more vital nature.

There is no gainsaying the fact that employment in a first-class mercantile establishment is an advantage to the little breadwinner. Here, at last, we may look at child labor with optimistic eyes. The cash girl has become a feature in the department store for the simple reason that girls are more attentive to business and more amena-





SEWING CLASS IN A LIVERPOOL SOAP MANUFACTURER'S FACTORY



A DEPARTMENT STORE SCHOOL FOR CASH BOYS

ble to discipline than the boys of the same age. Coming, as they often do, from some of the poorest homes in the tenement house district, they lend themselves to the improved environment to great advantage. They are required to be neat in appearance, clean, prompt, alert, and are under such strict surveillance that even honesty may become a habit as a mere business qualification. There are cases where advancement, while slow, has been of the sure and reliable kind, and cash girls have become heads of the stock department, and eventually buyers, and are among the most trusted representatives of firms. There are stores where the children are as one large, eager, interested family, where they have regular holiday entertainments, where half the force of little workers is permitted to go home on stormy days when trade is light,

where they are visited when they are ill, where, in short, the heads of the firm take a personal interest in their welfare, and where children succeed to the position their mothers have occupied before them. This is certainly an industrial Utopia, and speaks well for the enterprise and acumen of the merchant who, realizing that his success depends upon his ability to select competent workers, makes a point of stimulating them to their noblest endeavor. The child is apt and imitative, and she comes in contact with a better class of people in trade than she could ever have an opportunity to meet, and even carries home an atmosphere of refinement absorbed in her daily contact. It is because the little cash girl has proved so satisfactory in the department store that women are in a measure crowding out their male competitors behind the



counter, and also are swelling the ranks of the buyers. The jewelry buyer of one of the largest department stores in New York began life as a cash girl in the first department store ever opened in this country, "The Fair," in Chicago, and her salary is now five thousand dollars a year. Here, as elsewhere, it is the survival of the fittest.

Most conspicuous among the great number of unorganized child workers are the newsboys. A movement is now in progress in New York to license them, as they are in Boston, where the measure has met with excellent results. There is at present no means of knowing how many newsboys there are in New York. Presumably they number about four thousand, although it is doubtful if more than half that number depend entirely upon the selling of papers for a livelihood. This is an occupation that can be followed without interfering with school attendance, and there is no question about the benefit to be derived from requiring a license. The National Association of Newsdealers, Booksellers and Stationers has been especially active in furthering this measure. It will not only dignify the calling, but it will give the greater chance to the worker who depends upon his sales for his living. It will do away with the vagabond element, whose business is in reality pocket-picking, and who use the newsboy's privilege as a blind. The aim is to have the license cost fifty cents, and the association announces itself ready to procure one for any well-intentioned boy who is not able to buy his own. It further promises that a good record will entitle a professional newsboy to become the proprietor of a news-stand as soon as he

is old enough to manage that business, and thus become the recipient of a substantial income.

There are several newsboys' homes in New York, four of which belong to the Children's Aid Society, and one has only to visit them to feel convinced that there is a working chance for a bright, eager specimen of Young America to make his place in the world. Board and lodging costs fifteen cents a day, and this includes, in addition to a clean, comfortable bed, two meals served in plenty. The Children's Aid Society stands ready to find these boys a home in the country, and encourages them to accept it. A sturdy boy in the news business makes from thirty to fifty cents a day. The newsboy's career begins when he is almost a baby; certainly he is too young to handle the financial end of the business, and while he is to be pitied, he is by no means so badly off as many of the little workers in factory life. There are many charities, whose aim is to relieve the necessities of such as he. However, his problem is not a simple one. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has agents working in his behalf, and the Board of Education has its truant officers, who aim to gather him in to the school fold when he strays away. Chicago has the Juvenile Court, through which the city assumes the attitude of the solicitous parent who desires to set the boy right when he makes a mistake, and to show him how to begin all over again. The newsboy and girl, the latter is in evidence even when she is a violator of the law, which she is in Chicago, come under the head of the street children, and to them each year com-





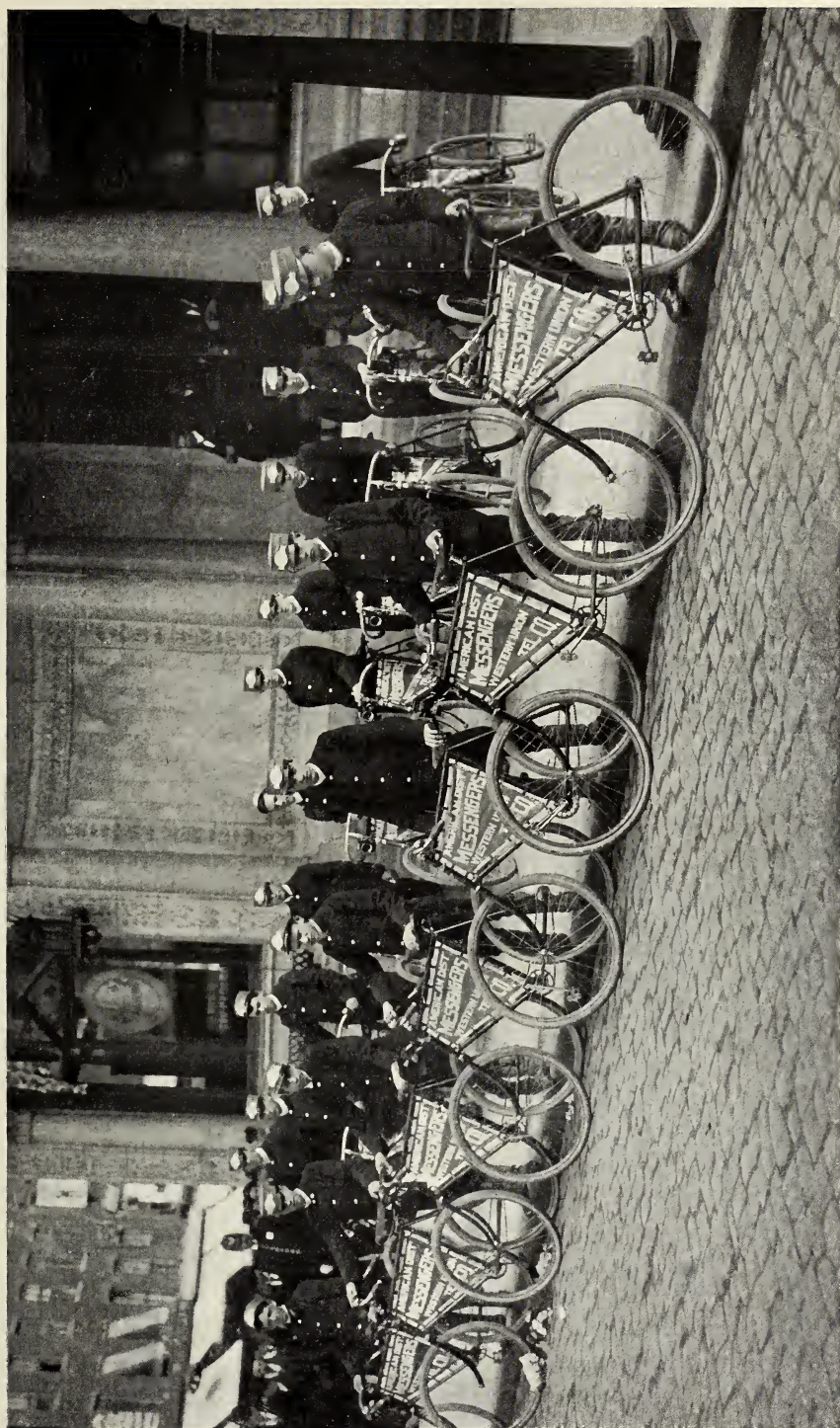
GIRLS AT WORK IN A CHOCOLATE FACTORY

munities are giving more and more attention.

Many states legislate against the stage as a means of living for children. Massachusetts passed a law in the year 1880 "prohibiting a license to circus and shows where parts were taken by children under fifteen years of age." New York State also prohibits in like manner the employment of children behind the foot-lights. Even Louisiana has a law which says that children under fourteen must not be employed by itinerant musicians unless they have attended school four months in the preceding year. Children are employed as models in the studios, although it is a question whether the S. P. C. C. would not forbid the vocation, as it comes quite within their jurisdiction, if their attention were especially called to it.

The health clause of the child labor law in New York State is comprehensive in its meaning. It is a worthy commentary upon the efficacy of issuing vacation employment permits that last June, at the closing of the school term, 4,696 of these certificates were given out by the Health Department to children who applied for them. The vacation employment certificate entitles any child over twelve to work in a store during the vacation period, provided the child is in good physical condition. The necessities of life thrust the children into wage-earning at this time when they should be recuperating their forces for the fall term of school, but it is only in this impersonal way that the law seems able to meet the condition even half way.

The District and Telegraph Mes-



DISTRICT TELEGRAPH MESSENGERS



senger Service provides business openings for many boys, and offices afford employment for thousands, but they must all be over fourteen years of age. In both of these occupations it can only be said of them that they are a developing process and that it is a question of individuality and capacity as far as the future is concerned.

England's reforms, relative to the children who take upon themselves the burden of life all too early, have been very slow in their workings, and although the subject has been agitated for nearly one hundred years, industrial betterment has not progressed further over the sea than in this country, where the awakening to this necessity has been of comparatively recent date. It is interesting to trace the improvements as they came to England. Sir Robert Peel was responsible for the first law passed to relieve the children. That was in the year 1829. The law met with great opposition in Parliament, and it only provided that children who were between the ages of nine and twelve years should not be employed more than twelve hours a day. Two years later night work was forbidden for all under eighteen years of age. Two years after that the cause roused another champion in the person of Lord Ashley, and he succeeded in limiting the working hours for all younger than thirteen to eight hours daily. In 1835 the employment in mines of all children younger than ten was forbidden. Lord Ashley again introduced a bill in 1842 providing that children less than thirteen years of age should work only six and a half hours a day, and this also provided that they should attend school the other half. In 1847 the time was re-

duced to five hours a day. In 1874 the minimum age for the employment of children was raised to ten. In 1878 there was a law passed that children under ten should not be employed at all, and those less than fourteen should be employed half time, or on alternate days. It was then also that inspectors were appointed to enforce the law, and provision was made against accident, medical certificates were required, two hours were allowed for meals, and a half holiday on Saturday. Thus it will be seen that the English factory system was one of slow growth and development. According to the report of the Royal Commission on Labor in 1853, children were employed at only five and six years of age, and the profits drawn from child labor at that time were even said to be an encouragement to early marriages. It was the condition existing at that time that inspired Mrs. Browning to write "The Cry of the Children," every line of which is a protest against the heartlessness of the people:

"'For Oh,' say the children, 'we are weary.'  
\* \* \* \* \*

'For all day we drag our burden tiring,  
Through the coal-dark under-ground,  
Or all day we drive the wheels of iron  
In the factories, round and round.'"

And then, again, at the close of the poem are the strong lines:

"'How long,' they say, 'how long, oh cruel  
nation,  
Will you stand to move the world on a  
child's heart,—  
Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpi-  
tation,  
And tread onward to your throne amid the  
mart?  
Our blood splashes upward, O gold-heaper,  
And your purple shows your path;  
But the child's sob in the silence curses  
deeper  
Than the strong man in his wrath!'"





THE LUNCHEON HOUR

The thinker, the poet and the philanthropist have all marked the wrong and urged the way to meet it, and the great human heart has been made to vibrate with sympathy, until there has risen up, now and then, in the grasping world of commerce, a man who makes industrial betterment a study and a life work. It may be that his fortune of dollars does not build so rapidly, but there are proofs that his measure of happiness compensates for the financial shortage, if there be any. There are now firms in England who organize their employées into a community, the key note of which is self-betterment. There are classes for instruction in the various studies of the ordinary school as well as classes in domestic science to fit girls for a future sphere of usefulness in the home. There are planned diversions also, and in fact the scheme, from beginning to end, is that of altruism and brotherly love.

In this country immense progress has been made in the past ten years, although so much yet remains undone—so much that even rigidly enforced laws have not been able to reach, that the outlook is even yet far from encouraging. There may be laws to re-

strict the employer, but with the poor, hedged in on every side as they are, and with families the size of which seems to be in an inverse ratio to the ability to provide for them, there is to be met the daily necessity, which, according to the adage, knows no law; child labor seems to them to be one legitimate way in which to solve their problem; parents resent the fact that the law demands of them, first, that they educate their children; and also that they make the days of childhood care free; at least, so far as it is possible. But keenly indeed is the public interest whetted, and while the factory inspector is responsible for the general welfare of the juvenile wage earner, on the other hand there are numberless other deputies on the alert for wrongs. In addition to the Board of Education, with such aids as truant officers and the Juvenile Court, there are the Neighborhood Settlements that now number more than 450 in the United States, and there is the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, all of whom labor unceasingly in the interests of the children. Beginning with day nurseries and kindergartens, church and state have joined forces to guard the children of the

nation, to guide and protect them even against the injustice of natural parents.

Jacob Riis' book, "The Children of the Poor," published not quite a decade ago, suggests the improved condition of the little cash girl as we compare her at present with the situation he cites. He tells, among the countless other details that unfold with gruesome verity, the horrors of child labor in New York City, that the working hours were sixteen daily, and that when girls had worked long enough to expect an increase of wages they were discharged and new ones taken in their places. The truant officer called once a year, and sent the youngest children home, but it was less than a month, or indeed, hardly was his back turned, before they were back again working in the same place.

"While the legislature passed laws," wrote Mr. Riis, in scathing criticism, "to prevent employment of children, it has enforced its mandates by employing one factory inspector who 'guesses' at the number of factories, and is charged with the business of running all of them to see that the law is respected."

Great wrongs right slowly, but the law has restricted the number of working hours since the day when Mr. Riis' book went to press, and the fines

to which the employer is liable on violation of the age certificate clause, make it expedient for him to secure one from every child. This age certificate, which is based on the affidavit of the parent, protects him even when it does not protect the child, who is often the victim of mis-statement on the part of the mother, and it is frequently the case that she testifies to the fourteen-year-existence of her offspring when the palpable falsity of her



VACATION HOMES

statement is too absurdly apparent to even admit of argument. In New York State the health certificate occasionally meets wrongs of this nature, and it is also proposed to further the benefits to the children by placing the age of employment at sixteen, and enforcing school attendance for the entire term.

In regarding the condition of children in commercial life, it is well to consider the great advancement that has been made, while at the same time we deplore the existence of evils. When we consider that at the begin-

ning of the present century little children of five and three years of age were working in brick yards; that in factories they were working from twelve to sixteen hours a day; that in mines they were crawling on their hands and knees in places too small for a grown person to enter; when we realize that laws have been enacted, the sole purport of which is to guard the rights of these human beings, who are

dependent upon the mature world, we must view the subject in an optimistic light, for the leaven of kindness and of good thought is working now as it never has worked before. Every intelligent person who awakens from the apathy that is more a habit than an intention, and gives a thought to the subject strengthens the force that seeks to coerce wrong and injustice.



## Forgiven

By Hallam Lee

O H, yes, I know you did not mean to be  
Unkind or cruel when you hurt me so.  
There were the many wrongs you did not see.  
The hindrances that you will never know;  
And I was silent, tho' I longed to speak.  
Had I been otherwise, perhaps 'twere well,—  
Or had you but been tender, kissed my cheek,  
My eyes had said what lips so failed to tell.  
It may be days will come, if we shall live,  
When life's full burden bringeth sweet relief;  
But, if they come not, know that I forgive  
Beyond your asking, and beyond my grief.



# The Snake Dancers of Tusayan

By Charles Frederick Holder

THE province of Tusayan lies on the mesas of

Arizona, wrapped in romance and mystery, where the stars shine brighter and where the air is clearer than in any land under the sun. To reach it the pilgrim crosses the Painted Desert, with its eternal silence, its weird creations of the elements, its permanent cities of stone. There is a fascination in every step along

this marvellous region of mystery and desolation. Here Titian might have found his inspiration from the deep violet hue of the mountains, the silvery glory of the nights, the pink haze of the twilight and the incomparable tints, glows and colors which find expression in a thousand forms in the weird buttes, columns and pinnacles of the Painted Desert.

Up from the south, three centuries ago, came the Spanish *conquistadores*, their worn and battered armor and their crude clanking weapons glistening in the sun; a gallant band, these pioneers, daring everything, braving everything, marching wearily on into the unknown in search of fortune, fame, conquest and adventure. They



crossed the Painted Desert, and one day came, as does the modern traveller, to the foot of a lofty rock rising six or eight hundred feet into the air from the surrounding valley. On the slopes they saw strange houses of stone, from whose tops human beings eyed them and finally came down the rocky paths to greet them, only to be shot in defense of their homes. This was three hundred and fifty

years ago. The same ineffable tints mark the Painted Desert; the weird shadows of the buttes and mesas still creep out in long lines, as then, with the dying day; the purple cloak on the mountains has not lost its richness; the Spanish pioneers, only, and Oñate, are memories. Tusayan is the same; the houses are higher up and now cap the mesas, but the people are there: they have not been contaminated, the wave of conversion passed them by, and we have in the province of Tusayan, in Oraibi, Shipaulovi, Sichomovi, Walpi and Mishon-ginovi, practically the same race which was driven to these eyries by wild tribes ages ago. Their flute dances, their superstitions and that marvel of



HOME OF THE WALPI INDIANS

savage dramatic art—the so-called Snake dance, has endured in all its barbaric completeness.

The province of Tusayan lies on the edge of the Painted Desert, in the northern part of Arizona, about one hundred and three miles from Cañon Diablo, a station on the Santa Fé Pacific Railroad, and here, on gigantic buttes or mesas live the Mokis, or, more properly, the Hopis, who were driven to these almost inaccessible places by the insatiate Apaches and other warlike tribes. To-day they stand, one of the most picturesque and interesting peoples on the globe, retaining their ancient rites and ceremonies intact, because of their isolation and the fact that they have been a peaceful race, having little, if any, intercourse with the outside world. Their homes, their country, rites, cere-

monies and lives are essentially picturesque, and the traveller who crosses the desert and stands at the foot of the great mesa of Oraibi, or Walpi, has left the world far behind him and is indeed in a land of romance and mystery. There is but one Tusayan, and all the arts of the padres of the *Conquistadores* and of varied denominations of Americans have failed to leave a distinctive trace on it. The lives of the Moquis are peaceful and well regulated; they are faithful to their gods and the year is a succession of rites, ceremonials and entertainments.

There are two special features of celebration, the coming and the going of the spirits of the ancestors who still guard Tusayan. These *kachinas*, as they are called, arrive in December and leave for their home—the San Francisco mountain—in August, after

which the natives give a series of nine days' ceremonies, among which are the noted Flute and Snake dances. The latter is the appeal of the Moquis to their gods for rain, and is a remarkable series of exercises intended to propitiate the powers which control the elements. The dance also comprises a drama, which students of the race believe relates to events, real or mythical, in the past of the people. These dances are given in August. In 1902 and 1904 they may be seen at Shipaulovi, Oraibi and Sichomovi; in 1901 and 1903, at Walpi and Mishon-ginovi. When there is no Snake dance at Oraibi the Moquis give the Flute dances, so that every year there is an impressive and picturesque ceremony at Tusayan. As the August days melt one into the other, lines of horsemen, wagons and burros wind their way over the desert from various points, all centering at Tusayan. At the foot of the mesa they halt and camp is formed, and the sight-seers climb the rocky stairways which lead to the Moqui town. From a distance the houses appear to be but a clever combination of the rocky mesa, whose talus covers the plain; but as the ascent is made, the summit resolves itself into a jumbled pile of houses picturesque in the extreme. They are built of stones, piled one upon the other, often covered or plastered with mud, and are from one to six stories high. Previous to the Conquest they had no doors; a ladder led to the top, where the owner descended, through a hole. This was in the days when the Apaches were a menace. Now nearly all the houses have doors. Ladders also lead up from the ground, enabling the occupants to reach the second story, from which

stone steps lead to the third; in this way one can wander over the tops of innumerable homes. The general effect is certainly unique, and the view of Walpi from the north, standing out against the blue sky in the strong sunlight, or at night against the starlit sky, is one long to be remembered.

The visitor is at once impressed with the intelligent faces of the natives; the men are fine types of physical manhood, while the women are often attractive, and so far as appearances go have little in common with the Apaches and other tribes of the Southwest. Each of the seven villages is divided into families, each having its own ceremonials. Upon two, the Antelope and Snake fraternities, devolves the giving of the Snake and Antelope dances. When the time arrives to propitiate the gods there is much suppressed excitement among the people. All is preparation, and the entire village is aroused to the dignity and the importance of the occasion. Out into the distant country swift runners, bearing prayer plumes, are sent to collect snakes. The animals are caught in the open, near springs, or dragged from their holes, and range from the bull snake to the deadly rattler five feet in length. The snake searchers, as the reptiles strike, seize them before they recoil and place them in bags. In the intervening days the entire country is scoured and from one hundred to two hundred and fifty snakes, mostly rattlers, are secured and handed over to the priests, of whom Kopli was long a leader at Walpi. The rites most important to the natives are conducted in a subterranean room, called *kiva*; a veritable chamber of horrors, in which are enacted weird and hideous orgies.





ANTELOPE PRIESTS ENTERING THE PLAZA

The *kiva*, which is reached by a ladder, is perhaps plastered on the inside, and is a room about twenty feet long by seven high, lighted only by the square opening in the roof. Here the snake priests congregate, and to them are delivered the reptiles as fast as they are brought in by the runners who have been sent out for the purpose, and when the collection is complete and the room crowded with naked men, the scene is one which beggars description. Few Americans have ever been present. The snakes are not deprived of their fangs, nor are they tampered with in any way. They have been seen herded in a corner of the room, sometimes by two old priests who lay prone and naked on the floor, driving back the ugly and venomous snakes with feather-mounted sticks to which they appear to have an aversion. In one end of the *kiva* is an altar, which varies in the different fraternities. A typical one is that of Walpi. It consists of an oblong figure formed of sand, resembling a Navajo blanket. The sand is collected by the priests, who, after

many prayers and incantations, sprinkle it in the desired form upon the floor, producing a conventional picture. The border is cloudlike, and represents space. Passing across it are four zig-zag lines in dyed sand, representing lightning. Around this are sticks with crooked tops to which are attached feathers, or prayers, used for various purposes in the mysterious rites of the Moquis. An adequate description of the ceremonies which occupy the nine days in these dens of venomous snakes would fill a volume. Of them all, the "washing of the snakes" is, perhaps, the most nerve testing. At that time twenty or thirty priests descend the ladder into the *kiva*. The snakes, a writhing mass in jars, fill the room with disagreeable odors. The bodies of the priests are covered with red and white paint, over which is plastered a greenish-black substance made from decayed green corn, while many have zig-zag marks of livid white upon the dark background, giving them in the dim dungeon, now reeking with poisonous air, a demoniac appearance.

The priests squat upon the floor about a bowl of sacred water. Several attendants, whose eyes gleam wildly, thrust their hands into the mass of deadly snakes, taking them out with apparent recklessness and passing them to the priests, who grasp them just back of the head. The reptiles hiss audibly, their beadlike eyes flashing with latent light as they squirm and twist their bodies about the arms of the priests. Finally when six priests

pandemonium of yells, screams and shouts which might well emanate from some pit of lost and tortured souls.

It is at this stage, when the priests seem frenzied beyond control, that the snakes are thrust into the sacred water and submerged. Then, amid delirious yells and shrieks, they are hurled, whistling, through the air, across the room, upon the altar, knocking down the prayer sticks and effacing the carefully prepared sand pic-



CARRYING THE SNAKES

about the bowl have received snakes, a weird, resonant sound is heard; low at first, then rising like the deepening roar of a distant frenzied mob. Louder it becomes, now a melody, then vibrant, terrible, filling the noisome chamber with trembling sounds. The priests, whose eyes blaze, and whose faces take on the expression of fiends incarnate, sway to and fro, holding the snakes over the bowl. Louder grows the murmuring, then breaking into a

ture. This is repeated with constantly increasing cries and screams until all the snakes, two hundred, perhaps, have been flung upon the wrecked altar, striking, coiling, and hissing. Some strive to climb the wall; others dart toward the priests, hissing and rattling ominously. Near the altar during this scene, crouch several priests, who drive the snakes back, roll them into the sand and herd them until the end, when there is a revolting mass of rep-



tiles, broken prayer sticks, fetiches rising and falling, folding and unfolding in one terrible mass. The snake *ti-po-ni*, or standard, is now turned upon its side; the singing dies to a murmur and is lost, only an occasional rattle being heard, and this remarkable rite, which it would be difficult for the most vivid imagination to conceive, is at an end.

Everything is now ready for the Snake dance, and shortly before sundown the houses about the plaza are black with a motley crowd—tourists with cameras, be-silvered Apaches, gaudy-blanketed Navajos, and Moquis, men, women, babies, burros and dogs, all forming a mass of color about the centre of interest. The snakes have been placed by a priest in the *kisi*—a bower of cottonwood branches—and as the sun sinks behind the western mountains and long purple shadows begin to creep out from butte and mesa the Antelope priests appear. At their head is the chief priest, carrying a rattle, and the *tiponi* of the Antelope clan, a bag of sacred meal, which he scatters hither and yon. Their appearance is remarkable; barefooted, almost naked, their arms and breasts bearing livid zig-zag marks indicating lightning; the lower jaw vivid white from ear to ear; their knees ornamented with rattles of tortoise shell, while from the loins hangs a richly embroidered kilt. Around the neck are necklaces of shell from the distant Pacific, bits of shining abalone, while behind depends from the waist a fox skin. In single file, and with an intensity of purpose which renders them oblivious to their surroundings, or the interest they are creating, they march solemnly along, passing four

times around the plaza. In front of the *kisi* is a hole, covered by a board, which it is supposed leads to the under world; and as the Antelope priests cross it, they stamp heavily, that their ancestors may know that the dance is on. The fourth circuit made, they line up in front of the *kisi* and, chanting a weird dirge, await the entry of the snake priests, who now appear, true to their name, fierce of mien, terrible in appearance. Their bodies are red, their chins black with vivid white stripes outlining them, and giving them a diabolical look. They wear red kilts, and their necks are hung with rude and curious ornaments of stone, shell, silver and turquoise. As they move along to the time of the rattles of the Antelopes, who are imitating the warning of the reptiles in the *kisi* leaping with strange motions upon the *sipapu*, they present a spectacle not soon to be forgotten.

Four times they pass around the plaza, then in line face the Antelope clan. For a moment not a sound breaks the stillness; the observers gaze in speechless wonder, then the sibilant rattles of the Antelopes are heard, and a melodious chant rises and gains in intensity as the priests, affected by it, sway to and fro. Louder it grows, deeper, still deeper, filling the very air, and echoing from the rocks, the lines of priests all the while swaying in undulating lines, while a bearer of the medicine bowl passes between them, scattering the mystic fluid to the north, east, south and west. Suddenly the Snake priests turn and are seen to be in groups of threes; and to the time of the song of the Antelopes they move with strange motions and gestures to the *kisi*. Each member of the group





has a distinctive office. One is the "carrier" of the snakes; a second is the "hugger," who throws one arm partly around the neck of the "carrier," while the "gatherer" walks behind. Reaching the *kisi*, the "carrier" drops upon his knees and receives a squirming rattlesnake from the priest, a reptile five feet long. This he grips with his teeth several inches behind the head, and the office of the "hugger" is now appreciated. He thrusts his feather stick before the eyes of the rattler endeavoring to attract its attention so that it will not strike the face of the "carrier." Louder rises the weird music; the rattles of the snakes and those of the Antelopes join, and the Snake priests appear frenzied. Each group receives its snake. Some of the priests have small rattlers in their mouths, the head alone showing; others have gripped snakes so large that they can hardly hold them. The reptiles wind their bodies about their

arms, twist into Gorgonlike knots, rub their flat and deadly heads into the eyes of their tormentors, and along their cheeks, their eyes gleaming, their forked tongues darting in and out.

Around the plaza this fierce and terrible procession passes four times, and as they move by a line of women and girls bearing baskets of sacred meal, the latter is tossed at them, and at the snakes and towards all points of the compass. This accomplished, the "carrier" drops his snake, which is picked up by the "gatherer," who collects the reptiles until his hands are filled, and, as he stalks along, he might almost be in appearance the bearer of the head of Medusa. The "carrier" now receives a fresh snake from the priest at the *kisi*, and this dance of demons, for such it seems, continues until all the snakes have taken part. A priest now marks with the sacred meal upon the ground six compass points, and at a given signal all the two hun-

dred reptiles, squirming, hissing, rattling, with rage and fury, are hurled upon it, while from the assembled multitude upon the housetops comes simultaneous expectoration directed toward the coiling serpents. This is an expression not of rage, or disgust, but of brotherhood. The excitement is at its height. Frenzied Snake priests crowd about the writhing mass; not a sound is heard save the hiss of some angry snake, or the warning rattle as it strikes at its companions. Sacred meal is sprinkled upon the snakes, and then comes the dramatic end of this unique ceremonial. Worked up to a state of wild excitement, which can only be compared to that which possessed the victims of the Juggernaut, the Snake priests in a body fling themselves upon the revolting deadly heap, each grasping as many snakes as he can. A struggle for death, it might seem, as the priests seize the reptiles without the slightest apparent regard to the menacing fangs. Some secure four or five; others a dozen; then turning with their terrible burdens, they rush at full speed down the winding and precipitous trails, six hundred or more feet, to the mesa below, where the reptiles are released, with prayers, to crawl away into the deep shadows of the night.

The snake priests now divest themselves of their kilts and climb the trail. The Antelope priests march around the plaza four times with measured step, striking the *sipapu* plank heavily, thus announcing to their ancestors that

the ceremony is over; then gravely walk to their *kiva* and sink out of sight beneath the ground. The Snake priests leave their trappings, and almost nude, wearing but a blanket and breech cloth, repair to the edge of the mesa, where they are met by the medicine women bearing vessels containing broth whose ingredients are a secret. It is the concoction of the head Snake medicine woman; but so effective is it that within a few seconds from the draught the Snake priests are purified. And so the Snake dance of Tusayan ends.

It is generally supposed that the last ceremony, which requires quite as much determination as the handling of the serpents, is an antidote to the poison of the rattlers, as many observers believe that not a few priests are bitten, but the consensus of scientific opinion is that it is simply a purification ceremony and that the priests are rarely wounded. The rain gods have been propitiated, and as rain is naturally expected at this time, and generally comes, it is credited to the gods, and in complete confidence of the benefits expected, all Tusayan gives itself over to feasting and games, which in their innocent abandon, are a sharp contrast to the demoniac rites which have occupied the preceding days. Lines of horsemen and pack animals are once more seen winding over the trails, and Tusayan, with its lofty mesas, melts into the violet haze and is lost among the buttes and pinnacles of the Painted Desert.

# His Last Visit

By Daniel W. Kittredge

**B**EYOND the outskirts of the town of Chatham is situated the old Rumford residence called "Rookwood." Before the war this plantation was as well known in Alabama as the Capitol itself. Like all old Southern houses, "Rookwood" has a stone cottage a little on one side, where the men sleep. A long driveway bordered by boxwood hedges leads to the house, and about half-way from the gate a narrow gravel walk branches off to the cottage.

Late one afternoon towards the end of May, in the year 1863, the eldest Miss Rumford was sitting on the front porch of the house, from which you can see way down the winding driveway to the gate. On the outer road, she watched a person grow more and more distinct in the sunlight glow as he came nearer the gateway. She called to her sister, Hetty, to come and be ready to greet an old friend who was just opening the gate.

"Who is it?" asked Hetty, coming to her sister's side.

"It's Edward Anderson."

The figure was not half-way up the driveway when the two Miss Rumfords called to a third sister, Agnes. The two girls sat watching the man's

brown hat rise and disappear as he stepped along behind the boxwood hedge.

"Whom do you see coming toward the house?" asked Hetty.

"Why, it's Cousin Ned," said Agnes, "look at him laughing at us." By that time he had reached the gravel walk, and the three sisters went down the steps to meet him, but instead of coming up to the porch, he turned and went to the cottage, where he had always stayed on previous visits.

For a moment a strange silence stole over the sisters as they stood staring at each other in the twilight.

"T-T-Thomas!" screamed Agnes, "hurry to the lodge and see what is the matter with Mr. Anderson."

After a moment the old slave returned from the cottage. "Massa Ned's nowhare in de lodge, Missus, nor nobody else."

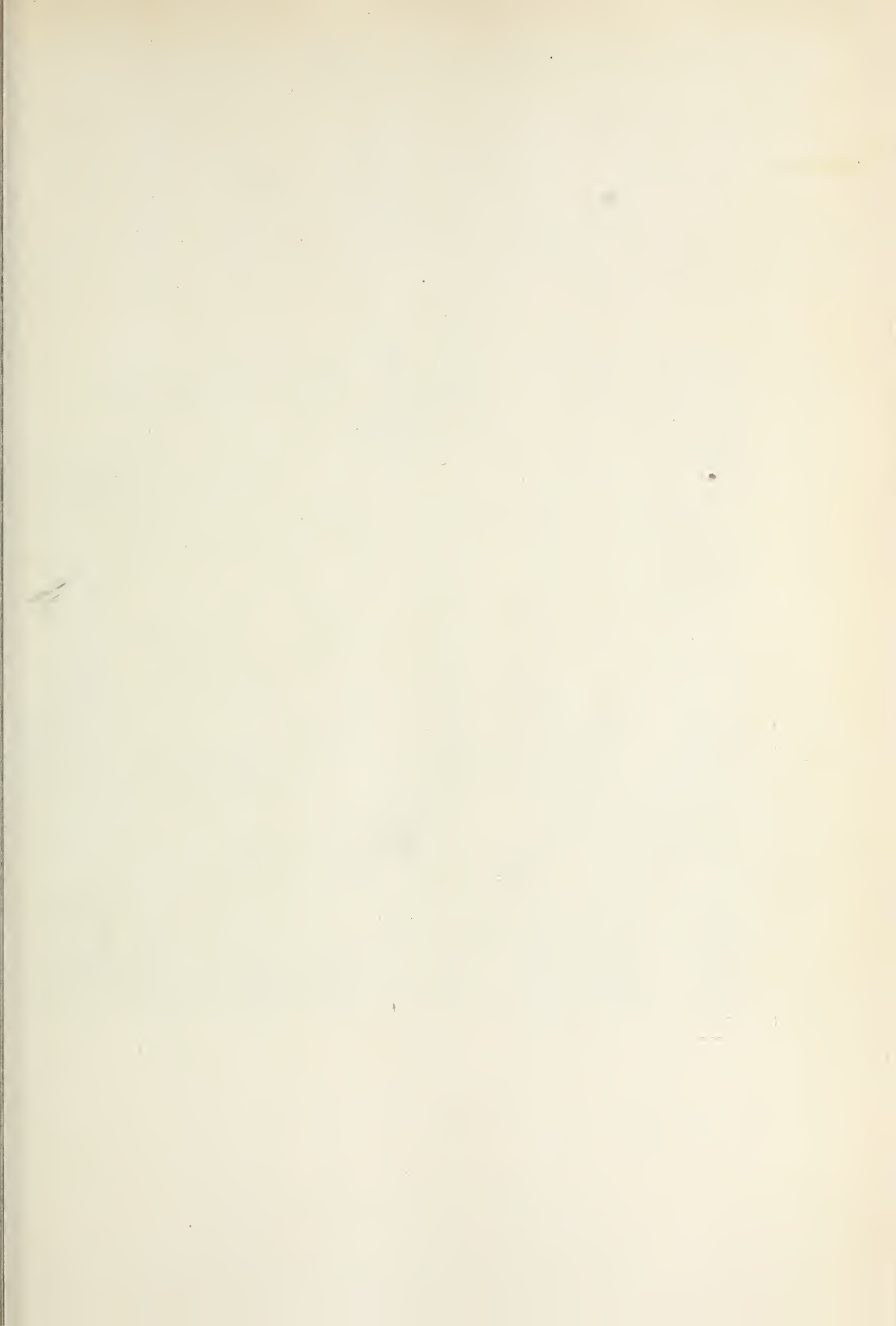
The next morning came this dispatch:

"May 26, 1863,  
City Hospital,  
Montgomery, Ala.

To the Rookwood Residence,  
Town Chatham, State of Alabama.

Confederate soldier died here at 5 P. M. to-day of yellow fever. Was unconscious when brought to hospital. Spoke of 'Rookwood' in delirium. Can you identify? Answer.  
Robson, Chief Interne."







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By A. S. BURBANK

## American Shrines IV

Plymouth Rock

AY, CALL IT HOLY GROUND,

THE SOIL WHERE FIRST THEY TROD; -

THEY HAVE LEFT UNSTAINED WHAT THERE THEY FOUND -

FREEDOM TO WORSHIP GOD.

FELICIA HEMANS.

# NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

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## The Governors of Massachusetts

In Two Parts. Part I from Hancock to Boutwell

By Alfred S. Roe

**U**NDER the Constitution, voters of the Commonwealth have elected thirty-six men to their chief magistracy.

Though in their respective days personal and political rancor ran high, yet in a retrospective light, it would be difficult to name one of these officers who did not discharge with credit to himself and state the duties of his position. From Hancock to Crane, the record has been such that there is a measure of propriety in the remark, made by a certain Maine citizen, who had repeatedly visited every one of the United States, "Massachusetts is the best governed state in the Union."

While men of any and every profession may aspire to the executive chamber, it is a fact that gentlemen of the legal fraternity have most often pos-

sessed the necessary "open sesame," for, of the total number, twenty-four have been lawyers with seventy-seven years of holding the place; nine business men represent thirty-one years; two physicians, Brooks and Eustis, nine; while just one college professor, Edward Everett, held the office four years.

As to birth, all were natives of Massachusetts, save eight, and only one of that number, Greenhalge, was not born in America, he having come, when a lad, from England. Clifford was the first governor not to the manner born, having been reared in Rhode Island; Andrews and Long were natives of Maine; Gaston, of Connecticut; Talbot, of New York; Butler and Brackett, of New Hampshire.

Only three governors, Hancock,



Davis and W. B. Washburn, resigned their positions, the first on account of illness, the others to become United States Senators, while five—Hancock, Sumner, Sullivan, Eustis and Greenhalge died in office. Hancock, in two terms, served twelve years; Strong, in the same way, was governor eleven years; Lincoln led in length of consecutive service, namely, nine years, while Brooks and Briggs each held office seven years; Andrew followed with five, Everett with four and Davis saw just that time in two terms; fifteen governors had three elections each; five were elected consecutively twice, and seven governors stepped down, for various reasons, at the end of one year. Morton was twice elected, though with a Davis interval of two years.

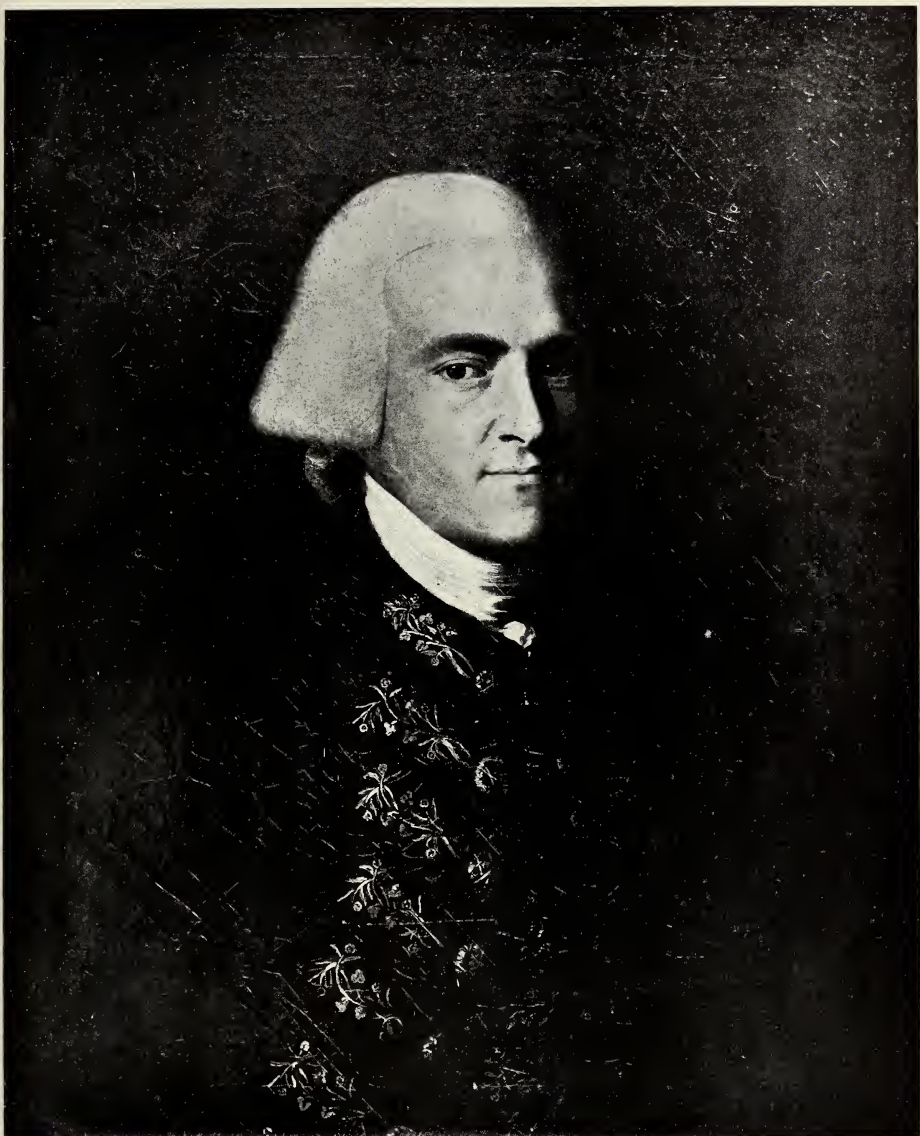
While ostensibly all parts of the Commonwealth have been represented in the executive chair, as a fact the great majority of Bay State governors has come from the immediate vicinity of Boston. Barnstable, Dukes, Nantucket and Norfolk\* Counties have had no representative in the chief magistracy; Essex,† Franklin, Hampden, Hampshire and Plymouth have had one governor each, thus in order,—Elbridge Gerry, two years; W. B. Washburn, three; George D. Robinson, three; Caleb Strong, eleven; and John D. Long, three. Berkshire had George N. Briggs for seven years and now boasts of Governor W. M. Crane in his third year; next comes Bristol

with Morton, Clifford and Ames, filling six years; Worcester has had seventeen years of representation, divided among Lincoln, Davis, Washburn and Bullock; of the remaining governors, Middlesex had eight for twenty-three years and Suffolk fourteen, ranging over forty-five years.

Politically, though always Democratic in policy, Massachusetts has never been rated as a Democratic state. At the onset, divisions were rather personal than political, and not till Sam. Adams took office could it be said that party lines were drawn. While in later years he might have been known as a Democrat, then he was called a Republican, as were Governors Sullivan, Gerry and Eustis, nine years; there were twenty-two Federalist years with Sumner, Gore, Strong, and Brooks; the Whigs were in twenty-six years with Lincoln, Davis, Everett, Briggs, Clifford and Emory Washburn, though somewhere in his long term, Levi Lincoln ceased being a Republican and came out a Whig; although Democratic principles had prompted the so-called Republicans, it was not till Marcus Morton that a real Democrat, by name as well as nature, filled the executive chair, and in the more than fifty after years he had as successors Boutwell, Gaston, Butler and Russell whose Christian name oddly enough, was William Eustis, the entire appellation of a Democratic (Republican) predecessor; altogether these officers served nine years. Beginning with N. P. Banks there have been thirty-nine years of Republican sway through Andrew, Bullock, Claflin, W. B. Washburn, Rice, Talbot, Long, Robinson, Ames, Brackett, Greenhalge, Wolcott and Crane. An

\* William Sumner and William Eustis were both from Roxbury, then a part of Norfolk County.

† As Elbridge Gerry, so much of whose life was spent in Essex County, had lived for several years in Cambridge before his election to the governor's chair, by right he belongs to Middlesex County. His home was Elmwood, subsequently that of James Russell Lowell.



JOHN HANCOCK

interval of three years, filled by Henry J. Gardner, marked the state's spasm of so-called Americanism, more often dubbed the Know Nothing era.

Only ten reached the gubernatorial chair, using the lieutenant-governorship as a step thereto. They were

Adams, Lincoln, Morton, Claflin, Talbot, Long, Ames, Brackett, Wolcott and Crane. Either before or after their governorships, six, namely, Strong, Gore, Davis, Everett, Boutwell and W. B. Washburn, were United States Senators, while Lincoln, Morton,

Briggs, Clifford, Banks, Andrew, Bullock, Gaston, Rice, Long, Butler and Robinson were more or less prominent candidates.

The oldest man on taking office was Adams, seventy-one, and George S. Boutwell, thirty-three, the youngest. Eustis was past seventy; Sullivan, Gerry, Brooks and Butler were sixty and more; only Boutwell, Russell and Gardner were under forty. The average age of all the governors at inauguration was fifty-one and one-half years. Seven governors, Boutwell, Gardner, Andrew, Claflin, Rice, Talbott and Butler, were born in 1818, and the bodies of seven, Hancock, Bowdoin, Adams, Sumner, Sullivan, Gore and Eustis were garnered into Boston's Old Granary Burying Ground.

Advocates of liberal education exalt the fact that twenty-six governors were college bred. Naturally Harvard leads in the gubernatorial list, having sixteen sons therein; next comes Brown with three; Yale follows with two and Amherst, Bowdoin, Colby, Union and Williams, each reports a single one. Sullivan, Brooks, Briggs, Boutwell, Gardner, Banks, Claflin, Talbot, Ames and Crane had or have no college degree, taken in course,

but for more than a hundred years, from Hancock to Long, with the solitary exception of Increase Sumner, Harvard had written LL. D., and "*Reip. Mass. Gub.*," after the name of every governor, whether a college man or not. She swallowed, though with a grimace, "Know Nothing" Gardner, but she drew the line at General Butler, although he had earned his B. A.



JAMES BOWDOIN

and M. A. from Colby and by the same college, in 1862, as well as by Williams in 1863, had been graced with an LL. D. Since that time, Ames, a non-graduate, though for three years a student in Brown, received his Doctorate of Laws from that Rhode Island Institution in 1892, and Governor Crane, also degreeless *in cursu*, in 1897, was honored with an M. A. by Williams.

In former days, the public saw no gayer sight than when, preceded by Boston's pride, her scarlet clad Lancers, and attended by his gold laced staff, whose adornments left far in the shade Solomon in all his glory, *Gubernator Reipublicae Massachusettensis* rode in state across Charles river and heard *Praesidem Universitatis Harvardianae*, after a long Latin address, conclude with "*Pro causa honoris, do et concedo.*" General Butler had, no



doubt, much to answer for, but his involuntary damming of Harvard's stream of gubernatorial L.L. D.'s can never be forgotten, even if forgiven, by lovers of the picturesque.

JOHN HANCOCK.

The Constitution of Massachusetts was evolved in the midst of Revolutionary chaos. Under its provisions the first election was held September 4, 1780. Of the 12,281 votes cast, above 11,000 were for John Hancock. His leading competitor, James Bowdoin, had a trifle more than one thousand and scattering votes were thrown for at least fifteen others. There had been no nominating convention, so the people had been allowed to go as they pleased, and accordingly they remembered many of the distinguished men in the different portions of the Commonwealth.

If at that time Massachusetts had an aristocracy, the first governor might be considered a representative. The son of a clergyman, his birthplace stood on the present site of the Adams Academy in Quincy. Born January 12, 1737, he was graduated from Harvard in 1754, and by inheritance was one of the richest men in the state. With such advantages there is little wonder that he early acquired prominence. Of an impulsive nature, somewhat overbearing at times, he made numerous enemies while his general worth and outspoken patriotism engendered popular approval. He was not thirty years old when he entered public life with Otis, Cushing and Sam. Adams, and there never was any uncertain tone to his voice as he denounced British tyranny. The speech, ascribed to him after the Massacre of March 5, 1770, has thrilled American

school boys during all the intervening years.

So energetic was his course in the pre-revolutionary days, that he won from General Gage the special distinction of exception, along with Sam. Adams, to the general pardon offered by that officer to all other rebels. His expression, "Burn Boston and make John Hancock a beggar," has long stood as an example of patriotic devotion, while his signature appended to the Declaration, written so boldly that King George III. might read it without spectacles was, for nearly a month, the only name affixed to that immortal document.

He was inaugurated governor October 25th and by annual re-elections held his place till his resignation, February, 1785. Alden Bradford says the assigned reason was his infirm health, never robust, but the same writer implies that popular discontent on account of the burden of taxation, following the Revolutionary War, had its influence. However, it is noteworthy that he at once accepted an election to the General Court and was by that body sent to the Continental Congress where he was soon elected to his old position of President. In justice to Hancock, it must be stated that illness prevented his filling the latter office. Lieutenant-Governor Thomas Cushing filled out the remainder of his official year in Boston.

Governor James Bowdoin, in his rigid enforcement of the laws, had so far estranged the voters of the Commonwealth that in 1787 they again elected Hancock and by an overwhelming majority, more than three to one, and until his death they thus continued to honor him. Twelve times, in his

two terms, was he the successful candidate. During his second term it was Hancock's privilege to favor the adoption of the Federal Constitution and to preside over the convention which voted to accept it. He specially favored laws adding to the efficiency of the public schools. In October, 1789, President Washington visited Boston and the punctiliousness incident to his reception has given rise to many stories, some of them doubtless much exaggerated. So careful a writer, however, as Jared Sparks states that Governor Hancock stood too much upon his dignity, from which at last he was compelled to depart and to pay the first visit to the President. To be sure, he was swathed in bandages as he was borne into the august presence of Washington, upon the shoulders of his retainers, but Bay State dignity was spared too great impairment. The governor's gout was not only aristocratic, but it was at times very convenient. It served as an excellent excuse for not doing that to which he was disinclined. With such notions of what was due the governor of a state from the President of the United States it would seem that Governor Hancock's Federalism had developed some qualifications.

His residence on Beacon Hill was the most noted in Boston and should be in existence today. In his specially constructed dining room, he could entertain fifty guests and hither he was frequently carried to beam upon his friends and to add zest to the feast. Could he, by any means, revisit his ancient haunts, attired as was his wont, how the people would stare at scarlet coat, embroidered blue silk waistcoat; with drab small clothes and silken

hose, powdered wig and snuff box, he would create a sensation. No one knows what the old governor would think of a generation of men who part their hair in the middle.

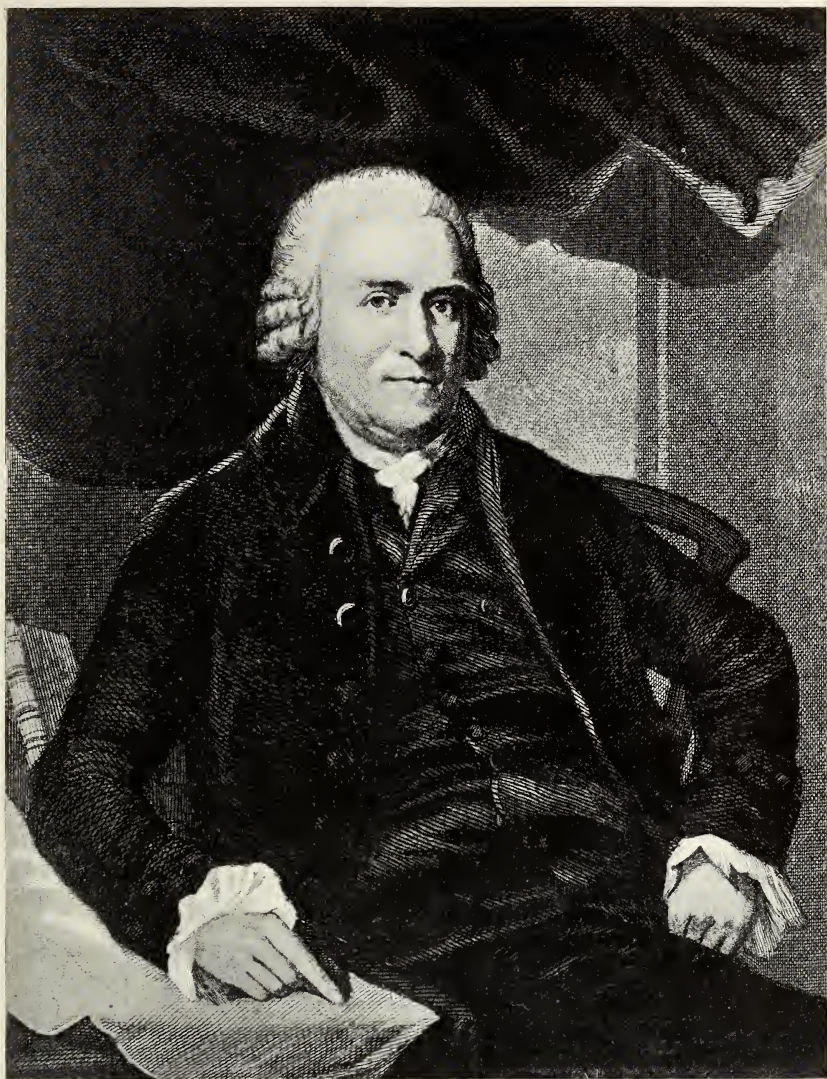
After many years of invalidism he died October 8, 1793, and was buried in the Old Granary Grounds, close to the walls of the present Park Street Church, but, notwithstanding his wealth and position, it was not till 1897 and then, through legislative appropriation, that an adequate monument was erected to his memory.

Of no man of his times have there been more diverse opinions. For nearly fifty years the cynosure of all observers, ready, courtly, brave and patriotic, he was as thoroughly disliked by some as he was honored by others. Save a small volume by A. E. Brown, covering only twenty years of his career, put forth in 1898, the *Life and Times* of John Hancock await their historian.

JAMES BOWDOIN.

A man of sufficient repute to be sandwiched, in the gubernatorial list, between Hancock and Adams must have had uncommon merit. His French Huguenot name, Baudouin, was too much for Puritanic Boston, and it was accordingly modified to its present form. Pierre Baudouin, on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, sought America by way of Ireland, coming first to Portland, Me., and thence to Boston, where, August 8, 1727, his grandson, the future governor was born. He was a Latin-School boy and was graduated from Harvard in 1745. Two years later he was left a large fortune through the death of his father, a wealthy Boston merchant. He early evinced a love





SAMUEL ADAMS

for science and at twenty-four was corresponding with Franklin on the subject of electricity. Some of his letters the latter afterwards read before the Royal Society of London. It seems not a little strange that so eminent a man should have espoused the Ptolemaic theory of the universe. He gave his name and an endow-

ment to Bowdoin College. He was one of the founders and the first president of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. He was prominent in other learned bodies, both at home and abroad. At twenty-six he was in the General Court and when three years older in the Council. By voice and pen he steadily opposed the



royal governors, and was constantly in public life, in 1779 presiding over the convention which framed the Constitution of Massachusetts. From the very first election, Bowdoin had been Hancock's closest rival, so when the latter declined to run it was natural that Bowdoin should forge ahead, but the 9,065 votes were badly scattered, Bowdoin having 3,519, Lieutenant Governor Thomas Cushing 3,005, Benjamin Lincoln 1,145, and the remainder were divided among forty-seven men. No candidate having a majority, the election was thrown into the Legislature. Though the House favored Cushing, the Senate, by a large majority, May 26, elected Bowdoin. The leading event of his administration, which extended through two years, since he was re-elected in 1786, was the suppression of Shays's Rebellion. The taxation difficulties which had been given as a reason for the resignation of Governor Hancock, reached their culmination under the leadership of Daniel Shays, in an effort to close the courts and to set at defiance the arms of government. Though ever feeble in body there was nothing lacking in Governor Bowdoin's strength of purpose. Calling out four thousand militiamen and putting them under the direction of General Benjamin Lincoln, of Revolutionary fame and one of his late competitors, the insurrection was so effectually quelled that not a breath of armed resistance was thereafter heard, but the restless citizens, for whose sufferings there was doubtless ample cause, had their revenge by voting the governor out in 1787, and reinstating the more lenient Hancock.

Like his contemporary and rival,

Hancock, Governor Bowdoin resided on Beacon street, near Bowdoin, in an elegant mansion which Burgoyne occupied during British occupation of the city. He did not long survive his retirement from office, dying November 6, 1790, after a long decline on account of consumption. His body lies in the Granary Burying Ground.

SAMUEL ADAMS.

Though entitled to the full Scriptural name, Samuel, this glorious old hero seldom received it. Whether through affectionate regard or to offset the monosyllabic "John," the first name of his kinsman, we cannot now affirm, but it is certain that the last of the Puritans has come down to us as plain "Sam." Adams, and as such his name graces the pages of history. He had been Hancock's lieutenant governor; had walked in the funeral procession of his late associate till compelled by weakness to fall out; had filled the unexpired months of Hancock's year, so what more natural than that he should succeed him? Indeed it would have been base ingratitude had Massachusetts not thus honored the other man whom General Gage had specially excepted. Holding his office three years and declining another election he is said to have set the pattern, so long adopted in Massachusetts as the length of gubernatorial service, though it must be observed that his imitators came long afterwards, for every governor, excepting Increase Sumner, had more or less elections till Henry J. Gardner. In politics his opposition came from the Federalists, he being a moderate Republican or later Democrat. His father's loss of property through royal enactments, may have had its influ-

ence upon the rising young lawyer, who, born in Purchase street, September 27, 1722, had passed through the Latin School and in 1740 received his diploma from Harvard. As he undertook his father's brewing business, after the latter's death in 1748, he won for himself the derisive nickname of "Sammy the Maltster." In all the turmoil, leading up to the Revolution, there was no voice more potent than his. Continually in office from 1765, he wielded an influence second to none.

He had been President of the State Senate, Lieutenant Governor and his were the words heard at the corner stone laying of the new State House, then just begun on Beacon Hill, praying that it might be reared without accident and that it might stand as firm as the everlasting hills. His own official life was spent in the original State House on Washington street. Ever anxious for the welfare of the masses, he deprecated the multiplication of academies, lest thereby public schools might suffer. Compelled to sell his Purchase street property, his final years were spent in Winter street, a fitting home for the winter of life, his necessities escaping public help through the premature

death of his son, Samuel, Jr., who had left him \$6,000, thus reversing the order of bequests. Specially beloved by all, he was freed from earth October 3, 1803, and reverent thousands followed his body to its burial in the Old Granary. His bronze figure, by Miss Anne Whitney, has stood in Adams Square since 1880.

## INCREASE SUMNER.

The Governor elected in 1797 had



INCREASE SUMNER

been a judge of the Supreme Court, and his portraits usually represent him in his judicial robes, which were worn by the judges till 1792. He, too, had been active in all the events leading up to the Revolution. He was born in Roxbury, November 27, 1746, had as Grammar School masters Judge William Cushing and Joseph Warren, and was a Har-

vard graduate of 1767. His law course was had under Samuel Quincy. Large and portly, his dignified presence was in happy contrast to that of his predecessors. Hancock had frequently been carried to his duties; for twenty years Bowdoin had been dying of consumption and Adams's infirmities had necessitated the constant use of a cane. Thus when the procession formed, January 11,

1798, to march from the old State House to the new one, and Sumner's proportions, erect and alert, appeared at the head of the line, there was reason for the exulting exclamation of the apple and candy woman, who had a stand at the foot of the stairs, when the march began, "Thank God, Massachusetts has a governor who can walk." His was the first inaugural heard within the walls of the Bulfinch State House.

His induction to office was contemporary with that of John Adams to the Presidency and his careful direction of Massachusetts affairs had much to do with upholding the hands of the Second President. He was twice re-elected and each time by such majorities as to fully attest his strong hold upon the people. Though only in middle life, illness came upon him in 1799, so that he was unable to take the oaths of office at the State House, but they were administered to him as he lay upon his bed, where he died June 7th of that year. At the expense of the State his body was accorded a public and military burial in the Old Granary, where it was placed in the tomb of the Schrimpton family from which his wife, Elizabeth Hyslop, was descended.

His residence was in Roxbury and in his front door yard, he was wont to walk for exercise. Sixty years after his death, a gentleman recalled his stalwart figure, covered with a "blue cloak, trimmed with scarlet velvet;" his head adorned with a cocked hat. "His countenance was remarkable for composure and was often lighted up with a smile of singular sweetness. He was a portly man, erect in stature, five feet, eleven inches in height and

weighed two hundred and fifty pounds." His portrait, painted in his forty-seventh year by Major John Johnson is one of the most satisfactory of all those displayed at the State House; it long hung back of the chair of the Senate's President.

During the remainder of the official year, the gubernatorial duties were discharged by Lieutenant-Governor Moses Gill, until his own death, May 20, 1800, when for the first and only time in the history of the Commonwealth, the function of this high office devolved upon the Executive Council.

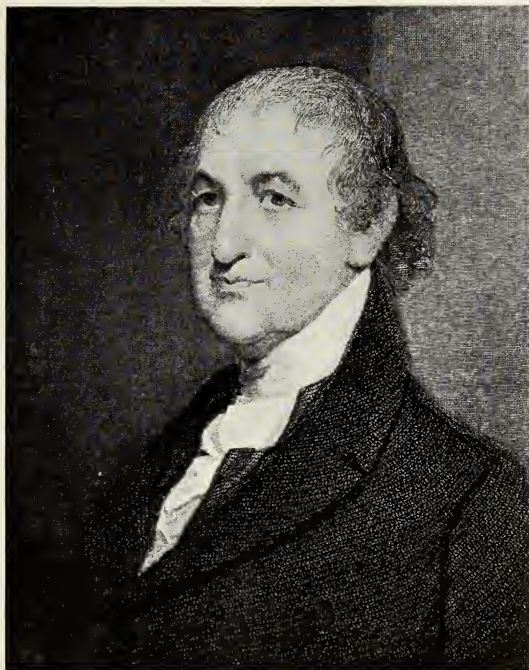
CALEB STRONG.

The election of April 7, 1800, resulted in the choice of the most distinguished of all the "Connecticut River Gods" and the only representative that Hampshire County ever had in the executive chair. Though elected his margin was small, having only one hundred more votes than all others, of whom the leader was Elbridge Gerry, so hard was the Democracy crowding the ruling Federalists. His local popularity was apparent in the fact that he had every vote cast in seven or eight of the towns, lying about Northampton. He had been the first man chosen to the U. S. Senate from Massachusetts and had been re-elected. Born in Northampton, January 9, 1745, he died there November 7, 1819. Though in early life suffering much from impaired vision, he received his diploma from Harvard in 1764 and, after studying with Major Joseph Hawley, was admitted to the Bar in 1772. He bore his part in the strife leading up to and through the Revolution and was a member of the Convention of 1779.

In the successive elections he had a



majority of all votes cast till that of 1807, when he was beaten. After an interval of five years, when the War of 1812 was pending, the Federalists brought out as their strongest candidate the ex-Senator and Governor and elected him, though by a margin none too wide. With his party he disbelieved in the pro-



CALEB STRONG

priety of the war and accordingly denied the right of the President to make a requisition upon him for troops, a position in which he was sustained by the Supreme Court of the State, but when the national government withdrew its troops from the coast defenses it became necessary for the State to act, nor was the Executive found wanting.

In all respects, mentally, morally and physically, he well represented his name. In those early days communication was usually by horseback. Needing a new saddle, the Governor ordered one from a mechanic of Springfield. On his way to his home he called to get it and expressed himself as abundantly pleased with the work, particularly with certain leathern ornaments which the artisan had attached, but before reaching North-

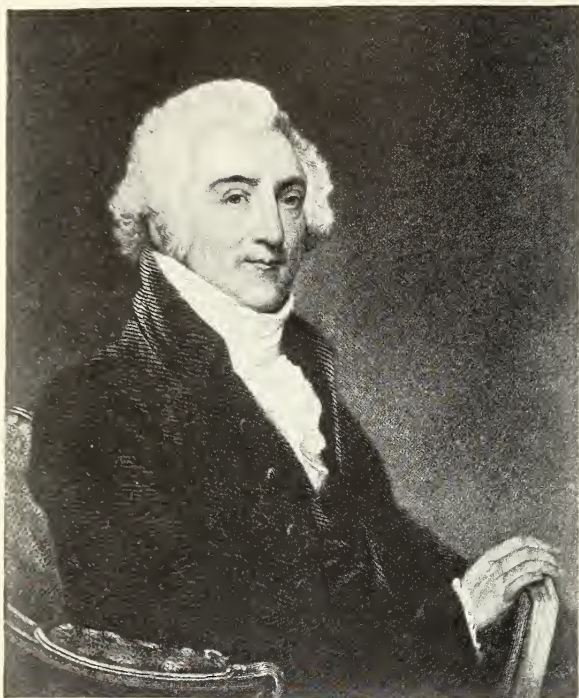
ampton he had cut off each one of the superfluities, lest he should appear unduly proud in the eyes of his constituents. Nevertheless, it is on record that in 1771 he occupied one of the five painted houses in his town.

His administration, the second longest in the history of the State, is exceedingly creditable, and

the good people of his county, when confronted with the statement that they have had only one governor, may fittingly quote *Æsop* in saying, "*Unum sed leonem.*"

JAMES SULLIVAN.

The first real Democratic success, though then called Republican, was achieved in the Bay State April 6, 1807, when Judge Sullivan, by a majority of above 1200, defeated the great Federalist, Caleb Strong. It is noteworthy that in this election three hundred and twenty-five votes were scattered among two hundred and eighty-one names. He again won in the following year though by a reduced majority. A younger brother of the famous Revolutionary General and Governor of New Hampshire, John Sullivan, the future Governor. James, was born in Berwick, District



JAMES SULLIVAN

of Maine, April 22, 1744, the son of an Irish immigrant who survived to the great age of one hundred and five years. Lameness, resulting from a broken leg, prevented his following a military career which no doubt had been as distinguished as that of his brother.

He was the first governor not Harvard bred. His law course was had in the office of his brother, John, but the rumbles of approaching war early sent him into political life. He executed an important military mission to Ticonderoga in 1775 and the following year was appointed to the Supreme Bench, holding the same till his resignation in 1782. Almost all of his manhood was devoted to public affairs. A member of the Convention of 1779, repeatedly in the General

Court, a representative in Congress, assisting in settling the boundary between Massachusetts and New York, appointed by Washington to perform a like office as to the line between the United States and British North America, and from 1790 to 1807 Attorney General of the Commonwealth, he was ever active.

In the Executive Chamber hangs a small frame, in which one may see the face in wax of an elderly man, so natural, however, that it seems to have the flush of life. The snowy white hair is said to have come from the head of Governor Sullivan, whose semblance this image is,

the work of a Polish artist, one Rauschner, who early in the century set his hand to a deal of this form of art.

Long and arduous devotion to public affairs had worn the Governor out, and on December 10, 1808, he died, and his body, with military honors, found a resting place in the Old Granary. His Boston home was on Summer street, corner of Hawley. His prominence in life was attained not without bitterness, and in one of his contests a gross caricature appeared in the *Columbian Centinel*, reflecting upon his honesty. For this his son Richard attacked and severely beat Benj. Russell, the editor, when the latter was crossing Scollay Square. Though not liberally educated, Governor Sullivan



was interested in science, art and literature, was an original Member of the American Academy of Arts and Science and was a founder of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

The unexpired portion of his term was completed by Lieutenant-Governor Levi Lincoln of Worcester, who was his party's candidate to succeed him.

#### CHRISTOPHER GORE.

The fact that he had been the law preceptor of Daniel Webster, and that it was by his advice that the young lawyer declined the clerkship of Merrimack County, had been for Governor Gore sufficient claim to fame, but the further fact that General Butler appropriated his Fast Day Proclamation for use in 1883 must surely elevate this officer to a high

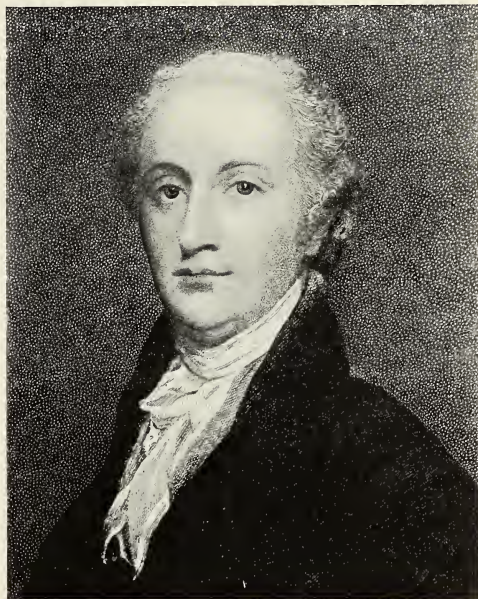
position in the executive ranks. He was Boston born, Sept. 21, 1758, was a Latin-School boy under Master Lovell, and took his Harvard degree in 1776. Two years later, his father was banished from the state on account of his loyalty to Britain, but his son, having a mind of his own, threw in his allegiance with the colonists, and when, in the year of his father's banishment, volunteers were

called for to go to Rhode Island, young Gore responded, but his father's British devotion was ever an obstacle to his own advancement.

In 1787, the elder Gore was restored to citizenship, and two years later, Washington made his son the first United States District Attorney for Massachusetts, and he continued to hold the position till sent on diplomatic business to England, where he continued eight years. It was soon

after his return, in 1805, that Webster entered his office.

Having extensive possessions in Boston, he resided at different times in several places, but during his single year at the State House his home was on the corner of Park and Beacon streets. He was elected in the troublous days of the Embargo; indeed, it



CHRISTOPHER GORE

was in 1809 that the second edition of Bryant's famous poem of that name was issued. In the election he had beaten Levi Lincoln, Sr., by more than one thousand votes. Never did party spirit run higher. The restrained ships in Boston Harbor flew their flags at half-mast.

Notwithstanding his many admirable qualities he was defeated for re-election, but the Federalists, soon



afterward, sent him to the United States Senate, where he maintained a coach and four, a degree of luxury never exhibited by any other Bay State representative in Washington.

He had an extensive domain in Waltham, near the middle of which he maintained his residence in baronial splendor. The marble floors of this mansion, his coach and four with liveried outriders may have contributed to his defeat, for they seem a trifle out of the line of Republican simplicity. He died in Waltham, March 1, 1827, and his body found burial in the Old Granary. The bulk of his wealth was left to Harvard, whose Gore Hall is commemorative.

William Sullivan, a son of the Governor, says that Christopher Gore was tall, somewhat inclined to corpulency in middle life, was erect, but began to bend at an earlier age than common. His hair was tied behind and powdered, and in 1805, or when the distinguished lawyer was only forty-seven, Webster mentions his "black bowed glasses."

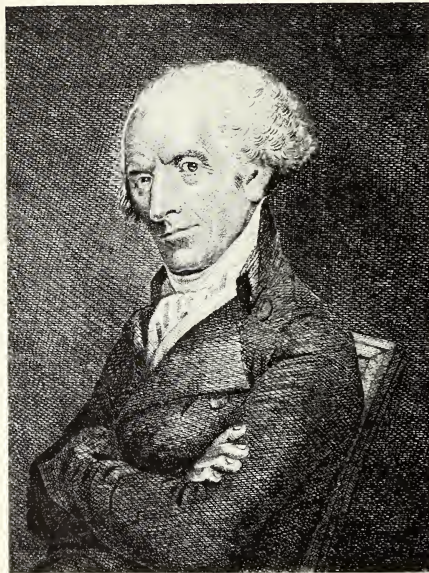
ELBRIDGE GERRY.

If there had been the least doubt as to the Democratic proclivities of James Sullivan, no one ever entertained any as to those of Elbridge Gerry. The

only Governor from Essex County, Signer of the Declaration, Vice-President of the United States, it is said that from 1773 till his death, there was no time when he was not in some way connected with the public service.

A native of Marblehead, born July 17, 1744, he commemorated the taking of his Master's degree at Harvard, in 1765, by a furious attack upon the Stamp Act. A few successful years in

trade enabled him to enter public life in 1773 as a representative in the General Court. As a Revolutionary participant his name should be mentioned next to those of Hancock and the Adamses. He first notified Hancock and Sam. Adams of their danger at Lexington. To him has been given the credit for planning



ELBRIDGE GERRY

Gates's campaign against Burgoyne, and he it was who overhauled the accounts of Benedict Arnold. Too testy as to the rights of individual states, he resigned from Congress in 1780, but in 1783 he was returned. He opposed the adoption of the Federal Constitution.

In 1800, he began his long campaign for the governorship, running against Caleb Strong four successive years. but it was not until 1810 that he was

successful, winning then over Christopher Gore by a little more than 1000 votes. He signalized his inauguration and his devotion to protected home industries by appearing in a suit of clothes made entirely of American products. Clearly he had not heard of that later Democratic doctrine, "Protection for revenue only." Had those garments been preserved, they would to-day be more interesting than any armorial trappings held in the Tower of London.

His election was a terrible wrench to rock-ribbed Federalism, and the Secretary of State who proclaimed him Governor concluded with "God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts" in such a dolorous tone that, under the circumstances, he clearly implied his lack of faith in God's ability to answer his prayer.

In 1811, Gerry again defeated Gore, but in the next year the Federalists put forward their most gallant son, and Gerry went down before Caleb Strong, but that very year his party made him Vice-President along with James Madison, though his own State gave him only two electoral votes. He did not long survive to enjoy his honors, for he died suddenly, November 2, 1814, while on his way to the Capitol in Washington. His body was buried in the Congressional Cemetery, and a memorial was there erected to his memory at government expense.

The career of Elbridge Gerry affords much of interest to the student of history; active, determined, vigilant, few names in American annals are more conspicuous. Unwittingly and, it is now claimed, unwillingly he gave his name to the system of re-districting sections for political purposes

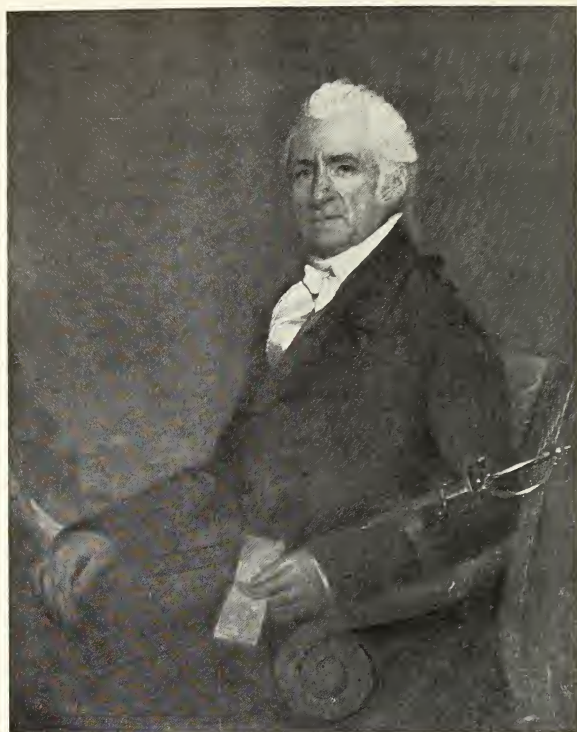
in the word "Gerrymander," said to have originated with Benj. Russell of the Columbian Centinel, whose ready wit discovered in the Beverly combination a shape similar to that of the fabled salamander; a change in the first two syllables gave the language a new and significant word.

JOHN BROOKS.

The year 1816 ushered in the seven consecutive years of General John Brooks's occupancy. Party lines were still closely drawn and margins, though they would do, were not as wide as a door. A Federalist, his Democratic rivals pressed him close, but he held his place till he declined further nomination. He was the first man, outside of law and business, to hold the office, he being a physician and, though many had tried, he was the first and only strictly military representative of the Revolution to attain to the chief magistracy. Somehow the Commonwealth has never fancied generals, for Brooks and Butler monopolize that title in the executive chair, unless Banks be included, but his title is *ex post facto*.

The ninth governor, seven of his predecessors had come from Suffolk County. He was the first from Middlesex, his home being Medford where he was born, May 31, 1752, a farmer's boy. At fourteen he was placed with Dr. Simon Tufts, where he was fortunate in having as a fellow student, Benj. Thompson, later Count Rumford, who became a tory when the war began, notwithstanding they were lifelong friends.

April, 1775, found the young doctor in Reading drilling a company of men, and with them he was present at Lexington. He helped throw up the



JOHN BROOKS

works on Bunker's (Breed's) Hill, and then onward, having thrown "Physic to the dogs," he was in the strife. He went with his regiment to the relief of Fort Stanwix on the Mohawk in New York State; with his men he stormed and carried the German intrenchments at Saratoga and, ever faithful to Washington, he came home from the war a colonel.

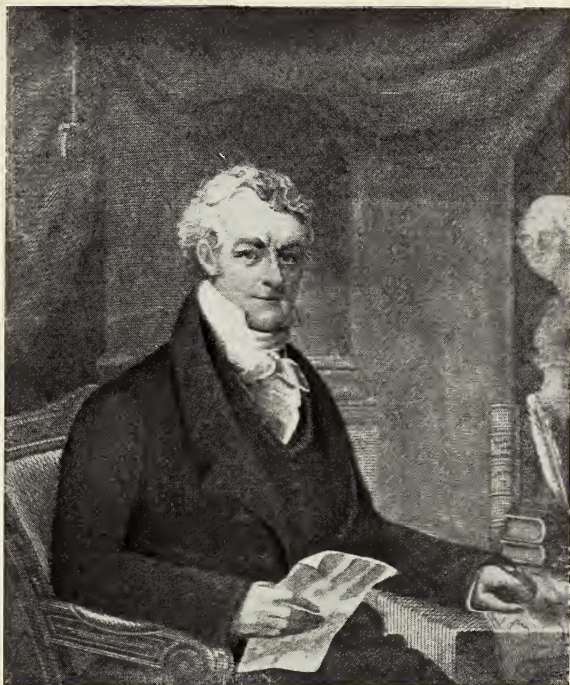
Although he resumed the practice of medicine in Medford, he was long Major-General of Militia, was Governor Bowdoin's good right arm during Shays's rebellion. When Washington passed through Cambridge in 1789, he was received by his old Colonel at the head of a thousand of the best drilled men in the Commonwealth. Washington made him United States

Marshal for Massachusetts and Inspector of Revenue; from 1812 to 1815 he was Adjutant General. It would be difficult to name a position which, having undertaken, John Brooks failed to fill admirably.

It was during his executive stay on Beacon Hill that President Monroe and Cabinet were fêted in Doric Hall. Comrades in the Revolution, the hall never saw a prouder sight than when these noble Romans sat side by side.

He signed the bill which enabled the District of Maine in 1820 to set up statehood for herself, and thenceforward to exemplify *Dirigo*. It was during his term, also in 1820, that the Convention was held in which the Constitution of 1780 was so desirably modified.





WILLIAM EUSTIS

Retiring to his Medford home in 1823, he survived, honored and respected by every one, till March 1, 1825. He died like a soldier, saying, "I have received orders and am ready to march." His body lies in the old Cemetery of Medford, and over it his fellow citizens in 1838 erected a granite monument, bearing a flattering tribute to his worth and merit. The only gubernatorial picture at the State House, in military garb, is that of John Brooks, a copy of Stuart's painting.

#### WILLIAM EUSTIS.

Though kept in the background eleven years, Democracy was by no means cast down, and in 1823, won a signal victory over Federalism, defeating the imposing Harrison Gray Otis and inducting Dr. William Eustis into

the Executive Chamber. He might be called the last of the Paladins, for past seventy years of age, he was the last veteran of the Revolution to be made governor.

His had been a busy life; born in Cambridge, June 10, 1753, he was graduated at Harvard, 1772, and had his medical training under Dr. Joseph Warren. From such tutelage, it is not strange that he should pass very early into the Revolutionary army, where as a surgeon he did excellent service throughout the war. In 1786 he was again surgeon in the expedition against the uprising of Daniel Shays and his men.

He was long in the General Court and was a member of Governor Sullivan's Council. For several years, he was in Congress, House, and was Sec-

retary of War in President Madison's first Cabinet. For four years he was United States Minister to Holland, and again was in Congress till elected governor.

During his second year, it was Governor Eustis's pleasure to entertain his old compatriot, General Lafayette, on his Boston visit of August, 1824. The Governor then occupied the stately Shirley mansion in Roxbury, well adapted to the most lavish hospitality. So many years given to public duties had left their impress, and his seventy-two years weighed heavily. Under their burden he broke, dying February 6, 1825. The Old Granary Burying Ground, so full of precious remains, also received his with all the honors that the Commonwealth could pay to his memory. His name ends the list of governors connected with the Revolution, and also those who were buried in the Old Granary. The body of Governor Eustis was afterwards removed to Lexington where it now lies.

In those days Roxbury seemed farther from the Capitol than now and Governor Eustis had thought it desirable to have a winter residence nearer the State House. His boarding place was where now stands the Howard Athenaeum and here his death took place. From the 11th to the 12th of February his body lay in state in the Council Chamber and from sunrise until the funeral on the 12th cannon were fired from Meeting House Hill, in Dorchester, and from Bunker Hill. In the procession at the right of the line walked ex-Governor John Brooks, the chief mourner. The exercises were in the Old South Church.

An interesting reminder of those

far-away days has come down to us to the effect that, though Revolutionary comrades and friends, Brooks and Eustis had become estranged through some difficulties in the Society of the Cincinnati. The coming of Lafayette was seized upon by certain friends as an excellent time to bring the old soldiers together again. This was happily effected and over a hearty hand clasp they were once more as of old, "Bill and John." Is there the slightest possibility that Dr. O. W. Holmes caught here the idea of his inimitable "Bill and Joe?" On the 12th of February "John" walked by the hearse containing the body of "Bill," a raw day in later winter, thereby, perhaps, hastening his own departure, for he died less than three weeks later.

LEVI LINCOLN.

The Governor elected in 1825 had no part in the Revolution, but he was reared where the story of its tribulations was often heard, for his father, the elder Levi, was an important factor in those troublous times. Levi, Jr., was born in Worcester, October 5, 1782, passed through Harvard, 1802, and studied law with his father, but public matters early drew him from its practice and there were few years of his subsequent life that were not passed in some sort of public office.

Since his father had been Jefferson's Attorney General, it is not particularly strange that the son should start as a Democrat, though then called a Republican. In succession he was a representative in the General Court, Speaker of the House, member of the Convention to revise the Constitution in 1820, Lieutenant Governor in 1823, resigning to become a judge upon the Supreme Bench.

An era of good feeling seemed to have dawned in 1825, since fifty years after Bunker Hill, Judge Lincoln was elected Governor, having the support of the two great political parties. For nine years, or till he wearied of its duties, he was regularly returned to the Executive chair, the longest consecutive record in Massachusetts annals.

It was his distinguished honor to preside when, June 16, 1825, the Legislature received General Lafayette, and also to represent the Commonwealth on the following day, when the corner stone was laid on Bunker Hill.

Though for more than forty years the veto power was possessed by the Executive, no Governor had exercised it till, in 1826, Levi Lincoln refused to sign a bill authorizing the construction of a free bridge between Boston and Charlestown. The next year he was opposed by a candidate nominated on the bridge issue.

Evidently during these years the Governor's opinions were undergoing a change, for while in 1826 he had Federalist opposition, in 1828 his opponents were Democratic, as in that year Marcus Morton, whom, in 1825, Lincoln had appointed to his just vacated place in the Supreme Court, began his long race for the lead, the longest in the history of Massachu-

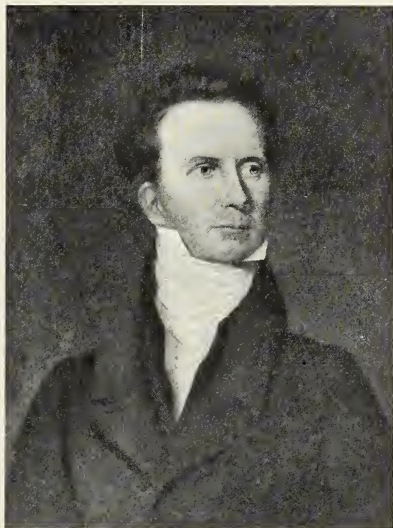
setts, possibly the longest in that of any state, since it was not till the election of 1839 that Morton reached his goal.

It was in Lincoln's days that principles, so long known as Republican, received their later name "Democratic," and the old term was laid by to be taken up at a later period by the combined Free Soil Whigs and Democrats of 1855. "Federalism," so talismanic for fully fifty years, through "National Republican" passed into the monosyllabic "Whig," to be equally potent in Massachusetts for twenty-five years. Lincoln, who had entered his exalted office a Democrat, left it a Whig.

The tenth amendment to the Constitution, accepted by the people May 11, 1831, changed the state elections to November, and made the political year begin in January instead of May.

Accordingly Levi Lincoln was the first Governor to take his oaths of office the first Wednesday in January, 1832, having been elected for the eighth time in the preceding November.

Subsequent to his gubernatorial term, ending January, 1834, he served six years in Congress, was Collector of the Port of Boston, President of the State Senate, and in 1848, the first Mayor of his native city. He survived till the 28th of May, easily the first citizen of his city and state.



LEVI LINCOLN



While he was Governor of the Bay State his brother, Enoch, held a like position in Maine, a rare coincidence. His handsome face for fully fifty years had needed no label when presented to Massachusetts people. Punctiliously polite, inflexibly honest, devoted to a degree, he was a rare illustration of the old school gentleman, long since extinct, and when the final summons came, apparently recognized, he took to his bed with no sadder reflection than "I guess my dancing days are over."

JOHN DAVIS.

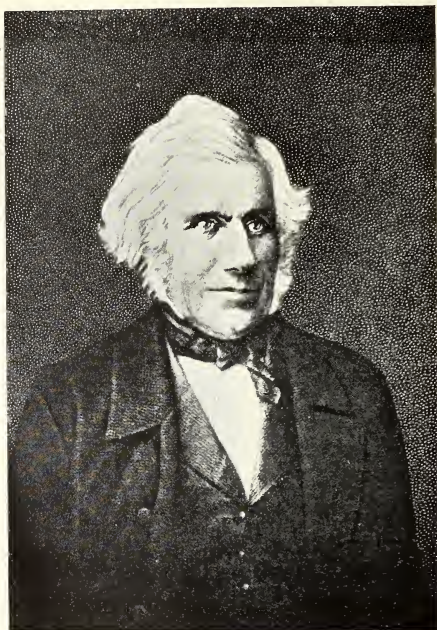
Evidently Massachusetts had acquired a way of looking towards Worcester for her Executive, since Lincoln's successor was his former law partner, the "Honest" John Davis of the Thirties and Forties, who, in 1842, at his Lincoln street home, entertained Mr. and Mrs. Charles

Dickens, thus getting his name with its handle into American Notes. Posterity naturally wonders whether the prefix to Governor Davis's name was thereby a reflection on other Davises who were also using that somewhat overworked prænomen, "John."

Northboro proudly claims the birth place of John Davis, January 13, 1787, and Yale was his college, 1812. Having studied law with the Hon. Francis

Blake, in 1816 he opened an office in Worcester. Eight years later he was sent to Congress, where he was noted for his devotion to the protection of home industries. Here he remained till he resigned to take his seat in Boston, January, 1834, though his election was by the Legislature instead of by the people. Anti-Masonic John Quincy Adams and Democratic Marcus Morton had together received more votes than Davis, hence the decision of the General Court. At the next election he was carried in by a large majority over all others, Morton included.

January 28, 1835, began one of the longest contests in the records of the state for a seat in the United States Senate. There were at least twelve candidates of more or less prominence, but it was not



JOHN DAVIS

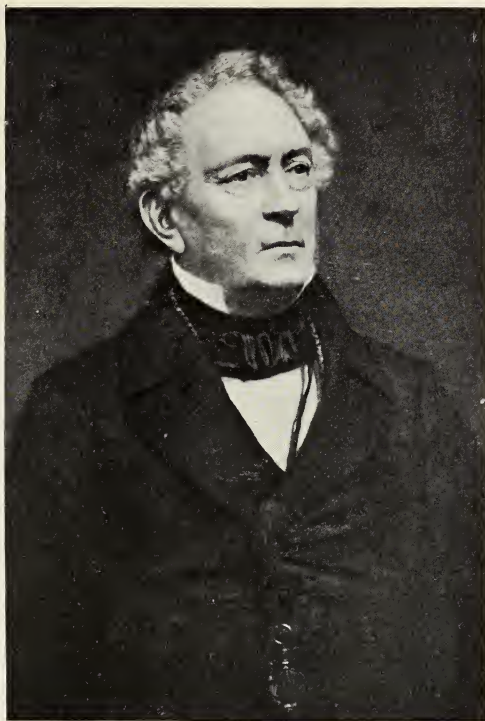
till February 20 that John Davis was elected. As he resigned his executive office the first of March following, his year was filled out by Lieutenant Governor Samuel T. Armstrong.

After four years of Edward Everett and a single one of Marcus Morton, "Honest" John Davis was called back to help lay that Democratic Banquo which most persistently refused

to "down," and the wisdom of the measure was evident when Morton was again beaten, this time by a majority of fifteen thousand. Of course, the election necessitated Davis's retirement from the Senate late in 1840. The next November the Whig majority fell off to less than five hundred. Free Soilers were just making their appearance and more

than a hundred votes were cast for Wendell Phillips. In 1842 the people failed to elect and the Legislature rewarded the Democratic persistency by the choice of Morton.

The late Governor's retirement was for only a brief period, since by the death of United States Senator I. C. Bates, a vacancy arose which was filled, in 1845, by Mr. Davis and he was re-elected in 1847. Declining further service, he retired to Worcester in 1853, and there died suddenly in 1854, April 19th. His body lies in Rural Cemetery, near that of his famous kinsman, George Bancroft, whose sister, Eliza, had long been the Governor's efficient helpmeet. To this day, in their old home, Lincoln and Davis are cited as being very near the ideals



EDWARD EVERETT

of public officers.

EDWARD  
EVERETT

Student, clergyman, tutor, Congressman, college professor and president, Everett was always an orator. Born in Dorchester, April 11, 1794, he had had a wide and rich experience when called to the Governor's chair. Leaving Harvard in 1811, a boy graduate, he was one of the first Americans

to add European training to home attainments. Perhaps no American ever gained so great a reputation at so early an age. Elected to Congress from the City of Boston in 1824, for ten years he faithfully served in the lower branch. Starting in as a disciple of John Quincy Adams or a National Republican, he became in due time a Whig and as such was elected, November 9, 1835, Governor of Massachusetts, defeating Marcus Morton regularly for four years, but on the fifth trial, or in 1839, he went down, overcome by the famous single vote.

So eminent a man, however, was not long idle. In 1840 he went abroad, receiving scholastic honors from Oxford, Cambridge and Dublin. From 1846 to 1848 he was president of Har-

ward. In 1852 he succeeded Daniel Webster as President Fillmore's Secretary of State, and the next year he followed John Davis in the United States Senate, though ill health compelled his resignation in May, 1854.

Americans will always hold Edward Everett in high esteem because of his services in the preservation of Mount Vernon. To him, more than to any other one person, its purchase and retention are due.

In 1860, for the memorable campaign of that year, there was a brief resurrection of the name "Whig," and as such Everett was the candidate for Vice-President along with John Bell, of Tennessee. When the inevitable war began he was foremost in advocating its vigorous prosecution. One of his last public appearances was in November, 1863,

when, with President Lincoln, he spoke at the dedication of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg.

Following an address in Faneuil Hall, January 9, 1865, he suffered a sudden chill, from which his death followed six days later. His burial from the First Church, Chauncy street, was in Mount Auburn. His bronze statue in the Public Gardens, by William Story, in a small way has attested the hold he had upon his fel-

low-citizens, who generously and speedily contributed twice the amount necessary to pay for it.

"He who had lived the mark of all men's praise,

Died with the tribute of a Nation's tears."

—Holmes.

MARCUS MORTON.

Nothing in the history of Massachusetts redounds more to her credit than that in 1840 she proclaimed Marcus Morton Governor, though his majority was only a single vote out of a total of 102,066. He had just 51,034, the exact number necessary to elect. Though the machinery of government was in the hands of the Whigs, that party retired as gracefully as if the majority had been a thousand. To secure the above number, one ballot written "Mac-



MARCUS MORTON

cus Mattoon" was counted. It is to be feared that to-day means would have been found to throw that ballot out, thus leaving the vote a tie. The Legislature would have elected Everett.

Tamerlane's spider was not more persevering than were the Democrats to make Morton Governor. Seventeen times was he their candidate and only twice successful. In 1824 and 1825 he had been Lieutenant Governor.



Thus he had run for executive office in nineteen campaigns and only four times successfully. For more than twenty-five years his name appeared in the returns as a regular candidate or among the scattering. Massachusetts confidently challenges a parallel record in any other state in the Union.

Freetown, in Bristol County, writes "Marcus Morton" among her sons, for he was born there February 19, 1784; Brown University was his college home, 1804, and the famous Law School of Litchfield, Conn., gave him his legal training. From 1817 to 1821, in Congress, he was next in the Governor's Council, and in 1824 and 1825 was Lieutenant Governor, though he resigned his executive office in the later year to become a judge upon the Supreme Bench. Here he remained through all his candidating till his closely won victory at the polls led him to resign. During all these years Taunton was his home.

In the campaigns of 1840 and 1841 he was as usual defeated, but in 1842 the people failed to elect, so the contest was carried into the Legislature, where January 16 the House, by 174 votes, just the number necessary, sent his name to the Senate, which body on the 17th elected him. For such reasons he has sometimes been known as the "One Vote Governor."

The story is told that during his second term he was riding from Taunton on a train, due to reach Boston at about noon. Delayed by an accident, time was lost till, becoming quite anxious, the Governor turned to an acquaintance, asking him when he thought the train would arrive. The reply was, "I think we shall get in by one, your Excellency usually does."

Notwithstanding Whig clamor, Governor Morton's administration in no way suffered when compared with others. In 1845 President Polk made Morton Collector of the Port of Boston, but in 1848 he resigned, having espoused the free soil cause. He served in the Constitutional Convention of 1853 and in 1858 was in the Legislature. In his campaigns he had with him many of the anti-slavery leaders and in 1839 Whittier, writing of Everett and Morton, said: "Of the two I prefer Morton." He was found, when the war began, in the ranks of its supporters till his death, which came February 6, 1864. His body lies in Taunton's Mount Pleasant Cemetery. His elegant residence, through the generosity of his daughter, Mrs. Kimball, of Boston, is now the Morton Hospital of Taunton.

GEORGE N. BRIGGS.

In the person of Governor Briggs, for the first time, Berkshire County enters the Executive Chamber. The Free Soil party, by the year 1843, had gained such headway that a popular vote, by either one of the two great parties, was difficult to secure, and this contest between Briggs and Morton was settled by the General Court, where the Whigs were still in the lead. Only three times in his seven elections was Briggs called by the popular vote, and in the eighth contest he was defeated in the Legislature.

Not only was George Nixon Briggs the first Executive for Berkshire, he was also the first Chief Executive to have a middle name. Of the twenty-one governors since his day only five have failed to be thus supplied. He was born in Adams, April 13, 1796, under such circumstances that when

most boys of his age were in school, he was learning the hatter's trade, so that when, years afterwards, success came to him he was frequently called "The Hatter's Governor." In 1811 an older brother coming to his rescue, he received a single year's schooling and then began the study of law, to whose practice he eventually settled down in Pittsfield, acquiring a wide reputation as an eloquent and successful lawyer.

From the office of Register of Deeds he went to Congress, where he remained twelve years. Then followed his career at the State House, 1844 - 1851. He did not favor the war with Mexico and was not afraid to let the world know it. Lowell embalmed the Governor in Biglow papers in the words:

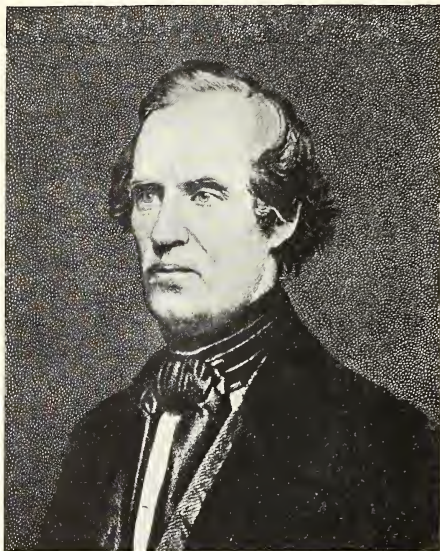
"Governor B. is a sensible man;  
He stays to his home and looks arter his  
folks;  
He draws his ferrer ez straight ez he can,  
An' into nobody's tater-patch pokes;  
But John P.  
Robinson he  
Sez he won't vote fer Governor B."

Inflexible, where he thought he saw his duty, he resisted all efforts to lessen the penalty imposed upon Dr. Webster for the murder of Dr. Parkman and insisted that the law should take its course. After his retirement

from the State House, he was made a judge of the Court of Common Pleas and in 1853 was a member of the Constitutional Convention. An ardent advocate of the suppression of the Rebellion he saw his son, Henry, go forth as the Colonel of the Tenth Massachusetts Infantry. His own career of usefulness was cut short by

the accidental discharge of a gun September 11, 1861.

Possibly no fact in Governor Briggs's life was better known than that from early life he had not worn a shirt collar. His portrait, with those of other worthies in the old Senate Chamber, has a high black stock, but no suspicion of white encircles his neck.



GEORGE N. BRIGGS

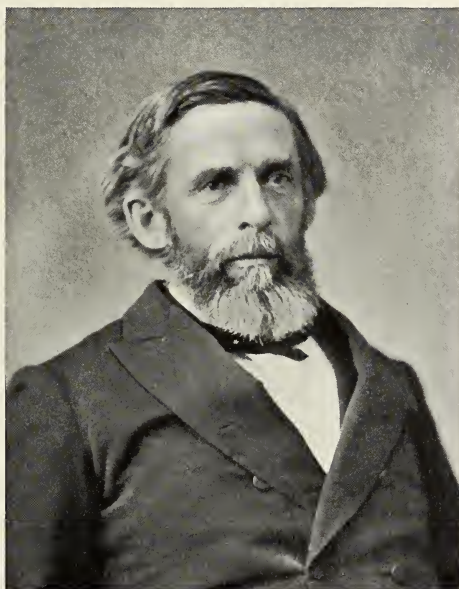
This peculiarity is said to have come from a vow, made when a young man, to leave off his collar if a friend would leave off the use of intoxicants. To the future Chief Executive the obligation was perpetual and he is still referred to by elderly people as the "Governor without a dickey." His body lies in Pittsfield's Cemetery, at whose dedication in 1850 Dr. O. W. Holmes said:

"Angel of Death! extend thy silent reign!  
Stretch thy dark scepter o'er this new domain!"

GEORGE S. BOUTWELL.

Though born in Brookline, January

28, 1818, Groton, Middlesex County, has been the home of George Sewall Boutwell since 1835. A farmer's boy, he had the advantages that go with such a lad's rearing, till he became a clerk in a country store, but whether on the farm or in the store he would have his book, and like Lincoln, he managed to lay up a larger stock of really useful knowledge than many a man acquires who can write B. A. *in cursu* after his name. He began the study of law by himself in 1836, but remained in business till 1855. He was early interested in politics and in 1840 supported Van Bur-en, who in the following January appointed him postmaster of Groton.



GEORGE S. BOUTWELL

Sent by the Democrats to the General Court seven times before 1851, in spite of his youth, he was soon recognized as their leader in the House. Three times he ran, though unsuccessfully, for Congress, and in 1849 he was the Democratic nominee for governor. Beaten then by the Legislature, he tried again in 1850, and though 20,000 behind Briggs in the popular vote, he was chosen by the Legislature to the long-coveted chair.

January, 1851, witnessed one of the most skillfully played games of politics the Bay State ever saw. It was the

year of the first coalition. Democrats and Free Soilers united to oust the long entrenched Whigs. Names, afterwards household words, then for the first time became prominent. Boutwell, Banks, Sumner and Wilson came to the forefront. Governor, Speaker, United States Senator and President of the Senate were their immediately subsequent titles.

By the Whigs the combination was deemed the most unholy in the annals of time, but lovers of liberty saw in it a loosening of shackles.

The new Governor had a hard rôle to play. He could hardly retain the admiration of his old friends and thoroughly please his new ones among the ardent abolition-

ists. After his first message, John G. Whittier, who had labored diligently in Boutwell's behalf, said: "I have read the message of Governor B.; it is under the circumstances monstrous and insulting. May God forgive us for permitting his election." Again, in 1851, the people failed to elect, and though Robert C. Winthrop led Boutwell by twenty thousand votes, again a coalition in the Legislature landed the Groton grocer. A large book might be filled with the disagreeable utterances of the opposition, but they did not avail, and Mass-



achusetts moved on just as serenely under Boutwell as she had done under Briggs.

Leaving office January, 1853, the young ex-Governor was elected to the Constitutional Convention, and from 1855 to 1861 he was Secretary of the State Board of Education, the only non-college man to occupy that position. He was one of the founders of the Republican party, a delegate to the Chicago Convention of 1860, three times elected to Congress, he was chairman of the committee reporting articles of impeachment against Andrew Johnson, Secretary of the Treasury in Grant's first Cabinet; he was chosen to the United States Senate in 1873, to succeed Henry Wilson, just twenty-two years after the first coalition.

In the Senate Chamber, presented in 1871 by friends, is Milmore's bust of Boutwell, enjoying the distinction of being the only semblance of a living person thus honored.

Whether in Washington, codifying the statutes at large, or in his Boston law office, Governor Boutwell, at eighty-four, is a marvel of strength and vigor. Few strangers, waiting on the depot platform in Ayer, recognize the somewhat bowed form which walks briskly from the Boston train to that which runs up New Hampshire way, but residents need not be told that fully sixty years of Massachusetts history is passing, and, whatever his later notions as to public affairs, every one breathes a silent prayer that George S. Boutwell may long continue the Senior Surviving Governor.

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## The First Snow

By Walter A. Dyer

ENTHRONÈD on the royal purple hills,  
In stately beauty sat the Queen of Day;  
A courtier whispered softly in her ear,  
She smiled, and blushing deeply went away.

Again the court assembled, and their queen  
Stepped forth from out the morning's golden gate.  
And smiled o'er all the land, serenely fair,  
Clothed all in sparkling ermine robes of state.



## The Schoolmarm

By Fred W. Shibley

**D**ID I ever tell you about the way we fooled Tish Brown's father's only brother Ebenezer on his own honey? Well, I'll tell you that story after a bit, but I'm goin' to tell you now about Mary Jane Brown, this same Ebenezer's daughter, who once taught school in our neighborhood.

Ebenezer Brown was a mighty religious man, bein' a steward in the church, the same as father, an' when Mary Jane got her certificate an' went for a schoolmarm, it worried her father terrible for fear she'd forget the strict rules of conduct he'd laid down to her at home.

It so happened that she was chosen to teach in the little red schoolhouse in our neighborhood, and as this was only a few miles from her home, you'd hardly think that Ebenezer would have thought that his darlin' daughter had

gone far away from him into the wide, sinful world, but he did.

Father was head trustee, an' it was the custom for the teacher to start her round of boardin' with us. So, the day after New Year's, Ebenezer fetched Mary Jane an' her trunk to our place, and handed her over gingerly to mother. Then he found father in the drive-house, an' said to him, very solemn:

"Stephen, I've brought Mary Jane to stop with you a spell, an' it's mighty glad I'd be of placin' her in your care an' that of your excellent wife but for one thing."

"What's that?" father asked, sharply, as was his way.

"Well, you see," Ebenezer went on, "Mary Jane's my one ewe lamb, an' I've bin terrible particklar about her bringin' up, an' if I do say it of my own child, she jest simply don't know

that there's sich a thing as sin in the world."

"You don't mean to infer, Ebenezer," father said, most taken off his feet, "that my house ain't a fit place for your daughter?"

"Nothin' of the sort, nothin' of the sort," returned Ebenezer, winkin' his little eyes as if he'd caught a cinder. He was the worse man to wink his eyes you ever see. "I know you, Stephen, to the backbone," he went on, "an' I've allus said if there was one woman more worthy than another to take the blessed sacrament it was your wife; but it's the boys, George an' Ed, that I'm afraid of."

"What of them?" father asked, for he was techy on the subject of me an' Ed, and for all he would dress us down himself for every little thing, he didn't relish listenin' to other folks doin' it.

"George an' Ed are bright boys, I own," Ebenezer answered, cautious like; "but the truth is, Stephen, that since they've growed up to what might be called young men, they've been considerably talked about, I understand, not only in this neighborhood, but as far away as our section. You do let 'em go about considerable, you can't deny that, Stephen; an' I've even heard that they've a rig apiece an' drive out to wait on girls of a Sunday, jest as if they was courtin'. Why, only last Sunday George was down to see my brother's girl, Letitia."

"I don't see anything very wicked in that," father said, dryly.

"But that ain't it," continued Ebenezer, evidently with a load on his mind. "Folks say they go to dances an' public parties; and, while far be it from me to say what other folk's children should be 'lowed to do, I want it dis-

tinctly understood that my Mary Jane shall never dance a step while I live. So I ask you, Stephen, as brother Christian to brother, to keep an eye on the boys an' see that they don't put any wild notions in Mary Jane's head."

They had some more talk, but that was the substance of it, and father lectured me an' Ed for an hour in the barn, where we all sat huskin' corn, on the strength of it.

Now, it kind of riled me an' Ed to be raked over the coals by old Ebenezer Brown, who had the reputation of tradin' horses not strictly on points, and we made up our minds to give Mary Jane a good lettin' alone, although she was a kind of cute little thing, an' we both liked her.

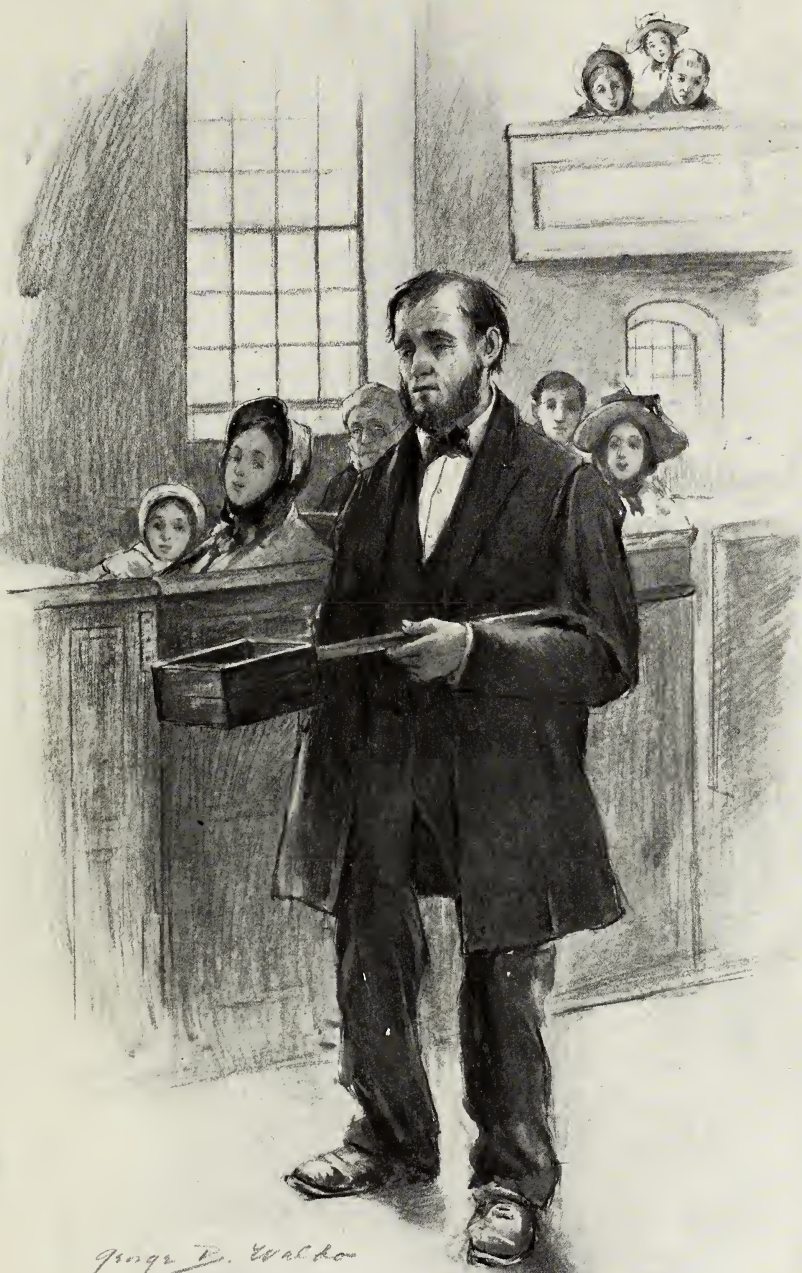
We was now long about twenty and eighteen, me an' Ed, and we liked a good time as well as the next one. Ed had learned to play the fiddle, and as I could "call off" fine, we was in great demand at all the dances for as much as five miles around home.

There was lots of dances that winter, and we went to most of 'em. It's true, we only had one cutter between us, but we used to take turns usin' it, and the unfortunate one had to drive his girl in a light market sleigh we had.

Mary Jane saw us goin' and comin' from these parties, and as her cousin Tish used to tell her everything, she knew we was goin' to dances, an' that I took Tish every time we could fix up a yarn that would deceive the latter's father.

Mary Jane got restless after a bit, seein' so much fun goin' on under her nose an' her not in it. So she up and says to me one day, when I'd picked her up at the schoolhouse on my way





Drawn by George B. Waldo

"EBENEZER BROWN WAS A VERY RELIGIOUS MAN"

from the village, and was drivin' her home:

"George," she says, "I hear there's goin' to be a party down to Jones's Mills next Friday evenin'."

"I've heard so, too," I says, wonderin' what she was drivin' at.

"What kind of a party is it goin' to be?" she says.

"Church of England," I says. "A kind of house-warmin' at the Stevens's for the English Church. They set a box near the door, an' you can drop in what you like."

"Oh, is that all," says Mary Jane, mournful like. "Tish told me it was goin' to be a dance."

"Tish is a great talker," I says.

Now, it struck me that Mary Jane seemed quite cast down when I didn't give her any encouragement in the matter of the party. She sat silent for a bit, an' then she put up her face, bashful like (she was a mighty pretty girl when she looked like that), and said:

"It's awful stupid of me stayin' home every night, and Tish and you an' Ed and the rest of the young folks havin' such good times. I just said so to Tish, and she said to me, 'Mary Jane, you're a little fool for bein' so timid. Why don't you ask George to take you?' There, now!"

"Not to a dance!" says I, horrified.

"But this ain't goin' to be a dance; just a party," she pleaded.

"Well," says I, "it's just like this, Mary Jane: Your father would have a fit if he heard of you goin' anywhere with me or Ed. We're bad, wicked boys, to him," I says.

"Pshaw!" she says, smilin' up at me. "Father's an old fossil, that's what he is, and haven't I known you an' Ed for

years, and don't Tish go with you everywhere?"

It occurred to me right there an' then that Mary Jane had been very much underestimated by me an' Ed, and I decided that if she wanted to go to the Church of England party, I'd take her an' let old Ebenezer go to the deuce. So says I:

"Mary Jane, if you want to go next Friday evenin', get ready for it an' I'll take you, though I half promised to take Tish, and it's Ed's turn for the cutter."

"Tish won't mind; she said she wouldn't," Mary Jane says in return, and I saw that Tish had been puttin' notions into her good little cousin's head.

I tried to buy Ed off on the cutter, but it wouldn't go, for he had a new girl in mind for the party, and wanted to go in style. Ed was mighty selfish about the cutter when it was his turn. But to make matters worse, what does father an' mother decide to do but go visitin' on Friday, sayin' they won't be home till long in the evenin', and they knew me an' Ed intended goin' to the party!

Ed laughed an' Mary Jane cried when they heard of this last stroke; but I wasn't to be beat, 'specially when Mary Jane felt so bad about it, and had worked all the week on her dress.

So when father an' mother drove off, I cleaned out the big bob-sleigh—the box was eighteen inches high and ten feet long—filled it half full of clean rye straw, fixed the seat comfortable, and decided to hitch in the span an' drive Mary Jane to the party. I knew I could sneak the bobs into the church shed where none of the other fellers would be likely to spot me. for we was

mighty sensitive on the point of our turnouts in them days, I tell you.

We got to the party all right, and I see that Mary Jane was enjoyin' every minute of it. They had all kinds of games—good old games they was—that took the bashfulness out of a feller; and the schoolmarm went into it, blushin' but happy.

Long about 'leven o'clock the older folks began to leave for home, and I saw Ed goin' into the big dinin' room with his fiddle under his arm. I knew the trouble was about to begin, for you know all these Church of England parties was sure to end up in a dance.

I found Mary Jane talkin' with Will Tinker an' eatin' a big apple, and I called her to one side.

"Mary Jane," I says, very polite like, 'it's goin' on midnight, and some of the folks are beginnin' to leave. Don't you think you'd better be makin' a move towards puttin' on your things?"

"Dear me, George!" she cried, "you don't say it's so late! I'd have guessed ten at the latest."

At that moment I heard Ed draw the bow across his fiddle, tunin' up, and it fairly made my heart ache.

"Must we really be goin'?" says Mary Jane, plaintive like, not pretendin' to have heard the fiddle.

"To tell the truth," says I, solemn as a judge, "I'm surprised at this party. They're turnin' it into a dance, I'm afraid!"

Mary Jane looked horrified. "We must go home!" she said.

I don't know whether it showed in my face or not, but I did hate like a dog to leave when the fun was just commencin', and I knew that Will Tinker would be only too glad to get a

chance of callin' off. Mary Jane evidently saw my distress, for says she:

"George, you don't want to go."

"To be honest," says I, "Mary Jane, I don't."

"Couldn't I just stand an' look on?" she says.

My spirits rose. "Yes," says I, "you can if you only will, but your father'll skin you if he ever hears of it."

"Pshaw!" says she with that darin' twinkle of the eye. "I guess I'm safe with you, George."

The dance began. I called off the square an' the round dances, and danced all the waltzes an' polkas. Mary Jane sat in a chair near the dinin' room door, and every time I passed her she smiled up at me just as happy as a kitten.

Durin' an intermission, while Ed was eatin' cake with his new girl (and a daisy she was—I'd never seen her before), I went over an' set down by Mary Jane.

"Ain't it lovely to know how to dance," says she, all aglow. "Oh, if I only knew how!"

"It's nothin' to learn," says I.

"Do you think I could learn?" says she, earnest like.

"Can a duck swim?" says I, laughin'.

"Really," says she, "do you think I could if I tried?"

Just then the fiddle started up a waltz. I grabbed Mary Jane.

"Come!" says I. "Now's your chance," and we was soon flyin' round to the music. She was a born dancer. In two whirls she caught the step an' was right with me. Did she like it? Well, I never saw a happier girl, and I danced every remainin' dance with





"FATHER DISCOVERED THE TWO OF US"

her, lettin' Will Tinker get all the glory he wanted callin' off.

We started for home at two in the mornin'. The weather had changed in the night, and a sharp wind was blowin', bringin' with it a fine sleet that stung the face like needle pricks. We stood it for a mile or so, but I see it was punishin' Mary Jane terrible, so I set the seat back three feet or so, and told her to sit down in the nice dry straw an' lean against the seat. Then I tied the reins 'round the dashboard, knowin' the horses would go home all right, and sittin' down by the schoolmarm, pulled the buffalo robe over our heads, and there we was, comfortable as could be, holdin' hands like the two babes in the woods.

Then a peculiar thing happened. I

heard the bell of a far-away church ringin'; then a voice callin' to me from a high hill—just the murmur of a voice—then a slow poundin'—a dull, thumpin' sound; then the voice from the hill comin' nearer an' nearer, growin' louder an' louder, till I felt my blood rushin' into my head and my ears fairly deafened with the noise. The voice was now directly over me. I opened my eyes. The buffalo robe was held aloft and I heard father say:

"Well, if this don't beat all!"

I looked about me. The bob-sleigh with the horses still hitched to it was in the drive-house at home, and father was standin' by the side with one corner of the buffalo robe in his hand. It was broad daylight. I looked for

Mary Jane. There she sat in the straw, her head against the cushion of the seat, sound asleep, but still hangin' tight to my left hand.

"Now, sir," says father with a grin, "what does this mean?"

It was enough to make even him smile. Me an' Mary Jane had gone to sleep the minute almost we sat down in the straw, for neither of us could re-

member a thing, and the horses brought us home, goin' into the drive-house, the doors of which had luckily been left open. Father comin' out in the mornin' found the bob-sleigh there, and liftin' the robe discovered the two of us.

Say! Mary Jane wouldn't look at me out of the corner of her eye for the next fortnight.



## Emma Willard, a Pioneer of Education for Women

By Ellen Strong Bartlett

THE pioneers in the world's progress generally stand out clearly as we look back at them from the heights that they have helped us to attain. We have reached the time when Emma Willard and her work assume their just proportions. She was fortunate in achieving her great purpose, that of securing for girls the privilege of an extended education. As Thomas Wentworth Higginson says: "When, in the year 1819, Mrs. Emma Willard published her 'Address to the Public,' including a 'Plan for Improving Female Education,' and established her

school under [partial] State patronage at Waterford, N. Y., she laid the foundation upon which every woman's college or co-educational college may now be said to rest."

She was born in the quiet village of Berlin, Connecticut, on February 23, 1787. But it is on the banks of the Hudson, where she died, that the statue stands which is a token of the value which the world has put on her contribution to its work. In her youth, girls had few and small opportunities for what is technically called an education; but it would be a sacrifice of truth for picturesqueness to attempt to prove

that she grew up among conditions adverse to mental development.

Berlin, then Worthington, has been the home of many men of intellect and ability, like Percival, the poet; the Reverend Benoni Upson, and others; and there was a prevailing interest there in the things that tend to make mankind wise and good. The Hart family has always been prominent for virtues and talents; and Emma's father was gifted with a keen intellect and a strong taste for the best books.

He was "Captain" Samuel Hart; being, on his father's side, a descendant of one of the first settlers of Farmington, and on his mother's of the Reverend Thomas Hooker, the illustrious leader of the Hartford colony. He had strong tendencies toward scholarship and scientific investigation, and had given up going to college, when partly fitted for it, only because his father died. He read Locke, Berkeley and Milton for recreation in the long New England evenings, represented the town in the General Court, and was so independent a thinker that he was regarded as dangerously "liberal."

Emma's mother, his second wife, was Lydia Hinsdale, a descendant of the Reverend Theodore Hinsdale, of Massachusetts, for whom the town of

that ilk was named. She was full of energy and good deeds, and was one of the notable New England housekeepers, yet probably ready to give searching criticism to the Sunday sermon, or kind and effective service to a sick neighbor.

But when the parents have been mentioned, only a part of the environment has been described, for Emma was the sixteenth of seventeen children. What a chance for rubbing off

corners and developing self-control; for dealing with various temperaments and learning to look indulgently on the faults of others was here afforded to the future mistress of Troy Seminary! The family must have been a beautiful example of the true, co-operative spirit, for we hear of the bright evenings around the fireplace, when Mr. Hart read to his eager listeners from the books that we now call the English



MRS. LYDIA HINSDALE HART

classics. They were few, and of a sedate and dignified nature; but it is certain that the thoughtful and repeated perusal and discussion of such books as "Paradise Lost," the "Spectator," Gibbon's "Rome," and "The Pilgrim's Progress," were more conducive to strength of mind than the careless reading of the sensational literature intended for children of to-day.

The house in Berlin was square,





BERLIN STREET

with a small hall and narrow stairs in the middle, and it contained a loom-room, which was, at times, a busy place. The house is not standing, but the Patterson house, very near the site, is said to be very much like it.

Emma was full of enthusiasm for gaining knowledge herself, and often has the tale been told of her home study of astronomy, when, with the ardor of fourteen, she braved the cold of winter evenings, and made the horse-block her observatory from which to study the open wonders of the heavens. After learning all that could be taught in the public school, she studied for two years at the Academy in Berlin, where she had the instruction of a scholarly man, Dr. Miner, a Yale graduate, and afterwards a distinguished physician. In those days, just as all men were supposed to understand farming, so it was taken for granted that all women were endowed with ability to teach; and, accordingly, it is not surprising that Emma Wil-

lard was installed as mistress of one of the district schools. She was only a little more than seventeen, and her success was the talk of the town. Her own enthusiasm for study inspired her scholars. She secured obedience without severity, and even at that early period of her life, showed the skill in the art of imparting information which was afterwards so remarkable. This school was in session only in summer, and by the kindness of her brothers she was enabled to devote the winters of those years to studying in Hartford in the schools of Mrs. Royce and the Misses Patton. After that she was asked to take charge of the Academy in Berlin where she had once been a pupil. Her very success took her away from her native village. In 1807 she was asked to teach in Hudson, N. Y., Middlebury, Vt., and Westfield, Mass., where there was an academy for girls which had a deservedly high reputation. She chose the last as being nearest home, but from there success took

her away again, this time to the dignified little college town of Middlebury, where a repeated request secured her as the principal of the academy.

Middlebury possessed so decidedly intellectual an atmosphere that the elder President Dwight spoke of his three visits there with the liveliest admiration of the people. It had been settled by fine men from some of the best families in Connecticut. They had established there not only a beautiful church, but three institutions of learning, the Grammar School, the Female Academy, and the College. The society of the town included many graduates of Yale, Dartmouth and Brown, and Emma Hart met such men as the Hon. Horatio Seymour, who gave the land for the Female Academy; the Rev. Dr. Merrill, who "had carried away the valedictory from Daniel Webster, and was always a leader in the State," and Dr. Henry Davis, president of the college, who had declined an invitation to succeed President Dwight at Yale. These were soon her friends, and the smouldering ambition and longing and dissatisfaction of a gifted woman began to blaze. She saw prospects which had been too distant to trouble her. Intelligent as had been her companionship in Berlin, there she had had the pleasure of feeling that she was drinking from the fountain of knowledge nearly as fast as it flowed to her lips. But in Middlebury she realized that custom had placed barriers around the sacred waters, and that their current turned towards men only. As a personal favor, she might be allowed some dainty sips, but it was not for her and other women to go freely to the spring for permanent and continuous supply.

This led to the formation of that life-purpose which made her one of the benefactors of women, the pioneer in opening to them the opportunity for college courses of study. She longed to see women free to enjoy those enriching and ennobling studies which were granted to men without question, to see the great privileges of learning given willingly and as a right. Many women, in all ages of the civilized world, had been scholars, but it had been owing to unusual favor or good fortune. Her aim was to gain the right of choice in study for all women, and as a step towards this, it was necessary to impress on the world the idea that even if it were not best to give just the same training to boys and girls, yet the training of one was as important as that of the other.

She had a busy life as a teacher in those early days in Middlebury. In August, 1807, she wrote to her parents an interesting account of her day's occupations. "I go to school generally before nine, and stay till one; come home, snatch my dinner, go again, and stay till almost sundown; come home, and dress in a great hurry to go abroad; get home about ten, fatigued enough to go to bed, and lie till seven the next morning, with hardly time enough to mend my stockings. Sunday, I attend four meetings. My situation is a very trying one, in some respects. It will be difficult, perhaps impossible, to avoid making enemies. To please all is impossible as much as it would be for a person to be going two different ways at the same time. To please the greater number of people, I must attend all the meetings Sunday, go to conference one or two afternoons in a week, profess to believe, among





MRS. EMMA WILLARD



DR. JOHN WILLARD

other articles of the creed, that mankind, generally speaking, will be damned. To please another set of people, I must speak in the most contemptible manner of conferences and ridicule many of the notions of religionists, and praise many things that are disagreeable, such as dancing, playing cards, etc. In this situation I know of no better way than to follow the dictates of my own conscience. This would direct me not to ridicule what others hold to be sacred; to endeavor not to treat any in such a manner as that they may have reason to be personally my enemies; to have no idea of pretending to believe what I do not believe." How wise and noble were the opinions that guided her conduct even in youth, when decisions are apt to be hasty and impulse is apt to take the place of calm judgment. As an instance of her tact, it is related that when the cold became intense in her school room, which, warmed by a fire-

place only, took in the whole of the second story, she would call out the girls for a contra-dance, which she led herself while some of the girls sang.

At twenty-two came a happy marriage, August 10, 1809, to Dr. John Willard. Born in Madison, Conn., of good family, he settled, about 1790, in Middlebury, where he had much repute as a practitioner, but he disapproved of the common medical practice of the time. In 1801 he was made Marshal of Vermont, by Jefferson, and from that time gave up medicine. Later he held a good many political offices, and was a director in the Vermont State Bank.

After her marriage, Mrs. Willard studied geometry with a nephew of Dr. Willard, read medical books, pored over Paley's "Moral Philosophy," and Locke's "Human Understanding," but she did not neglect the cares of the household. In a letter to her husband during his absence, she says: "The





DR. WILLARD'S HOME IN MIDDLEBURY

winter apples are gathered, the cider is made, twenty-three barrels; the potatoes are nearly all in; the buckwheat is gathered"—her executive ability showing itself even in such details as these. Dr. Willard had built a handsome house, he had several small farms, and it seemed as if the pleasant duties of home-life were to absorb the energies of his wife; but trials and disappointments were in store for her, and now we can see that they were the stepping-stones to achievement and fame. Financial reverses came. It seems that in 1812 the bank was entered by a false key, and a large sum of money was taken without any disturbance of the building. The public called on the directors to explain the loss of the money. They were tried before the Supreme Court, and judgment was rendered against them for

\$28,000. The claim was afterward remitted, and later the false key was found in the attic of a house, but for many years the Vermont State Bank had liens on the estate of John Willard. It is certainly very curious that there was so intimate a connection between the dark deeds of a thief and the lighting of the "torch of learning"\* to be placed in the hand of woman.

Now the beautiful young wife repaid devotion with devotion. Hers was the shoulder that lifted the wheel from the mire. She decided, in 1814, to open a boarding school for girls, in Dr. Willard's house, which is still standing. This gave her an opportunity to try some of the ideas that had been forming in her mind. She wrote later: "When I began my boarding

\* The torch of learning is the emblem of the Emma Willard Association.

school in Middlebury, my leading motive was to relieve my husband from financial difficulties. I had also the further motive of keeping a better school than those about me; but it was not till a year or two after that I formed the design of effecting an important change in education by the introduction of a grade of schools for women higher than any heretofore known. My neighborhood to Middlebury College made me feel bitterly the disparity in educational facilities between the two sexes, and I hoped that, if the matter was once set before the men as legislators, they would be ready to correct the error."

She sometimes spent ten or twelve hours a day in teaching, and after a year or two, she introduced many studies that were novel in girls' schools, and in a short time the new venture had a great success. Girls flocked to the school, and it was not long before she had seventy scholars. The president and professors of the college, her neighbors, took a cordial interest in her work and plans. Some young men, students in the college at that time, afterwards became noted, like the Rev. Dr. Beman, the Hon. Silas Wright, and Judge John Willard, and they were her life-long friends. Dr. Willard, twenty-eight years older than she was, was her most sympathetic helper and counselor. She saw, as her school experience increased, that the course of study could be widened; but so chimerical an idea did it appear that the legislature could be influenced to help in the higher education of women, that even from Dr. Willard did she at first withhold her hopes. But no discouraging words did she hear from him. "He entered into

the full spirit of my views with a disinterested zeal for the sex that, as he believed, his own had injuriously neglected. With an affection more generous and disinterested than ever man before felt, he in his later life, sought my elevation indifferent to his own."

Probably none of her friends could help her with the money needed for her enterprise, for when the circumstance of five girls from Waterford, N. Y., being in her school led to the suggestion that it be removed to that place, she accepted the proposal in the hope that financial aid would come from the rich State of New York. Accordingly, in 1819, the school with its teachers and many of its pupils, was removed to Waterford. Mrs. Willard was a good general, and had surveyed the ground for her campaign before beginning it. With characteristic energy and enthusiasm she had corresponded with such public men as President Monroe, Chancellor Kent, and Governor De Witt Clinton, with reference to her daring project, and the winter of 1818 had been spent by Dr. Willard and herself in Albany. Whether or not she was the first "woman lobbyist" I do not know, but in labor she was indefatigable. Her famous "Plan" was published in 1818, and announced her to the world as the first and lonely champion of a new cause. It was distributed widely, excited much comment, and gained the approval of men like Jefferson, Livingston, and others. It bears the title, "An Address to the Public; particularly to the Members of the Legislature of New York, proposing a plan for improving Female Education. By Emma Willard, Middlebury."

She spent two or three years in pre-

paring this address. President Brainerd says: "It was written and rewritten seven times; fully three-fourths of the original matter was finally rejected. She was meanwhile testing some of her theories by experiment so far as her limited resources would permit." "We must regard it as a wonderful document—the Magna Charta of the rights of woman in the matter of education." She marshals all her powers of argument, eloquence, and appeal; and lest she should fail by omitting some of the arts of persuasion, she fully excuses and explains her position, and her apologies for endeavoring to "persuade" the legislature to "endow a seminary for females" are both pathetic and amusing at this day. She says: "The absurdity of sending ladies to college may, at first thought, strike every one to whom this subject shall be proposed. I therefore hasten to observe that the seminary here recommended will be as different from those appropriated to the other sex as the female character and duties are from the male." She probably had good reason for making such apologies; the story has been handed down that an old farmer who was also a law-maker, grunted out his surprise: "Why, they'll be trying to educate the cows next!"

The result of this urgent appeal and of the support of De Witt Clinton was that in the winter of 1819, the New York Legislature passed a bill for the assistance of seminaries for girls and for the incorporation of an institution at Waterford. This was an epoch, for although the pecuniary assistance was very small, a principle was involved, and it was the first law for the education of girls passed by any legislature. By its authority, legally incorporated

schools for girls in the State of New York draw money to this day, and it was really the entering wedge for the great colleges for women. Her plans included "a large public building, a library, a laboratory, philosophical apparatus, a large staff of teachers, a body of trustees, and aid from the legislature of the state."

An echo of the prevailing sentiment is heard in the words of Governor Clinton when in 1820, the year after the establishment of the institution at Waterford, he recommended it to the Legislature: "As this is the only attempt ever made in this country to promote the education of the female sex by the patronage of government, etc"—"I trust you will not be deterred by commonplace ridicule from extending your munificence to this meritorious institution."

The building occupied by the school was the "Mansion House" which is described as the "finest" in Saratoga County, built of brick, and having three stories. In a letter to her cousin, Mr. John Hinsdale, written in 1820, after describing the advantages of teachers fitted for their special duties, and of abundant room for their work, she goes on to speak of "the ordinary routine of the day. We rise at five or six in the morning, then assemble for devotions, and spend nearly an hour in recitations. From half-past seven to half-past eight our domestic teacher takes charge of those who are to be instructed in matters likely to increase their domestic knowledge, taking care that they write receipts of whatever cooking they do. Though not required, all my pupils belong to this department. Our study-hours are from nine to twelve, and from two to five in





TROY SEMINARY, 1822

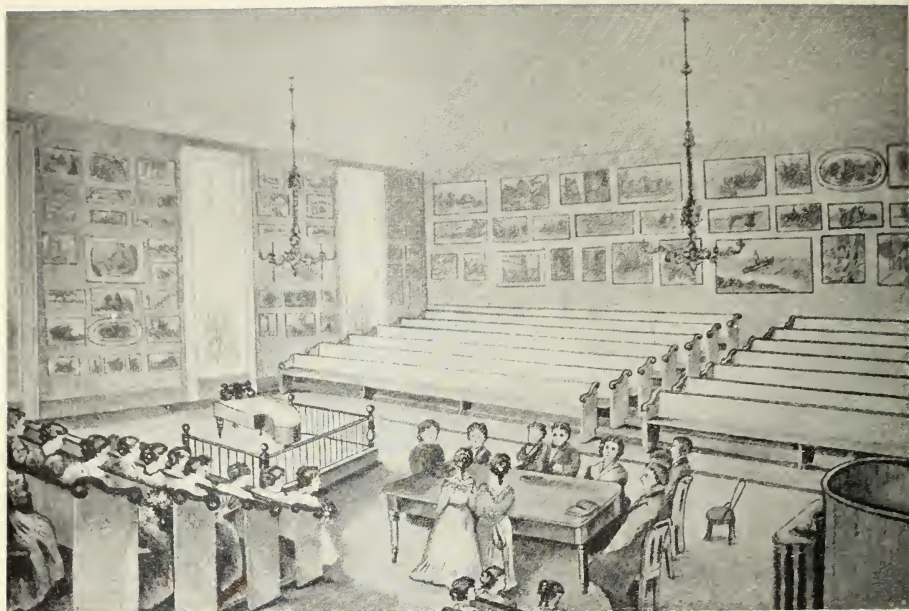
the afternoon, and from eight till nine in the evening. The young ladies who board with me study in their rooms; but they are not permitted to have loud talking or any disorder or to pass from room to room in school hours. As our house is large, we are enabled to have different recitation-rooms for the different classes. One of our teachers is wholly devoted to the ornamental branches. Our terms are forty-two dollars per quarter for board and tuition in all the branches taught, except music and dancing. Music is ten dollars extra per quarter. The pupils furnish their own beds and bedding; we wish them also to furnish their own spoons, knives and forks and candlesticks."

It is interesting to know that, even at this early period of her public career, she received a request from some girls in New Hampshire to help them in planning a course of literary study which they wished to carry on. So "home study" is not a new thing, and

the incident helps to prove what hardly needs proof, that Emma Willard's success in establishing an institution of higher learning for women was partly due to the fact that she was the voice of one crying in the wilderness in behalf of hundreds of young women who were all ready to seize the opportunity for study in a good school as soon as it was offered to them.

But the money promised by the Legislature, although a trifle at the most, was not promptly given, and her plans were endangered. In consequence, in 1821, she removed to Troy, having accepted the offer of that city to raise by tax and subscription, the money necessary to assist her to establish her school there. A few thousand dollars were all that were needed then; and how richly have the citizens of Troy been repaid for their outlay! The school was necessarily somewhat peripatetic for a time.

First a room in the Court House belonging to the Troy Lyceum of Nat-



THE EXAMINATION ROOM IN TROY SEMINARY

ural History was used for the classes, and rooms for study and lodging were secured near it. There was in Troy an old building with the English sounding name of "Moulton's Coffee House," three stories high, and containing a ballroom and twenty-two other rooms. This was transformed into a school, the wooden walls were replaced by those of brick, and in 1822, Emma Willard had at last a home for her school. It soon became famous.

Here Lafayette came for his visit when he made his triumphant progress through the country in 1824. Proud Americans could show few so striking tokens of the astonishing development of the country which the soldier had left in struggling infancy as this school for girls. The reception of the hero of the hour by the stately and beautiful Mrs. Willard and her band of enthusiastic young women was always remembered by those who were present.

An arbor of evergreens two hundred feet long, stretching from the seminary to the park adjacent, had been erected during the night, and through this Lafayette made his entrance. Mrs. Willard, with her teachers, met the general at the north gate, while the scholars followed in line, carrying banners and singing an ode which she had written for the occasion. This poetic greeting pleased him very much, and he asked for copies of it to carry to his daughters in France, from whom came back warm expressions of appreciation and thanks. The girls were dressed in white frocks with blue sashes, and each one had a blue satin badge on which was painted the face of Lafayette. The pupils were presented to him in the main hall, and one still living remembers that "he was tall and had a smiling face and shook hands cordially and said a kind word to every one."

The pleasant effect of this enthusi-



astic reception did not end with the impression on the students, for Lafayette gave Mrs. Willard a cordial invitation to visit him in France, and when she went to Paris he showed that her brilliant personality and spontaneous welcome were fresh in his memory.

It is easy to see that the school drew to it a very desirable class of scholars, for only those of high ambition and strong mental powers would be attracted by the prospect of study more severe than was exacted elsewhere. We must remember that even in the State of New York in the early part of the century, text-books in Geometry were so hard to get that men sometimes prepared them for their own use with the aid of pen, ruler and compasses, and we must not be too much surprised when we read of the astonishment caused by the announcement that Mary Cramer, in 1820, at the Waterford School, had been publicly examined in Geometry. She was the first girl to be so examined in this country, and it made as much stir as did the first woman who studied law or medicine years ago; both ridicule and anxiety being aroused by the unusual application of the feminine mind to the processes of Algebra and Geometry.

The curriculum of the school was rapidly enlarged and improved and it was found that the innovations did no harm, so that young women flocked to Troy to avail themselves of the advantages offered there, which were not to be found elsewhere. In Mrs. Willard's scheme there was the right idea of combining studies which strengthen the thinking powers with those that cultivate the taste, so music and drawing and the languages found a place

beside mental science and mathematics. The necessity for preserving health was not forgotten, and all the accounts of the students of the early days speak of their rosy cheeks and bright eyes and general appearance of vigor. This was in the period when some people considered a pale and languid being the very ideal of a fashionable woman. The school rapidly gained a reputation that matched its merits; for many years it was the best-known in the country, and Mrs. Willard enjoyed financial prosperity as a result of her enthusiastic efforts.

Dr. Willard died early in 1825. His wife's devotion during his long illness and her grief after his death testified to the depth of her affection for him. Before that time she had associated with her gifted sister, Mrs. Almira Lincoln, an able teacher who gave nine years of service to the school. Mrs. Lincoln, afterwards Mrs. John Phelps, was the second woman to become a member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science; and her lectures for her class in botany, prepared because she could find no suitable text-books, were widely used under the name of "Lincoln's Botany."

After the marriage of Mrs. Lincoln to the Hon. John Phelps, of Vermont, Miss Lucretia Hudson, who afterwards became Mrs. John Willard, and Miss Nancy Hinsdale, a cousin of Mrs. Willard, were associated with Mrs. Willard. Miss Hinsdale was indeed a lifelong support, for she remained at the seminary until her death at eighty-four.

Mrs. Willard's insistent energy was directed towards her own improvement quite as much as towards that of others. Throughout her life she

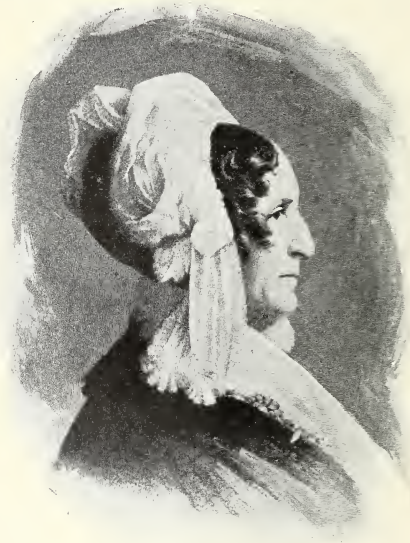


was an earnest student. The unfolding sciences, the new poetry of the Lake School, mathematics, the languages, all allured her to hours of patient study. In those days of self-education for woman, it was often necessary for her to prepare herself for instructing classes in new studies by laborious burning of midnight oil, keeping herself always in advance of her class. Professor Amos Eaton, of the Rensselaer Polytechnic School for Boys, said that she studied with him "every branch that he was capable of teaching." After she was fifty years old she studied Greek and Hebrew, in order to read the Bible in the original. And undoubtedly, we have here one secret of her success as a teacher; for the mind that is kept flexible by constant study and by dealing with new themes is thereby in condition to fit itself to the needs of those who come to it to be taught. Art, in its various forms, appealed to her richly endowed nature, and accordingly she brought to her school pictures and books from Europe; and, from both sides of the water, teachers who could inspire a love for classic music, and for the beauty which painting and drawing disclose. Professor Eaton encouraged

her to introduce courses in science which were in advance of the courses in men's colleges at that time. She laid especial stress on the value of mathematics, and in no other girls' school at the time, could the American girl of that generation go quite so far in Mathematical Astronomy and Mental Philosophy as she could at Troy.

But the good done by Mrs. Willard was not ended when she had provided means for the higher education of women. Beyond that was that "higher still" education of the heart and soul, without which the cultivation of the mind alone yields dry and tasteless fruit. By precept and example, by that invisible power which we call influence she taught her girls that truthfulness, honor and unselfishness should be parts of the ideal wo-

man; that to be good and to do good are even better than to get good. The ambition to do her best as a scholar was aroused in a girl's mind, not that she might excel others, but that she might thereby increase her opportunities for becoming a noble, beneficent woman. The inspiration of her words and her deeds is working even now. Many have been ready to echo the words of Mrs. Russell Sage: "I owe all that I am to



*From a portrait by A. B. Moore.*

MRS. EMMA WILLARD

Madam Emma Willard and the Troy Seminary. She was a mother to us all."

Mrs. Willard's ideas were given to the world by direct means as well as by indirect. She wrote poetry which was much read and quoted in its day.\* Her "Theory of the Circulation of the Blood," daring in its originality and clear in its expression won much attention, and her historical textbooks made a distinct impression. Her "Temple of Time" (a very useful device for bringing the chronology of great events before the eye) and her excellent text-books on History and Geography were of great value at a time when methodical ways of so studying the story of the past centuries as to make them seem real were almost unknown. While she was at Waterford she found the need of text-books so great that she prepared a work on Geography. Mr. Woodbridge, at the same time, was engaged in the same way, and at length, they united their efforts in a book which was published in 1821, and was so extensively used as to bring in a good deal of money to the authors. The profits of her "United States History" and her "Universal History," which were used in the best schools, were the foundation of whatever private fortune she acquired. Besides these works, she published works on "Respiration and Its Effects," and on Astronomical Geography.

Nowhere was her generosity more plainly seen than in giving to those who needed it that education for which she had fought earnestly. She was

one of the first to see the necessity and advantage of training teachers for their work. In her vacations, she gave her instructions freely to future teachers; and she early began the practice of giving on credit to deserving girls that education for which they could not pay till later. Even in 1838, she wrote that during the previous year and a half, fifty teachers had gone from her school to different parts of the Union, and that sixty were then in the school, preparing to teach. During her personal teaching, for about thirty years, five thousand girls were her pupils, and of those, one-tenth became teachers. Whenever a girl who gave any promise of faithful work made known her needs, a place was provided for her in the school where she received her education without charge. It is said that in this way at least \$75,000 were lent to girls for education. The understanding was that when, by using that education, they could earn sufficient money, these young women would repay the loan; but only about half of them did so. In choosing such recipients for her favors, she was very penetrating, and has been known to reject an applicant who sent her a careless, ill-written letter, and to accept one who showed her habits by neat penmanship—her own was like copper plate. She was so tenderly thoughtful in her kindness that no one ever knew from her which girls were receiving her bounty; she was too truly courteous and large-hearted to ever make any distinctions in her treatment of rich and poor. Many of her pupils went out from the Emma Willard School as did the Greek colonists of old, bearing coals from the

\* Mrs. Willard wrote the words of "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" on the return voyage from Europe, after the ship had passed through a storm safely. It was set to music first by the Duke of Choiseul; the melody which is now used being by Joseph P. Knight, an English composer.

home hearth to kindle new fires in new centers of influence. The school itself was carried on with great animation. Mrs. Willard was told by the professors of colleges for boys that it would not be suitable for her to be present at their examinations; consequently, she had to evolve her own methods. The public examinations seem to have excited much interest, both within and without the school. Famous professors from the best institutions of learning were invited to conduct them. "Parents came from all quarters; the *élite* of Troy and Albany assembled there. Principals from other schools, distinguished legislators and clergymen all came to hear girls scan Latin verse, solve problems in Euclid, go smoothly through fractions, and read their own compositions in a promiscuous assemblage. A long line of teachers anxiously awaited the calling of their classes; and over all, our queenly Madam Willard presided with royal grace and dignity. Two hundred girls in gala-day attire, white dresses, bright sashes and coral ornaments, with their curly hair, rosy cheeks, and sparkling eyes, flitted to and fro, some rejoicing that they had passed through their ordeal, some still on the tiptoe of expectation, some laughing, some in tears—altogether making a most beautiful and interesting picture."

Standards of etiquette in young ladies have changed since then. Then, a girl whose original essay on a given theme was worthy of public reading seldom read it herself. That would have been too great a strain on the proprieties. Some kind friend did that office for her, and lest that friend should seem too forward, a companion mounted the platform with her, and

stood by her side as a support during the reading.

These examinations were continued under Mr. and Mrs. John Willard, the successors of Mrs. Willard. From among such men as Bishop Clark of Rhode Island, Bishop Lee of Iowa, Lieutenant Howard, U. S. A. (afterwards General Howard), John D. Philbrick of Boston, Professor Peck and Professor Church of West Point, Professor Kendrick of Rochester University, a committee was chosen each year, and to their skill and judgment was left the testing of the work for the year of each class. Of the examination of the class in mechanics for 1859, Professor Tayler Lewis said: "The demonstrations were faultless, although pursued to an extent and with a minuteness unusual in examinations of this kind, either in colleges or academies."

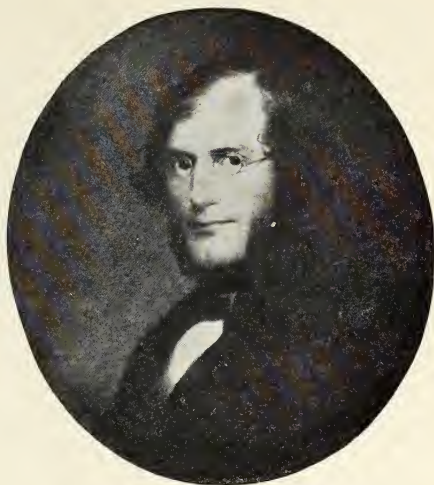
The classes in that subject were conducted at that period (1847-1859) by Miss Mary A. Hastings, a very able teacher. It is interesting to note in this connection that in the "Electrical Engineer," February 4, 1891, there is a photograph of a "Working Model of Davenport's Electric Locomotive taken from the original in the cabinet of Troy Female Seminary, supposed to have been constructed about 1837." It was purchased for the school soon after that time. It ran on a circular railway about a yard in diameter, and the poles of the battery could be attached to set the car running.

The text books in Mathematical Mechanics and Astronomy were those in use at Yale at that time, two large volumes by Professor Olmstead. Miss Hastings also gave the lectures on Chemistry, with experiments. Each





MRS. JOHN H. WILLARD



MR. JOHN H. WILLARD

day a synopsis of the lecture for the next day was posted, and after seeing their instructor perform the experiments the students went through them themselves the following day. In such ways the efficiency of the course of instruction was maintained, and the graduates were justified in their pride in the school. It may be said without exaggeration, that in 1850, Troy Seminary stood at the head of girls' schools in the world.

Emma Willard's reputation was not confined to this country. When she made her first visit to Europe, in 1830, she at once felt the advantage of her previous acquaintance with Lafayette, who was able to show her many favors. Louis Philippe had just ascended the throne, and Lafayette was high in power and public esteem. He and his family hastened to pay her marked attention as soon as they knew of her presence in Paris. She was invited to the Court balls, taken to the sessions of the Chamber of Deputies, permitted to visit the famous French

schools for girls, and was helped to see everything of note in the most agreeable manner. Later she was received with much kindness in England, where she took especial pains to visit Maria Edgeworth, then at the height of her fame. It was known that her travels were undertaken with the purpose of gaining ideas for the work which she had begun, an enterprise considered truly novel by the European public. The trip was of great benefit to her school. After her return to the United States she received a request from France for a list of the books used in her school and that of her sister, that either similar ones might be prepared, or those might be translated for use in French schools. Another result of this journey to the Old World was that her generous impulses were aroused in behalf of the education of girls in Greece. Beginning with meetings to interest the ladies of Troy, she succeeded in extending that interest to other parts of the country, and thus was the means



TROY SEMINARY ABOUT 1855

of raising three thousand dollars, which were applied to founding a school in Athens for training teachers for the girls of Greece. She wrote to her sister that the week she spent in this endeavor in Troy was "the greatest week's work I ever did in my life, as regards intellectual labor"; and again, "It has been to me the happiest week I ever spent in Troy."

In 1838, she retired from the active supervision of the school, resigning the burden of its management to her son, Mr. John H. Willard, and his beautiful and gifted wife. Of course nothing could sever the ties of affectionate interest which bound her throughout life to the school which she has founded.

An interesting episode in her life was her return to her native town, whither she went in 1840 to spend several years in the village of Kensington, which is a part of Berlin, and in Hartford. It was at the time when the Hon. Henry Barnard was making his mem-

orable and successful efforts to improve the public schools of Connecticut, and to induce the state which had established the first public school fund of the country, to take a leading part in the forward march of education. Mrs. Willard entered into his projects with heart and soul. For a public meeting which was held at Kensington, she wrote an address which was read by Elihu Burritt; and a little later, at a similar celebration in Farmington, she was asked to contribute a poem, which was read by the Rev. Mr. Andrews of West Hartford. She was invited to be the Superintendent of the Schools of the town and was duly elected for that office. For months she gave up every other engagement to the improvement of the four schools of Kensington parish. Mr. Fowler thus describes her days there: "On alternate Saturdays came the four teachers, and oftener came a class of nearly twenty whom she called her normal pupils, to whom she taught his-

tory and reading—to a few, algebra and geometry. She organized a 'Female Common School Association' of women of Kensington, with constitution, by-laws, meetings and effective work. She counselled with the teachers, met them for special instruction at appointed times, gave minute attention to the teaching of the children of the several schools, so that everything should be done at the right time and in regular order; she introduced her own methods of discipline and instruction practised at Troy; she selected school-books, established a regular system of marks, and exercised the children most successfully in reading, geography and arithmetic; made copies for their training in penmanship and drawing; dictated model letters of business and friendship, and accustomed them to compose off-hand compositions, writing on their slates accounts of passing occurrences; and she so taught them that mistakes in spelling were rare. She directed what the children should sing all together, and what tunes the older ones should write on their blackboards, dictated to them in musical notation. She composed a song on 'Good Old Kensington' which was a rejoicing to the children, and to be sung at the examination, and a simple heart prayer, which they recited at the close of each school, with feeling and solemnity; she sketched model-maps, beginning with the town itself, marking the brooks and bridges, the roads, the churches, the school-houses, greatly to the edification of the interested children. She talked of her improvements among the people—the men and the women—in the house and by the way; and thus, by all possible devices, wrought out a genuine en-

thusiasm in fathers, mothers and children. In all her labors she had the hearty coöperation of Mr. Barnard, who sometimes shared with her the labor of visiting the schools.

On the 10th of September a public examination of the four schools was held in the church, which was crowded not only with the people of Kensington and the adjacent parishes, but also with distinguished educators of Connecticut and other states. The exercises were continued with unabated interest, from nine o'clock in the morning to half-past six in the afternoon, with one hour's intermission. The children entered into the full spirit of the occasion, and made it a proud day for their parents and for Mrs. Willard. At the close of the examination, a gentleman of Kensington expressed in the name of the society, public thanks for her arduous and unselfish labors, and the State Superintendent expressed his satisfaction. From Mr. Barnard's report to the Legislature, and in the School Journal, the Kensington proceedings were copied and went to other states. Thus much of what was experiment there became common practice in the schools throughout Connecticut and elsewhere. Mrs. Willard was honored for her gratuitous services in the cause, and received numerous invitations to meet with educational and literary societies and conventions, and to write addresses for those at a distance, which she often did."

This was the work of a master-hand in the art of teaching; and it is little wonder that she has been called the apostle of normal schools. Many a pretentious teacher, in later years, has proclaimed herself to the world as the



inventor of "methods" which Mrs. Willard practised long before in a Connecticut village; but alas! many of these imitators have so far forgotten truth and gratitude as to exalt themselves by declaring all the teaching of past days to have been pernicious, illogical and unsuccessful.

A plan was formed for a kind of normal school in Hartford, of which she was to have charge; but this was finally given up, and in 1844 she returned to Troy. Her normal work was continued from that place, however, for she made a tour of the region between Troy and Syracuse, being invited to address teachers at educational conventions throughout the country-side. Her addresses were followed as far as possible, by practical advice and instruction to teachers. This trip occupied several weeks, for it was performed in Mrs. Willard's own carriage, and she traveled over seven hundred miles, teaching five hundred teachers, both men and women. As an interesting incident of her driving-trips, it may be mentioned that years afterwards, during the Civil War, when driving with some friends in Maryland, she was captured by the confederates, but was released without any harm.

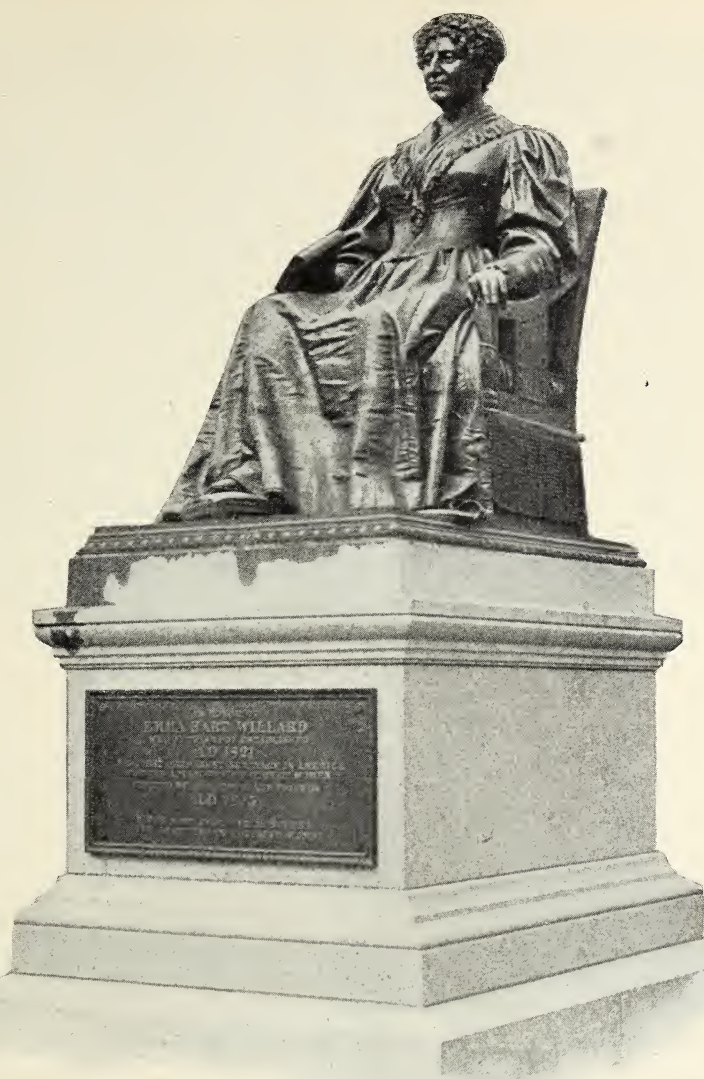
In 1846, she made a journey of eight thousand miles through the West and South, making educational addresses, and being received with much honor in the principal cities of that part of the country, where her reputation as a teacher and writer had preceded her. In 1854, she made a second journey to Europe with the especial purpose of being present at the World's Educational Convention held that summer in London. She was warmly greeted by

Mr. Barnard, and was honored with attentions from such men as Sir John Herschel, Dr. Arnott and others. She had the advantage of a peeress's ticket to the House of Lords, and in many other ways was treated as a distinguished visitor both in England and France.

Even after she ceased to teach, and had yielded the active care of the institution to her son and his wife, she was present at many of the public and private exercises, and she was an all-pervading influence in the school. For years she lived in a pleasant house in the seminary grounds, busy with congenial literary labors, admired, revered, beloved by those for whom she had done so much; and in the seminary building which had been the scene of her great work, she passed away at the age of eighty-three, April 15th, 1870.

Probably the secret of Mrs. Willard's success lay in her strong personality. It is often said that in these days when education is ground out from the machine of methods, we have almost lost the type of grand school-mistresses, each one an individual power for good, with whom to live was an inspiration and an education. Of that class we have a noble specimen in Emma Willard. She was individual at every moment. She absorbed attention wherever she went. Her reward was punishment, her praise reward. By reading and study, by correspondence and conversation with eminent men, by travel in Europe when it was a rare privilege, she filled her mind with treasures which enriched those who had intercourse with her.

She is spoken of as majestic in



THE STATUE OF EMMA WILLARD AT TROY

bearing, gifted with much beauty of face and figure, and full of tact and taste. She knew the value of careful and becoming dress, and her pupils remember her as being always magnificent in their eyes in black silk, satin or velvet, sometimes, according to the occasion, in purple velvet; with white lace front and turban. Being above

petty spites herself, she dealt very judiciously with those who had them. Once when she was a passenger in an Albany stage coach, some young girls, who did not recognize their traveling companion, began to speak in a foolish and unjust way about her. She at last asked them if they knew the subject of their remarks, and on their



Anna M. Plum  
Memorial Hall

Gurley Memo-  
rial Hall

Russell Sage  
Hall

EMMA WILLARD SEMINARY

confessing that they did not, she revealed her identity, and in a few kind words showed them how unwise it was to speak evil of any one in public.

And she gained power by not losing her own enthusiasms. Her fine voice enabled her to read or recite poetry with great effect, and she was a warm admirer of Scott's poetry. Some one had disparaged him as a poet, and Mrs. Willard rejoined: "Scott not a great poet! As well might you say that a gun fired on the Alleghanies that was heard upon the shores of the Atlantic and Pacific was not a great gun, as to say that Scott, whose poems are read wherever the English language is spoken, and are translated into the languages of Europe, is not a great poet!"

We should speak of her with deep gratitude, for she directed the energies of her magnificent nature to a

noble purpose, that of the higher education of women. Before she came that purpose was a weak and timid thing, struggling despairingly for a place among the pressing interests of the day; she breathed on it with her own inspiration, and behold! it became a permanent and acknowledged force which has already achieved results that would astonish even the hopeful spirit of Mrs. Willard herself. Her work was that of laying foundations, sometimes out of sight, but in her case it was work so well done that a lasting structure has been raised on it. The vitality of her influence is proved by the vigor of the association which bears her name. Founded in 1891, it has already accomplished much good and has given to the aims and wishes of its patron saint a cumulative force acquired from the varied gifts and ability of its members. To establish





MRS. RUSSELL SAGE

scholarships and fellowships in Mrs. Willard's name, to raise a statue in her honor, and to give suitable recognition to her work at the great fair to be held in Chicago were the first achievements to which the association applied itself. Two thousand dollars were contributed by the association to the statue of Emma Willard, which cost in all fifteen thousand dollars. The citizens of Troy had begun the subscription for this some months before the Emma Willard Association was formed, and they gave liberally for this memorial of their famous townswoman. Now it marks the scene of her labors there, standing in the grounds of the Seminary, so situated that any visitor to Troy can see it. The statue, which is the work of the New York sculptor, Alexander Doyle, is of bronze, and is of heroic size. It represents Mrs. Willard in middle life, when she was urging on the world the importance of her darling idea. It was

studied from an oil portrait, made, probably, in the early thirties; and she appears sitting, in thoughtful pose, an open book in her lap.

A bronze tablet on the granite pedestal bears the inscription:

In Honor of  
EMMA HART WILLARD,  
Who on this spot established,  
A. D. 1821,  
The First  
Permanent Seminary in America for  
the Advanced Education of  
Women.  
Erected by  
Her Pupils and Friends,  
A. D. 1895.

It must be confessed that many who can remember her feel that however admirable may be the "motive" of this statue, it falls short of being a satisfactory or lifelike presentation of the stately Mrs. Willard. A marble bust of her has been placed in the Capitol at Albany.

The first scholarship, on a fund of two thousand dollars, was appropriately presented by the association to Middlebury College, Vermont, where Mrs. Willard first established her own school, and where the culture of a college town inspired her to raise the banner of education for women. The next scholarship bearing her name was given to the seminary in Troy, now called "The Emma Willard School," so that her noble habit of giving to some needy, deserving one an education which would fit her for the struggle of life is perpetuated in her name.

The most imposing benefits from this commemorative movement have been the three massive and tasteful

buildings given to the institution by individuals, all thoroughly and generously equipped for the different branches of work for which each was urgently needed.

Many years ago, Clara Gurley, a bright Troy girl, was a pupil of Mrs. Willard, and after an interval of teaching in Georgia was again a pupil as well as a teacher. Death claimed her early, but her two brothers, William and Lewis Gurley, never lost the interest in the school consequent on her connection with it, and were for many years its devoted friends and trusted advisers. After William Gurley had passed away, his brother, Lewis, desiring to express his feeling for the long family association with Troy Seminary, gave the Gurley Memorial Building, which affords opportunities for modern methods of instruction.

Next came the Anna M. Plum Memorial, a building especially consecrated to the refining arts of music, drawing and painting, in memory of Miss Plum's love for music. Besides the work-rooms, a concert hall and an art gallery complete the opportunities which the building offers for the study of the arts.

There was yet one more pressing need, that of a home for girls who lived outside of Troy, and who wished to partake of these advantages for study. To fill that void came the Russell Sage Memorial, a dormitory given by Mr. Sage, and Mrs. Sage, who was

made President of the Emma Willard Association, and has filled the office with much ability to the present time. It is a handsome four-story building, with modern appliances for comfort, and here girls may spend their study days with every external help and inspiration. From such gifts, so generous, so wisely planned and so successfully executed, great encouragement has come to those who had faithfully toiled in the old schoolroom in Troy Seminary, and the loyalty of the Trojans themselves has been greatly strengthened. The school has a large corps of teachers, and is thoroughly equipped to keep abreast with the times.

With all these incentives to enthusiasm and exertion, still greater results ought to follow these noble beginnings. The phenomenal characteristics of the whole thing are the personal loyalty to the memory of Mrs. Willard, and the accumulating energy of the force which she set in motion. That loyalty and that energy, in this very heyday of woman's opportunity, when she stands between the chivalry of the past and the freedom of the future, each offering to her a helping hand, ought to succeed at last in placing the name of Emma Willard over the door of a Woman's College which should hold among educational institutions the place of vanguard which she held among educators, and which should be her fitting memorial.



AXIS OF THE GARDEN

## Faulkner Farm

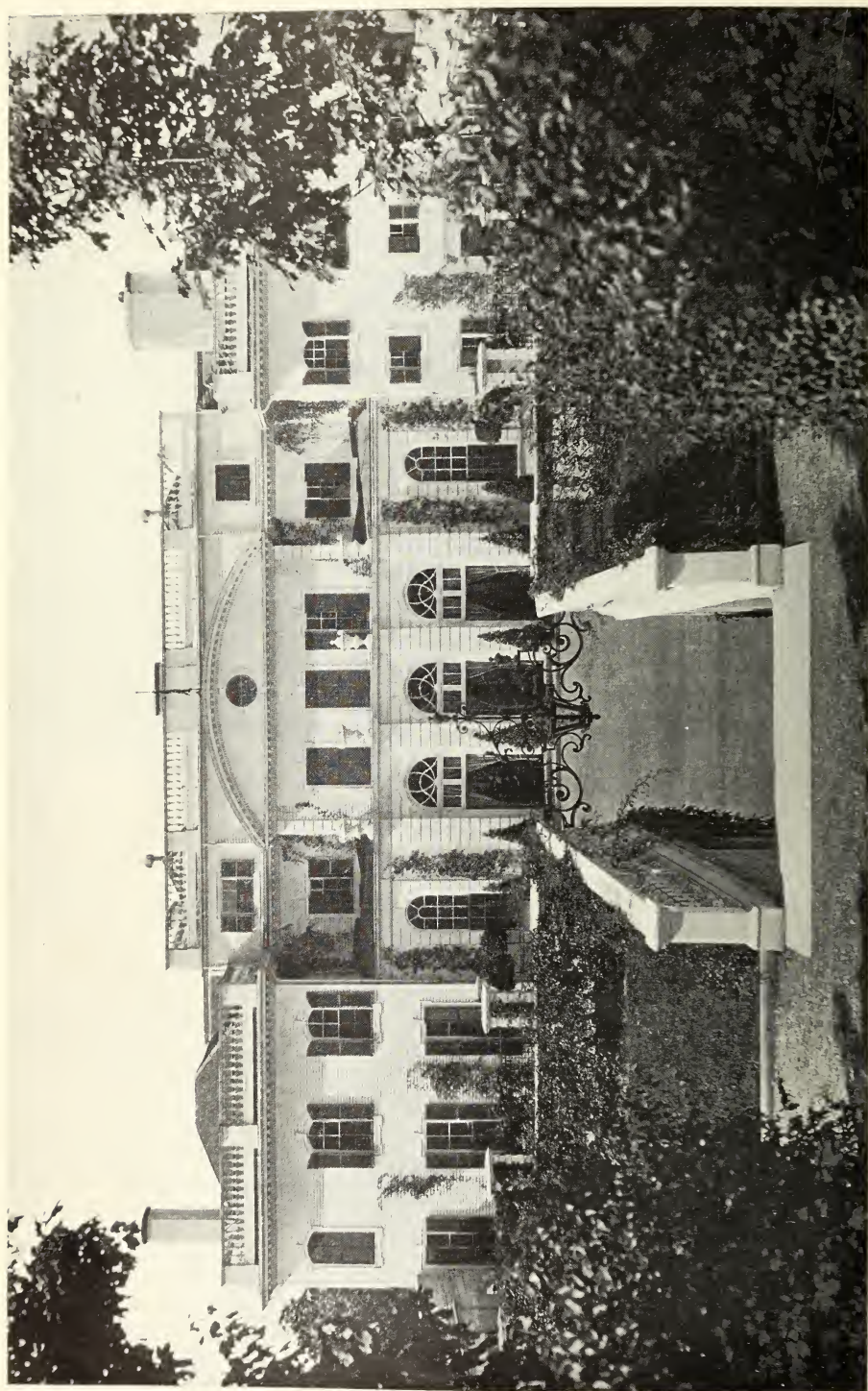
By Brooke Fisher

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THOMAS E. MARR

AT the very apex of historic Massachusetts Bay, in behind "the hilltops three" forming Trimountain, lies Brookline, which has lately won distinction as "the richest town in the world." It is divided into three sections: the old village or centre, where the little local trade still flourishes and the trolley cars from the city meet and then diverge; the broad plains of Longwood, for many years held in large

estates and tenanted by a few old families, but now yielding to the rapid march of fine city blocks of brick and stone dwellings and huge and sumptuous apartment houses,—the future West End of Boston, already reaching from Cottage Farms to the Reservoir and showing throughout the character of the "court end" of the city; and the far-off southwestern villa section, the habitat of wealth, in real villas, with vast and ornate ground to correspond.





MAIN FRONT AND ENTRANCE COURT

Of this superb quarter, unequaled, perhaps, in the suburbs of any other city in the country, the Sprague place, a park in itself, is a representative type. Brookline formed the westward shore of the once broad expanse of tide-flowed marsh, solid ground now, known as the Back Bay. It was from this shore that Massachusetts "looked eastward from the farms" and here that

"Twice each day  
the flowing sea  
Took Boston in its  
arms."

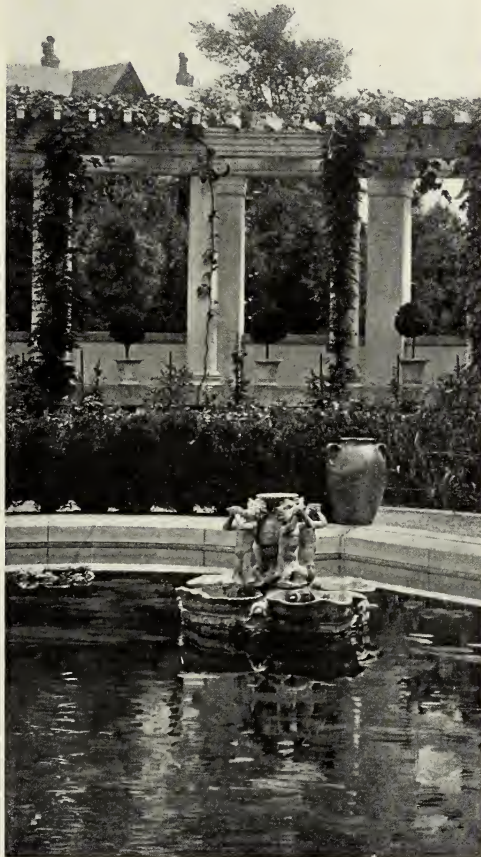
So Emerson sketched the topographical outline of the bay's point, and then touched in for background this little picture of Brookline Hills:

Fair rose the planted  
hills behind  
The good town  
on the bay,  
And where the  
western hills  
declined,  
The prairie  
stretched  
away.

On the western slope of the most western of these Brookline hills, stands in its superb gardens, the mansion of Hon. Charles F. Sprague. That "greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind," Lord Bacon, whether or not he

was great enough to write Shakespeare's plays for him, certainly did know how to locate and lay out a country seat; for he says in the first of those two delightful essays of his, "Of Building" and "Of Gardens,"—"He

that builds a fair house upon an ill seat, committeth himself to prison; neither do I reckon it an ill seat only where the air is unwholesome. but likewise where the air is unequal; as you will see many fine seats set upon a knap of ground, environed by high hills about it whereby the heat of the sun is pent in and the wind gatherethasintroughs; so as you shall have, and that suddenly, as great diversity of heat and cold as if you dwelt in several places." Implicitly has this counsel been fol-

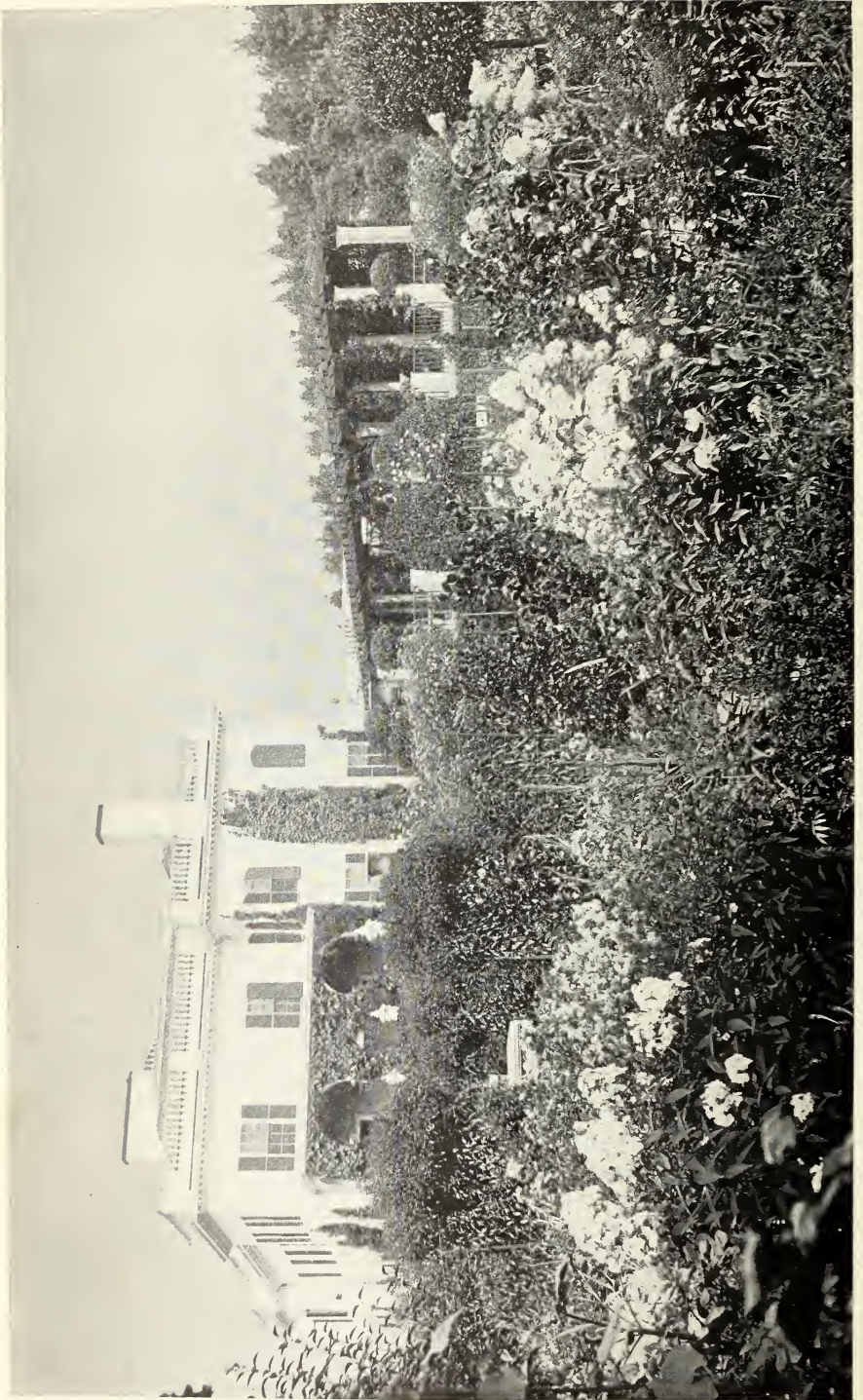


THE POOL

lowed in the selection of the site of the Sprague mansion.

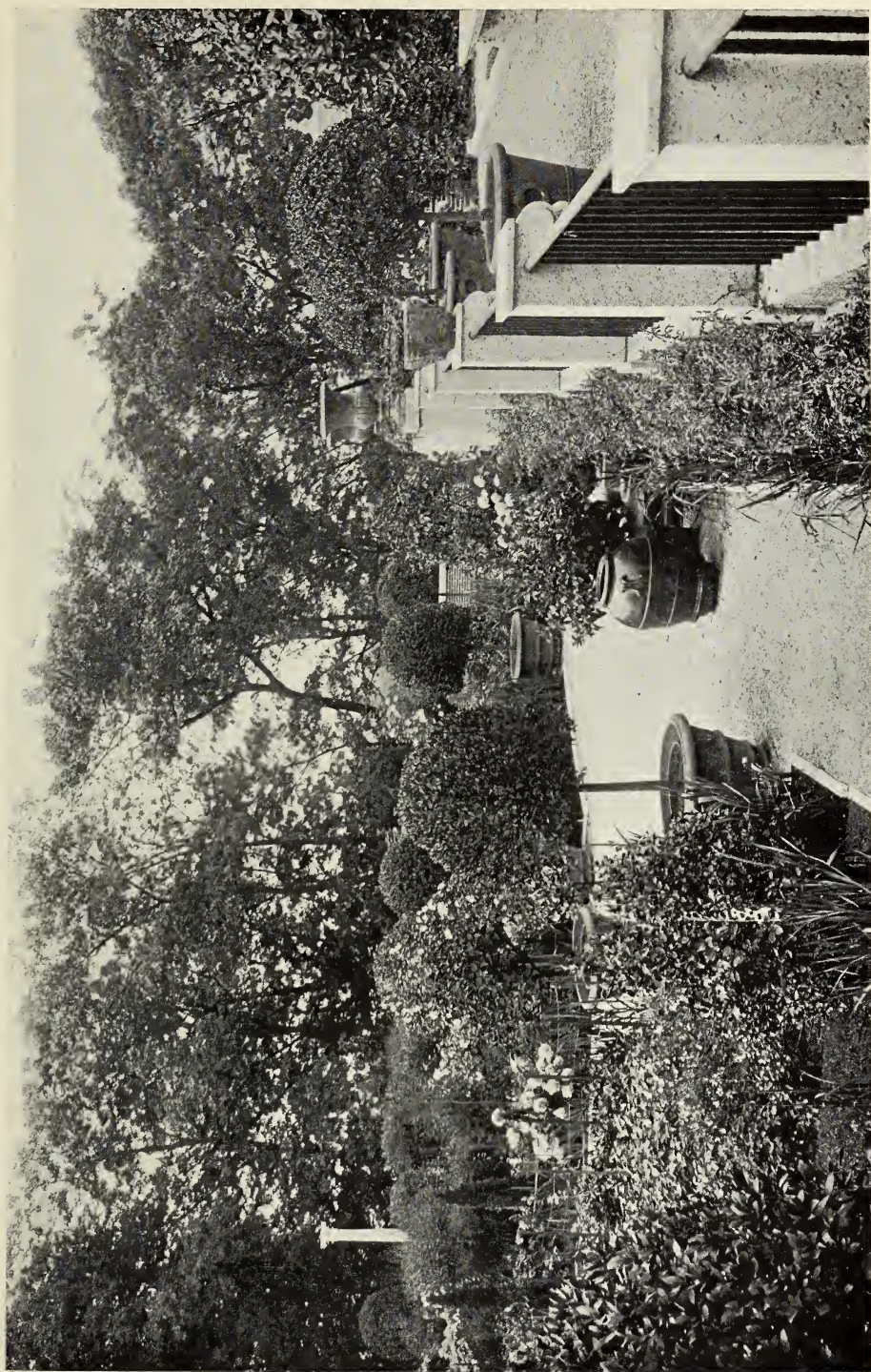
Part of its land stretches upward above the house, but the great expanse of it lies below it, open to the sun and breezes from the south and west. The





SOUTH END OF HOUSE AND GARDEN



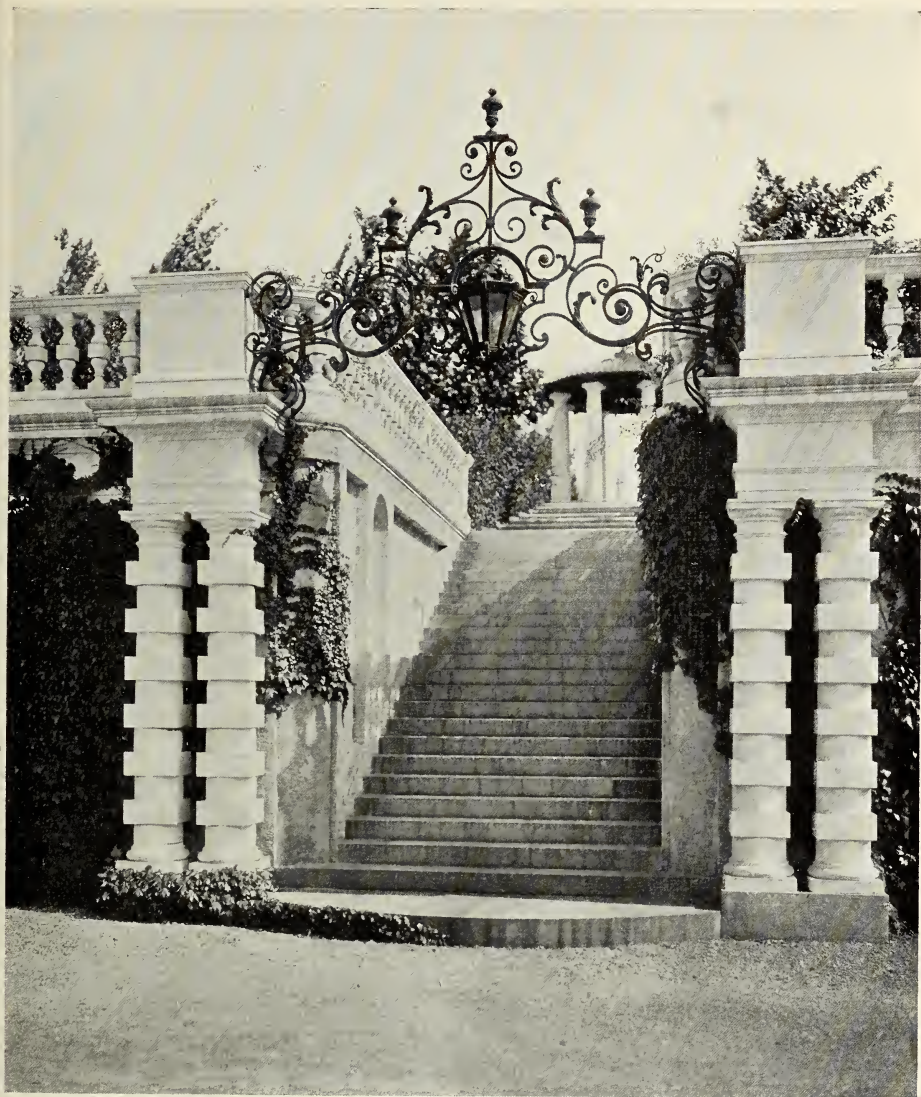


GARDEN ENTRANCE





COLONNADE ABOVE THE GARDEN



STAIRWAY TO THE BELVEDERE

house itself is a rectangular frame structure, clap-boarded and painted white to an exquisite finish, and crowned with a balustrade in the old colonial fashion. Immediately surrounding the house are a splendid main entrance courtyard on the east, the front enclosed with brick walls and ornamental gates in wrought iron; an

Italian Garden of the most ornate description on the south side of the house, and a superb terrace,—a broad platform of lawn upon the western side.

From the courtyard and the front of the house rises a beautiful stairway in stone, to a path leading up the acclivity above the house to a little circular tem-





THE CASINO AND POOL

ple or belvedere, from which the whole vast estate may be looked down upon, as on a map. This temple, with its seven large fluted columns and its low-pitched conical roof of Italian tiles, gives the key note of the entire splendid design. Barring the material of the house, which is wood, the whole is Italian from general scheme to smallest detail. This note is repeated, emphasized and enlarged upon, in the numerous terraces and walls like those of the old palaces of the Italian nobility in Rome, such as the Boboli, the Ros-pigliosi, and the like. Of this series of terraces, the most important, of course, is that containing the garden. Still, the great westward looking terrace at the back of the house is hardly inferior to the garden in importance, especially when taken in connection with the view, the grand stairway to the grotto and the lands of the plain below. This stairway, as it reaches the foot of the terrace, is supported on a group of noble stone arches and terminates at a grotto surrounded by Italian marbles.

But it is the Italian garden upon which vast pains and outlay have been lavished. Here again we find that Bacon's imperishable precepts have been followed almost to the letter: "God Almighty first planted a garden," says my Lord, "and indeed it is the purest of human pleasures. It is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man without which building and palaces are but gross handiworks." "For gardens," he continues, "the contents ought to be divided into three parts, a green in the entrance, a heath or desert in the going forth, and main garden in the midst, besides alleys on both sides. The green hath two pleasures, the one

because nothing is more pleasant to the eye than green grass kept finely shorn, the other because it will give you a fair alley in the midst by which you may go in front upon a stately hedge, which is to enclose the garden; but because the alley will be long and in great heat of the year, or the day, you ought not to buy the shade in the garden by going in the sun through the green; therefore you are, of either side the green, to plant a covert alley upon carpenter's work about twelve foot in height by which you may go in shade into the garden." Now take the views of the garden herewith given and you will see that these principles laid down by the all-accomplished Elizabethan are found here exemplified at every turn.

The beautiful vine-covered colonnade leads out into the garden from the southeast corner of the house, "The covert alley upon carpenter's work about twelve foot in height, by which you may go in shade into the garden" is this sublimed trellis. This "covert alley," however, is not upon the garden level but elevated to the height of the garden wall above it. Looking out between its pillars, one has the whole garden beneath his eye. Let us now return along its sun-lighted length, but still in the shade of its roof laden with vines, and passing down to the left through the little square of green at the foot of a short flight of steps, enter the mazes of the garden itself.

A profusion of shrubs and plants in pots, with many bay trees cut in the rounded fashion, also in huge tubs and pots, make up the mass of green. But one's steps are guided naturally into the main path, beginning at a low railing where the gateway divides the





THE PERGOLA

square at the foot of the steps from the garden itself, and running down the middle to its termination in a pretty casino or ornamental open shelter, containing marble seats and tables, and flanked on either hand by extended wings or "covert alleys," curvilinear in form. The casino, with these two curved pergolas, embraces the breadth of the garden at its farther end, form-

ing a base like the apse of a great cathedral. On nearer approach to the casino, one finds it ornamented with classic statuary, and the general effect heightened by a glassy pool in front of it, which reflects its fine lines, and for which the walk in front of the casino forms a margin. This casino again, is quite in accordance with the ideal design for a garden sketched by Bacon:





GROTTO UNDER THE WEST TERRACE

"You are to frame some of your alleys," he says, "for shelter, that when the wind grows sharp you may walk as in a gallery, and no grass because of going wet." A superb fringe of well grown trees beyond the outer wall

forms a frame and background for the garden, giving it the privacy required, without cutting off the light and air.

As for the detail of the garden planting, though there are many of the

globular bay trees lining the passages, this is the only artificiality to be noticed. There is none of that petty fussiness which some professional gardeners delight in, for the Baconian suggestion has been heeded, that "it be not too bushy, or full of work; wherein I for my part do not like images cut out in juniper or other garden stuff; they be for children." It may readily be seen that the stately pillared alleys of the Italian pergolas are the most striking features of the garden, although their dignified beauty cannot be fully developed to the designed richness and effect until the vines have reached more than the ten or a dozen years' growth they have already attained, for it was in 1890 that the Spragues returned to Mrs. Sprague's ancestral acres and added as much more land to create this great place.

Several other important features of the gardens remain to be touched upon. The effects obtained, looking up through the grand entrance courtyard to the belvedere, are of great importance in emphasizing the spaciousness of the grounds. The view of the whole place and its terraces below is the lure to the climb, and seen through

the massive portal and staircase, beneath the wrought iron bracket for the lantern of the court gateway, the effect of the classical temple itself is wholly pleasing and in perfect harmony. But perhaps the grandest effect of spaciousness to be obtained in the grounds is that opened when one has passed out upon the great terrace on the west side of the house, where a magnificent sunset view and the full play of the southwest wind of summer nights are to be enjoyed.

Upon the face of this terrace winds down to the level below, the stairway on arches. On a warm summer morning, the shade beneath this massive masonry, with the cooling dripping of the fountain into the pool within the great arches, over its moss grown rocks, is grateful and soothing. Before one, looking out into the sunlight, lies the whole fair domain of the estate, with its mowing fields rolling away in graceful undulations, its crops under finest cultivation, and the roof-trees of the farmers and other workmen employed upon the place, peeping through the foliage, with their pleasant suggestions of domesticity and comfort for all attached to the interests of the place and its proprietor.

# The Hallucination of Mons. Beaudet

By Christine Wood Bullwinkle

UPON entering the studio of Marcel Beaudet, visitors were always impressed with his unique collection of Japanese bric-a-brac.

Not only were the cabinets and tables filled with the artistic creations, but every conceivable nook which could hold a curio was the honored exhibitor of some exquisite carved ivory, a bit of richly embroidered crepe, or a gorgeous fan made of dyed feathers, most extravagant in coloring.

Branches of delicately tinted cherry blossoms festooned the cut-glass chandeliers, and hung in graceful sprays from fascinating rice-paper lanterns.

Mons. Beaudet was a prime favorite with the artists in the "Beaux-Arts" Building, and just at present was the recipient of their congratulations upon the success of his last canvas, "The Wistaria-Maiden."

Having been up the Rhine all spring with a sketching class, I was amazed upon my return to hear mysterious rumors afloat regarding my friend, Marcel Beaudet, and his "hallucination," as the boys chose to term it.

We had left Paris the same day the previous April, Marcel being bound for Japan, and I, to an equally interesting field, only in a different direction. I had heard very little from him in the meantime, save an odd letter now and then, in which he mentioned the purchase of a magnificent vase.

You can understand from his letter

how much he valued it—better than I could tell you.

TO-KYO, JAPAN,

May 17, —.

MY DEAR PAUL:

Each day I regret more and more that you are not with me. Every shop that I visit, every flower-like geisha girl that I sketch make me wish that you were here to enjoy the "feast of color" that exists in every cranny and corner of this heavenly isle.

Yesterday, while out on a little jaunt beyond the city-gates, I visited one of the queer, ginger-bread temples that are dotted all over the country like currants on a cake.

The priest, a feeble, blind old chap, was inclined to be very short with me at first, but after a word in his ear from my man, Yoshi, his manner changed and he invited me inside.

Almost at the very entrance to his apartment stood a vase, the beauty of which you must see, my dear Paul, to appreciate. It was about five feet tall, and of slender proportions. The decorations show a ravishingly dainty dancing-girl who is kneeling in adoration before the sacred mount, "Fujiyama." The coloring is most exquisite; a rose-leaf shadow trembles over the mountain, and the girl is almost enveloped in the purple masses of wistaria blossoms that she offers with outstretched arms.

After bickering an hour or more with the old priest, I persuaded him to let me have the vase; Yoshi told me that I had something very valuable, and that the priest would not have parted with it except that he was poor.

Yoshi is to fetch it home this evening, and I shall not be contented until I have made a copy of "The Wistaria-Maiden."

Forgive me, my dear Paul, for talking exclusively of my affairs, but I own that I am under the "spell of the vase."

Yours for success,

MARCEL.



I was very much interested in my friend's acquisition to his already valuable collection of decorative objects, and was naturally consumed with a pardonable curiosity concerning the vase.

The summer passed rapidly; I was just about concluding a most pleasant and busy trip when I received the following communication from Beaudet, which, as you will see, was intensely interesting. It began:

TO-KYO, —,  
August 26th.

MY GOOD FRIEND:

Unlike most of my letters, I shall inquire immediately for the health of yourself and dear wife Clothilde.

I do this in the beginning, because I know when once I am started upon the "story" of the vase, I shall probably forget how to wind up my letter in the usual conservative style.

But to tell you: Yoshi arrived safely with the treasure shortly after sundown, the evening of the day appointed for its delivery.

Setting it down carefully in front of the "shoji" (my rain-shutter, which was raised) he retired with a low bow.

During the forenoon, I had noticed that he had taken particular pains to fill the flower-stands with branches of pine, bamboo and plum, which to the Japanese are symbols of happiness, good luck and good fortune.

Upon questioning him, he said that the decorations were in honor of the "sacred vase."

After walking around my new treasure and admiring every detail of the graceful and intricate drawing, I threw myself lazily down upon my couch, there to enjoy the wonderful coloring more leisurely.

I must have fallen asleep, for, after what seemed a long time, I awakened suddenly, and hearing the sound of a girl's voice singing, raised myself on my elbow, and to my great surprise saw the "Wistaria-Maiden" on the floor kneeling in the doorway.

A great shaft of silver moonlight illumined her exquisite face, and framed the flower-gowned figure.

Beyond, above the wild-plum thicket, rose the stately Fujiyama. Her silver shoulder-cloth was glistening with cool blue shadows and delicate half-tones.

Save the soft swishing of a peacock drawing its jeweled train across the veranda, and the gentle dropping of the heavy dew from the eaves, not a sound was to be heard except the low musical monotone of the singer.

I knew not at the time whether I was dreaming or not, so entranced was I at the sight.

After the chanting ceased, "Fuji-San," as I shall call her, turned her lovely eyes toward me, and sang in a most plaintive voice,—

"Viewing the autumn moon, I dream of my native village  
Under the same soft light, and the shadows about my home."

Finishing the quaint strain, she faced the mountain and went through a series of graceful motions with the clusters of purple blossoms, which I admired so on the vase, upheld in her creamy arms.

A great cloud passing in front of the moon threw a shadow over the sacred mountain; with a rustling of silken draperies and a pattering of lacquered sandals, my Fuji-San entered the vase.

Don't scöff, my dear Paul, you shall see her too, the first full moon that you are in Paris; although you will doubt, even as I did, until you hear her lovely voice and see the sweet face which has become dearer even than life to me.

Will arrive home about the first of October with my painting, which is finished, and my beautiful model Fuji-San.

Come to my studio as soon as you arrive.

Yours faithfully,

MARCEL.

It did not take very long for the news of Beaudet's "hallucination" to circulate about the studios.

One evening, soon after my return, Jean Fournier, Gregory Hunt and myself were discussing the same subject

over our after-dinner coffee at the "Palette."

"I tell you," said Gregory, a fair-haired Englishman, as he knocked the ashes from a cigarette, "the poor chap's probably overworked himself at that last canvas, and it has affected his head."

"Stranger things than that have happened in Japan," I volunteered meekly, striving in a feeble way to protect my friend from such innuendo.

"See here, it is full moon to-night," remarked Jean. "Suppose that we all go over and make Marcel and the 'vase' an informal call. The ghost is advertised to walk moonlight nights only, isn't it?" he continued flip-  
pantly.

We agreed; so picking up our hats and sticks, we linked arms and marched up the Boulevard under the trees in military step, Jean in the meantime acting in the capacity of chief musician. Arriving at the studio, we were ushered into the reception room by Yoshi, a square-shouldered, muscular little Jap, whom we all ad-

mired for his remarkable versatility. The entire suite of rooms seemed permeated with an aromatic perfume, like "Jakko the museme puts in her hair."

Far from being heavy, like many of the Oriental incense powders, its sweet breath rather carried with it a restful and quieting sensation.

Yoshi led us shortly into the studio, and walking under two jeweled incense-pots which swung lazily from the ceiling, emitting a vapory blue film, we saw, to our amazement, that the room which formerly had been our friend's den, stocked with paintings, draperies and easels, had been transformed into a veritable Eastern garden.

The walls were hung with rose-colored silken crêpes, and a fragile rice-paper amado replaced the stained glass window.

The electric light fixtures had been removed, and in their stead stood an ancient "andon," whose soft ruby light flooded the room.

Marcel, if he saw us at all, which I doubt, made no effort whatever to



THE WISTARIA MAIDEN

rise from his reclining position beside the vase.

Beyond his indifference to our presence, there was nothing unusual about his manner or appearance.

His face, although much tanned, wore a pleasant expression.

Feeling somewhat piqued at our reception, I had whispered to my companions that we should retire, when Marcel arose, and walking rapidly toward us, whispered:

"Don't go! She is coming."

No sooner had he spoken than the light of the "andon" went out suddenly, and a bright silver light illuminated the studio.

The full moon had risen and was shining directly in through the open windows.

So intent was I watching Marcel, who had resumed his former position, that I was unaware of what had transpired, until Jean aroused me from my reverie by exclaiming:

"Mon Dieu! Paul, what a beauty!"

There in the centre of the room, with her slender ivory arms outstretched as if in supplication to the sacred mountain in her far-away home, stood the ravishing "Wistaria-Maiden."

Then, for the first time, did I notice that the room was enveloped in a white, misty haze.

Yoshi, with eager, glistening eyes, knelt beside Marcel, who strummed a samisen, gently playing a slow accompaniment to the dreamy chanting of Fuji-San, the spirit of the vase.

There are no words which will convey the mystification which was experienced by my friends and myself.

That we were really in the heart of "La Belle" Paris we knew well enough, but to explain the fascination

of the moment which had converted the dull apartment into a fragrant paradise we could not, then or now.

But, as we looked at each other inquiringly, then at the graceful gyrations of the figure in the centre of the room, we could do aught but marvel at the lovely apparition and be silent.

Marcel, I noticed, had put aside the samisen, and had arisen from his position by the sacred vase.

Yoshi eagerly picked up the discarded instrument and pulled the strings wildly; they vibrated with a weird singing noise, the effect of which acted like magic upon Fuji-San and Marcel alike.

The Wistaria-Maiden ceased her chanting, and gathering up a branch of blossoms which lay at her small uncovered feet began dancing about the vase to the fantastic music of Yoshi's samisen.

Marcel, when the beautiful girl approached, put out his arms as if to embrace her; divining his purpose she eluded him, dancing faster and faster as the music quickened.

Encircling the vase once again, the Wistaria-Maiden approached Marcel timidly; she had almost passed him when he suddenly darted forward; his black eyes glistened like a lizard and his wan cheeks assumed a flushed, reddish tinge.

Grasping the shrinking girl about the waist, Marcel embraced her affectionately, pressing her head gently down upon his shoulder, and kissed the perfect, tempting forehead.

At that very moment, and before I could put out my hand to save it, the sacred vase trembled, toppled over, then fell to the floor, shattering its priceless length.





*Drawn by Charlotte Noyes.*

AT THAT VERY MOMENT . . . THE SACRED VASE TREMBLED

Instantly a shriek, a muttered male-diction, and the scurrying of small padded shoes sounded above the crash.

Hurrying to the "andon," which I lit with much difficulty, I stumbled over something lying upon the floor.

E'er I could discern what the object was, I heard a terrified cry from Jean, "Help! Help! Paul, Marcel is dying!"

The room was now in dreadful confusion; the vase, a pitiful wreck, lay scattered in tiny colored fragments about Marcel, who gasped painfully upon a bed of faded wistaria blossoms.

At his side lay a cunningly carved Japanese dirk which Gregory, having pulled out of the unlucky man's back, had cast in horror upon the floor.

Yoshi and Fuji-San were not to be seen. Where they had fled I knew not then or now.

Marcel never rallied after the experiences of that remarkable night, and died quietly in my home.

He intrusted the dirk to my keeping and I promised faithfully that I would do my best to discover the secret which I surmised linked the sacred vase, Yoshi and the weapon together.

I spent many unsuccessful hours the following winter searching among the curio dealers for one who could translate the mystic signs upon the blade; at last, one rainy morning, down in an ill-smelling, gloomy basement, I came upon a grizzled patriarch, who, with many murmurings and cautious side-glancings, inspected the dirk, which he took into his inner room.

Fully an hour elapsed, when he finally came out, saying, as he walked, "You have here, Monsieur, a most *cur-ious* knife, ze value of wheech I am most sure you do not know."

His voice faltered; coming nearer,

he pointed a skinny finger to the queer markings on the blade and spoke with great earnestness:

"Et says here, Monsieur, zat word wheech mak' er mos' precious, to anyone who shall have the 'Sacred Vase' of Fujiyama:

"When ze maiden of ze vase  
Shall be touched by foreign hand,  
*Lay him low! Who dares defile*  
*Ze "Spir-eet of ze Flower-land."*

So it was then as I had thought. Yoshi had been given the dirk by the old blind priest, and it was he who had struck the fatal blow.

I thanked the old man fervently, laid a gold coin upon his table and walked slowly homeward.

Sometimes when my after-dinner cigar is lit, I stroll idly through the conservatory to the library, where hangs Marcel's masterpiece, "The Wistaria-Maiden;" if I sit too long enjoying the marvelous coloring of the mysterious subject, I have noticed that a queer, dazed feeling takes possession of me; the air becomes heavy and oppressive, and again I smell the incense that permeated the room that night in Paris.

I hear the faint tinkling of a samisen, a bewitching young voice intones quaint melodies, and I am just about to succumb to the "Spirit of the vase" when two soft arms are clasped lovingly about my neck, and that dearest of women, my Clothilde, whispers, "Come, Paul, come into the music room." I go only too willingly; she sings a happy, rollicking little chanson for me in her own inimitable way and the spell passes from me.

I clasp my dear wife to my heart fondly, and give thanks that I was spared the sad and untimely fate of my poor friend, Marcel Beaudet.

# Washington-Greene Correspondence

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A large collection of original letters written by General Washington and General Greene has come into the editor's possession. It is our intention to reproduce in fac-simile those of the letters which present the most interesting details and side lights on the great events of the period covered, even though some of the letters may have been previously published.

The reproduction of these letters in chronological order will be continued through the following seven issues. Printed copies of these letters appear on pages 607 and 608.—EDITOR.



My Dear Sir

Head Quarters New Windsor  
June 1<sup>st</sup> 1785

I have received your  
favors of the 22<sup>nd</sup> and 27<sup>th</sup> of April  
enclosing Copies of your Letters to Congress.  
The difficulties which you daily encounter  
and surmount with your small force, add  
not a little to your reputation, and I  
am pretty well assured, that should you  
be obliged finally to withdraw from  
South, and even from North Carolina,  
it will not be attributed to either your  
want of abilities or of exertion, but to  
the true cause, the want of means to  
support the War, in them.

Y

I feel for your mortification at the  
loss of the day before Camden, after it  
seemed so much in your favor, but I hope  
you will have found that the Enemy  
suffered ~~suffered~~ severely, as in their publi-  
cation of the affair, in the New York  
Paper they confess the loss of 200. - The  
reduction of Fort Watson does honor to  
Generals Marston, and Colonel Lee.

I have lately had an interview  
with the Count De Rochambeau at Wea-  
thersfield. Our affairs were attentively  
considered in every point of view, and it was  
finally determined to make an attempt upon  
New York with its present Garrison, in  
preference to a southern operation, as we  
had not the decided command of the Water.  
you

You will be most essentially relieved by it.  
The French Troops will begin their march  
this way, as soon as certain circumstances  
will admit. — I can only give you the  
outlines of our plan — the dangers to which  
Letters are exposed, make it improper to  
commit particulars to paper, but as mat=  
ters ripen, I will keep you as well infor=  
med as circumstances will allow.

A detachment of between 1500  
and 2000 Men sailed from New York  
about the 13<sup>th</sup> of May. I advised Baron  
Steuben of this, and desired him to com=  
municate it to you. I conclude they will  
either stop in <sup>the</sup> Chesapeake or in Cape Fear,  
except the operations of these Spaniards in  
West Florida should call for reinforcement  
to



You will readily suppose the reasons which induced this determination, were, the inevitable loss of men from so long a march, more especially in the approaching hot season - and the difficulty, I may say impossibility, of transporting the necessary Baggage, Artillery, and Stores by land. - I am in hopes, if I am supported as I ought to be, by the neighbouring States in this, which you know has always been a favorite operation, that one of these consequences will follow, the Enemy will be expelled from the most valuable possession which they hold upon the Continent, or they will be obliged to recall part of their force from the Southward to defend it. Should this last happen,

to that Quarter: But I can hardly  
flatter myself that they will attend to  
the preservation of Augustine. Pensacola  
we are told has fallen.

The Marquis de La Fayette infor-  
med me that about 800 Recruits would be  
ready to march from Virginia the latter end  
of May. I have no certain accounts from  
Maryland lately, but I was told by a  
Gentleman from thence that about 1500  
might be expected to march in April.

I make no doubt but you are kept regu-  
larly advised by the superintending Officers.

I have not heard that General  
Wayne had left York town, but I have  
reason to believe that he has gone before  
this time. If no fresh discontents arise  
among

among those Troops - The detachment with  
Wayne will be a most valuable acquisition to  
you - They are chiefly the old soldiers, and  
completely furnished with every necessary.

I am, Madam Dear Sir  
With every sentiment of regard & esteem  
Your Most Obedient Servant  
E. W. Phelps

Major General Greene.



Pf

I am so much hurried at this  
moment that I cannot answer  
your private letter, but will do  
it by the next opportunity. — I  
have lately heard that Mrs  
Greene & your family <sup>were</sup> well  
— I have wrote to her, and men-  
tioned your disappointment in  
not getting her letters — again  
requesting they may put under  
cover to me. — E. W.

Grand quarters High hills London  
July 17<sup>th</sup> 1741

Sir

Since I recd your  
Excuse of little river near G. I  
have been favored with your despatch  
of June the 15<sup>th</sup>. It affords me great  
pleasure to hear that an attack  
is meditating on New York. This mea-  
sures no doubt will create a power-  
ful diversion in favor of ~~the~~ Country  
and I wish most ardently that the  
Northern Stars may enable you  
to complete its reduction. But I  
confess this is important an object  
that I can hardly flatter myself  
somewhat with so fortunate an event

The copy of my former letter

to Congress will inform your Excellency  
of the measures I took for the defense  
of Virginia, and enclosed is a copy  
of my letter to Congress giving an  
account of our movements in this  
quarter since we raised the siege  
of Kentucky. I hope the <sup>steps</sup> ~~measures~~  
I took both with respect to Virginia  
and here will meet your approbation.  
The Marquis has conducted the opera-  
tions in Virginia as far as I can learn  
with great good conduct, and I hope  
Congress will give him a testimony  
of their good opinion of <sup>his</sup> ~~his conduct~~  
When I found Virginia was going to  
be attacked, <sup>in</sup> so formidably <sup>and</sup> I rallied  
all the Troops coming to the South  
ward, and determined to struggle  
with the little force I had. In the



until I could learn better the enemies positions in that <sup>the</sup> quarter  
best manner I could. I thought upon  
the whole it was much better to keep  
up the war here than to give up  
three States in <sup>an</sup> attempt to afford Vir-  
ginia such an ineffectual reinforce-  
ment as I could have carried to  
her aid, which must have been  
greatly reduced by ~~such~~ a march of  
at least 400 miles. Besides if I had  
~~left~~ this Country the enemy would  
have been able detach to Virginia a  
far greater force than I could  
have carried there, and the ef-  
forts of the Militia in this quar-  
ter forward of countenance would  
have totally ceased. All these con-  
siderations determined me in the  
line of conduct I have pursued  
and I hope time will justify the same.

~~measure~~ shew the measure to be  
warranted from ~~the~~ every principle  
of good policy.

The late European intelligence  
I am apprehensive will do more harm than  
enemy upon assumption for conducting  
the war. For instead of attempting to  
over run the whole Country, they <sup>I suspect</sup> will  
make an effort to complete the reduc-  
tion of these States, and secure their ports  
in New York. Intelligence therefore  
from the Northward will be important  
~~will be important~~. <sup>But they get any</sup> Should your informa-  
tion by which their intentions may be ex-  
plained, I beg you will forward it with all  
possible dispatch.

I am with great

~~With~~ respect & regard

Yours Excellency

Most Obedt!

For Excuse  
General Washington

General Washington

Lumberton

Whelan

26  
Don. L. Macpherson  
1788

## Gen. Washington to Gen. Greene

HEAD QUARTERS, NEW WINDSOR, June 1st, 1781.

MY DEAR SIR:—I have received your favors of the 22nd and 27th of April enclosing Copies of your Letters to Congress. The difficulties which you daily encounter and surmount with your small force, add not a little to your reputation, and I am pretty well assured, that should you be obliged finally to withdraw from South, and even from North Carolina, it will not be attributed to either your want of abilities or of exertion, but to the true cause, the want of means to support the War, in them.

I feel for your mortification at the loss of the day before Campden, after it seemed so much in your favor, but I hope you will have found that the Enemy suffered severely, as in their publication of the affair, in the New York Paper they confess the loss of 200.—The reduction of Fort Watson does honor to General Marian, and Colonel Lee.

I have lately had an interview with the Count De Rochambeau at Weathersfield. Our affairs were attentively considered in every point of view, and it was finally determined to make an attempt upon New York with its present Garrison, in preference to a Southern operation, as we had not the decided command of the Water. You will readily suppose the reasons which induced this determination, were, the inevitable loss of Men from so long a march, more especially in the approaching hot season—and the difficulty, I may say impossibility of transporting the necessary Baggage, Artillery, and Stores by land.—I am in hopes, if I am supported as I ought to be, by the neighbouring States in *this*, which you know has always been a favorite *operation*, that one of these consequences will follow, the Enemy will be expelled from the most valuable possession which they hold upon the Continent, or they will be obliged to recall part of their force from the Southward to defend it. Should this last happen, you will be most essentially relieved by it. The French Troops will begin their march this way, as soon as certain circumstances will admit.—I can only give you the outlines of our plan—the dangers to which Letters are exposed, make it improper to commit particulars to paper, but as matters ripen, I will keep you as well informed as circumstances will allow.

A detachment of between 1500 and 2000 Men sailed from New York about the 13th of May—I advised Baron Steuben of this, and desired him to communicate it to you. I conclude they will either stop in Chesapeake or in Cape Fear, except the operations of the Spaniards in the Floridas should call for reinforcement to that Quarter: But I can hardly flatter myself that they will attend to the preservation of Augustine. Pensacola we are told has fallen.

The Marquis de la Fayette informed me that about 800 Recruits would be ready to march from Virginia the latter end of May. I have no certain accounts from Maryland lately, but I was told by a Gentleman from thence that about 400 might be expected to march in April—I make no doubt but you are kept regularly advised by the Superintending Officer.

I have not heard that General Wayne had left York Town, but I have reason to believe that he has gone before this time. If no fresh discontents arise among those Troops—The detachment with Wayne will be a most valuable acquisition to you—They are chiefly the old Soldiers, and completely furnished with every necessary.

I am, My Dear Sir,

With every sentiment of regard & esteem,

Your Most Obedient Servant,

G. WASHINGTON.

(signed but not written by.)

Major General Greene.

P. S.—I am so much hurried at this moment that I cannot answer your private letter, but will do it by the next opportunity.—I have lately heard that Mrs. Greene & your family were well.—I have wrote to her, and mentioned your disappointment in not getting her letters—again requesting they may (be) put under cover to me.

G. W.



## Gen. Greene to Gen. Washington

HEADQUARTERS, HIGH HILLS,  
SANTEE, July 17th, 1781.

SIR:—Since I wrote your Excellency at little river near 96, I have been favored with your despatch of June the 1st. It affords me great pleasure to hear that an attack is meditating on New York. This measure no doubt will create a powerful diversion in favor of this country and I wish most ardently that the northern States may enable you to compleat its reduction. But I confess this is so important an object that I can hardly flatter myself with so fortunate an event.

The copy of my former letters to Congress will inform your Excellency of the measures I took for the defense of Virginia; and enclosed is a copy of my letter to Congress giving an account of our movements in this quarter since we raised the siege of Ninety Six. I hope the steps I took both with respect to Virginia and here will meet your approbation. The Marquis has conducted the operations in Virginia as far as I can learn with great good conduct and I hope Congress will give him a testimony of their good opinion of it. When I found Virginia was going to be attacked in so formidable a manner I halted all the troops coming to the southward, and determined to struggle with the little force I had in the best manner I could until I could learn better the enemies intentions in that quarter. I thought upon the whole it was much better to keep up the war here than to give up three States in an attempt to afford Virginia such an ineffectual reinforcement as I would have carried to her aid, which must have been greatly reduced by a march of at least 400 miles. Besides if I had left this country the enemy would have been able (to) detach to Virginia a far greater force than I could have carried there; and the efforts of the Militia in this quarter for want of countenance would have totally ceased. All these considerations determined me in the line of conduct I have pursued and I hope time will show the measure to be warranted from every principle of good policy.

The late European intelligence I am apprehensive will determine the enemy upon a new plan for conducting the war. For instead of attempting to over run the whole Country I expect they will make an effort to compleat the reduction of two States, and secure their possessions in New York. Intelligence therefore from the Northward will be important. Should your Excellency get any information by which their intentions may be explained, I beg you will forward it with all possible dispatch.

I am with great

respect & regard,

Your Excellency's

Most obed't &

humble ser',

N. GREENE.

His Excellency  
General Washington.

# Her Passing Acquaintance

By Virna Sheard

THE vast draughty station was filled with impatient people waiting for the Express from the West; it had been held up a few miles back by a snow-slide, and was now exactly two hours and thirty minutes behind time. The hands of the great unsympathetic clock traveled slowly towards four, and outside the day drew on to darkness.

Men growled, children fretted, women with restless babies wore upon their tired faces that look of white strained patience they alone ever wear.

There is no more intolerable place to wait, at the best of times, than a station—but on Christmas eve, when the silver has dropped to zero, and the close, over-heated rooms are suffocatingly full, it is only the truly virtuous who control their feelings.

For half an hour an old, old gentleman and a small child had been tramping briskly up and down the platform; he, with his cheery wrinkled face, colored by the cold to the redness of a winter apple, she with her dimpled cheeks tinted like a wild rose.

They—at least the little maid—talked incessantly, while now and again her happy laugh rang out on the frosty air like a peal of sweet bells. She did not walk, she danced along beside him, and the North wind that caught them as they turned at the corner of the platform would swing her light figure against his and blow her

yellow hair in a flying mist about her eyes.

"Five minutes more, Granddaddy; only five minutes more, and then we'll see the big red light turning the bend."

"Yes, Dolly, yes," he answered, "but everything will be crowded to-night so there'll be ten minutes more unpleasantness before we're settled; after that, though, it will be hey! and away for Aunt Maud's and the lads and lassies. Well, sweetheart, we won't see one of them to-night; they'll all be packed off in bed with their blessed stockings hanging from the bed posts."

She laughed gaily. "I think they will wait up—I don't believe Bob and Nina could sleep a wink till we got there; O see, granddaddy," running ahead, "see, there she comes now! there she comes, and all the people are out to meet her."

The huge, panting engine steamed swiftly in, breathing hard and heavily like a living thing that was worn with toil. Soon the passengers had collected their many mysterious parcels and were thronging into the already half-filled carriages.

The old gentleman was right, and it was an uncomfortable ten minutes, for sleeper and Pullman were full, but he was more fortunate than some, for, boarding the last car, he found room enough—and a little to spare.

He arranged his luggage, which consisted of uncouth and oddly-shaped brown packages, on one seat, unbut-

toned his fur-lined overcoat and sank heavily down on the familiar red plush cushions opposite Dolly with a sigh of mingled contentment and relief—for he had reached that age when material things are of most important consideration—*happiness*, he felt, might be an illusion, but *comfort* was real. “I believe every other car is entirely filled, Dolly,” he remarked, complacently.

“They always considered me good at running things when travelling, dear—there is nothing like experience in these matters—that, and keeping a stiff upper lip. One must firmly assert one’s right to accommodation. You heard what I said to the guard at the door? These companies have no right to pack people into their confoundedly uncomfortable carriages. See! this one is filled now; we’re like herrings, my love, like herrings! There should be Pullmans—plenty of them—particularly at such a time of the year.

“Ah!” looking over his spectacles uneasily, “here come three men, huge fellows, by Jove! three too many of that size; probably one of them will expect to quarter here, Dolly.”

Two of the men, broad-shouldered and of a strongly-built, mechanic type, stood glancing up and down the car eagerly; the third, who was slighter and quite different in appearance, allowed them to arrange things while he leaned wearily against the arm of Dolly’s seat. He was singularly handsome, although on one side of his face, down the cheek, across the forehead and running into his thick blond hair, was a strip of black court plaster, held in place by tiny bars of the same. About his mouth were set unpleasant lines and he was very white, Dolly thought, glancing up at him.

He waited indifferently enough till one of his companions had reconnoitered the position and returned.

“There is nothing further down,” said the man, “so perhaps,” turning to Dolly, with an apologetic glance at her grandfather, “perhaps this little lady will share her seat with one of us; this ’ere young gentleman,” indicating the one standing with such apparent indifference, “this gentleman has lamed his foot. We two others can easily get places behind.”

“I shall be most happy to accommodate you here, sir,” said the old gentleman, gathering aside his coat. “Sit down by me; indeed, we are hardly entitled to as much room as we have taken,” smiling benevolently.

“Thank you,” said he of the lame foot and injured head, taking the proffered place, “you are awfully good.”

“Not at all, not at all. If your foot would be easier, lift it up across there; Dolly won’t mind. Once had a sprained ankle myself; got a fall riding across country at home in Ireland. Bad thing a sprained ankle is; kept me a prisoner for weeks. Is yours painful?”

The man’s face had blanched whiter and his lips twitched.

“Somewhat,” he answered, “thank you.” Then bowing gravely to Dolly, “with your permission I will put it up.”

“Oh! I would rather you did,” she said, eagerly, her violet eyes full of sympathy; “much rather.”

They were moving swiftly now through the darkened country, the train swinging from side to side, making up for lost time. Against the windows came a steady rataplan of frozen snow: here and there over the dreary



fields would sparkle the light from some lonely farm house. The porter came through and turned up the lamps, so the car was flooded with a yellow, restful glow.

The old gentleman leaned his head against the crimson roll behind and dozed gently. Those near talked in monotonous undertones. The man opposite Dolly pulled his soft hat down over his eyes and folded his arms.

She herself sat open-eyed, wide, wide awake, for was it not Christmas eve, and where is the child that so far forgets itself as to be sleepy on that dear night, no matter what its environment? So she looked about brightly, then rose and kneeled upon the seat to discover what baby it was that was crooning away at the end of the car, singing to itself that little song without beginning or end that all babies know and sing. After finding it and listening for a little while, she settled herself down in her corner again and looked at her fellow-traveller opposite. She fancied at first that he was asleep—like her grandfather—but after a few moments changed her mind. He was certainly awake and watching her. After making sure of that, she only glanced over shyly now and then.

He was very nice to look at, she thought, very nice; oftener and oftener her eyes strayed across.

Presently an idea struck her. Granddaddy had told her not to talk to strangers, but surely this was different; this man was almost a visitor. They had invited him into their seat, but he was so quiet and stern there was some difficulty in addressing him. She waited, trying to overcome her feelings, then curiosity conquered.

Leaning over, she touched him lightly on the coatsleeve, glancing first down at his bandaged foot and from that to his forehead.

"Have you—have you been in a battle?" she asked softly, with a little quiver in her voice.

"Yes," he answered, taking off his hat, "*Waterloo*."

"Oh!" replied she, turning to her grandfather, who slept placidly. "Granddaddy said that was long and long ago, but there might be another, I suppose?" with an inquiring lift of her dark eyebrows.

"Yes," he answered, "there was another."

"And were you shot?" she inquired.

He pointed to his forehead.

"Oh! I am so sorry!" she cried softly; "so very, very sorry."

"I am sorry, too," he said, grimly, "sorry that the fellow did not take better aim."

The lovely face turned up to his seemed puzzled. "And your foot?" she questioned.

"No, that wasn't shot," he said, with a bitter half laugh, "but it should have been—for playing the fool."

Again she failed to understand, but the sorrow in her heart for anything wounded and suffering rose in a floodtide. Her eyes filled and her rosy lips trembled.

"I'm afraid I can't do much to help you but be sorry," she answered again; "but I am truly that."

"You are awfully good," he said; "it's the best help I've had so far—no one has said that much but you."

Then, changing his tone. "Tell me about yourself, and about your grandfather; don't worry about me," smiling a little, "I'm all right."

"Why, we are going to Aunt Maud's, at Kingston, for Christmas," she answered, winking the tears out of her eyes and smiling back at him, "and there are Bob and Nina and little Maud and Harold, Rex and Molly (those are the twins), and Toddles and the baby. It's a new one—we haven't seen her yet—but we always go to them at Christmas—granddaddy and me. We live together, granddaddy and me, for I haven't any mother or father, you know. Aunt Maud wants us to live with her always but we couldn't, of course, and I'd rather stay with granddaddy." "Now, tell me about *yourself*, with a bewitching smile, and where *you're* going to spend Christmas."

"You're not the least afraid of me, are you?" he asked abruptly.

"Why no," she cried, with a little laugh; "why no, indeed I like you already; one isn't afraid of people one likes, and there are only a few, few things I really am afraid of anyway—just wobbers and mice, and a little wee bit of the dark prison; we can see it from Aunt Maud's windows."

"Ah," he said in an odd voice, "most people would be—that is, afraid of the robbers, and the prison—perhaps not of the mice—not so much at least." Then, changing his tone:

"Won't you tell me your name?"

"Dolly Blake," she answered; "Dorothea Blake, it is in the big Bible. Do you like it?"

"Yes," said the man, "I had a little sister named Dorothea."

"Where is she?" asked the child.

"She is dead."

"And where is your mother and father?" went on the questioning voice.

"With her," he replied, softly.

"Then who did you live with—your grandfather?"

"No," he answered; "Oh, no; I lived with a very dear relative—an uncle."

"Was he as dear as granddaddy?"

"I'll show you what he was like," said the man, and, taking a small folio from his pocket, he began to draw rapidly.

The child watched him with great interest, and in perfect silence. After a quarter of an hour's work he handed her the picture.

She bent her golden head over it, and studied it closely, then she looked up and met his eyes.

"No," she said; "no—he isn't like granddaddy—he doesn't look—so kind—you don't mind my saying so?"

"I don't mind," he answered grimly.

She folded her fingers over the picture. There was a thoughtful look in the depths of her eyes.

Outside the storm beat. Inside the lamps swung, throwing strange shadows.

The old gentleman, wrapped in his furs, slumbered peacefully, the silver of his ruffled hair making a sort of nimbus about his head.

"We are nearly there," said the child, "are we not?"

"It will be another hour," he answered.

She smiled back at him. "We have had quite a long talk, haven't we; and after to-night I may never see you again. Sometimes I tell granddaddy," she continued quaintly, "sometimes I tell granddaddy that I find this a very queer world."

He answered her with a sad look—it was a sort of smile, too, she thought.

"We certainly never will see each other again, Miss Dorothea," he said.

"Except in heaven," she answered quietly. "Then I'll come up to you and say, 'It's Dolly Blake! We went down together one Christmas eve in the train, don't you remember?' and you will say, 'Why, yes, of course, I do.' People always remember things that happen on Christmas eve. And now if I could only say my prayers I believe I could go to sleep," with a stifled yawn. "It's ever so long past bed-time, but even in the cars one ought to say one's prayers, don't you think so?"

"Yes," he answered gravely. "I certainly think one ought." Then in a low voice, "Let me hear you say them, Dolly," and looking at her with a certain wistfulness, "and say a word for me. I'm afraid you won't see me when you reach Heaven, little one. I'm not one of the lucky fellows that'll get there, but I'll always remember you when this night comes round, wherever I am—wherever I am."

"And I will remember you," said she. "Now I'll say my prayers," folding her small hands and bending down her head.

Some of the words were too low for him to catch, but he heard, "Now I lay me——," and afterwards a great many names said lovingly, the names of the children where she was going.

Then she raised her head and half opened her eyes.

"What is your name," she asked, "you forgot altogether to tell me that."

"Jack," he replied, huskily, "Jack Melbourne."

The white lids dropped again—"And," she continued softly, but so he caught the words—"and please bless

—very much, poor Mr. Jack Melbourne, for he has been in a *battle*, and I'm afraid his side must have been beaten, and please let me see him some time or other again—if not, if not in this place—then in Heaven—Amen!"

"Amen!" he said soberly, "Amen!"

"Now I think I'll really go to sleep for a little while; if you are awake will you watch granddaddy?"

"I will be awake," he replied, "and will gladly watch you both."

She smiled sleepily and trustingly at him, then curling herself up, shut her eyes.

How lovely she was, he thought, how sweet. How like a flower. Such a prayer as hers surely would reach its destination. He had said "Amen" to it. Ah! it was many months since Jack Melbourne had said that to any prayer.

On rushed the train. On and on—still he watched the sleeping child. By and by a new thought came to him, and from his little finger he took a small gold ring set with a single heart-shaped turquoise.

Lifting one warm dimpled hand, whose fingers still held the picture he had drawn, he slipped the tiny ring on the first finger. Then he wrote rapidly on the back of the picture:

"From J. M. It belonged years ago to that other little Dolly. Remember me when Christmas eve comes round."

When the train slowed up in the brightly lit station, and the child awoke and roused her grandfather, they were quite alone, and soon were met and warmly welcomed by Aunt Maud and Uncle Rob—who had long been waiting for their belated travellers.



Next morning when Dolly found herself in Nina's pretty bedroom, the journey of the night before seemed but a dream. She made merry with her little cousins over their well-filled stockings and her own—and they were all very, very gay together—granddaddy being apparently the youngest and liveliest of them all. They told her that it must have been Santa Claus himself who slipped the small turquoise ring on her finger—she only smiled and answered nothing.

It was the following morning at breakfast that Uncle Rob looked suddenly over the top of his paper at granddaddy.

"Why, you and Dolly came down with a notorious character," he said. "No less than young Melbourne! They brought him down to the Penitentiary on Christmas eve—he managed to escape after the trial, you know, and was recaptured at considerable trouble and expense—tried to shoot himself, I believe—and was otherwise damaged in the fray."

"Dear me! Dear me!" said the old gentleman. "Young Melbourne. Now I do remember reading of that trial—

robbed the bank, or embezzled. What was it?"

"Oh, he sowed a crop of wild oats of one kind or another, and wound up with forgery—signed his uncle's name for some good round sum. I used to know them both years ago in Windsor; never dreamt the boy would turn out so badly. The old man was a hard one to live with, I fancy, and the lad needed a lighter hand. It's a pity, a great pity!"

"A great pity," echoed the old gentleman. "No, we didn't see him, Dolly and I; doubtless he was in some other carriage. There were no desperadoes in ours."

She listened with eyes growing wider and wider, while the soft pink faded slowly out of her face. The voices of the children talking merrily around the table sounded a long, long way off. She could see the tiny blue heart-shaped stone gleaming on her little finger.

After breakfast she stole away to a silent room above, whose windows looked across towards the great solitary stone building, and as she gazed at it her eyes were full of tears.

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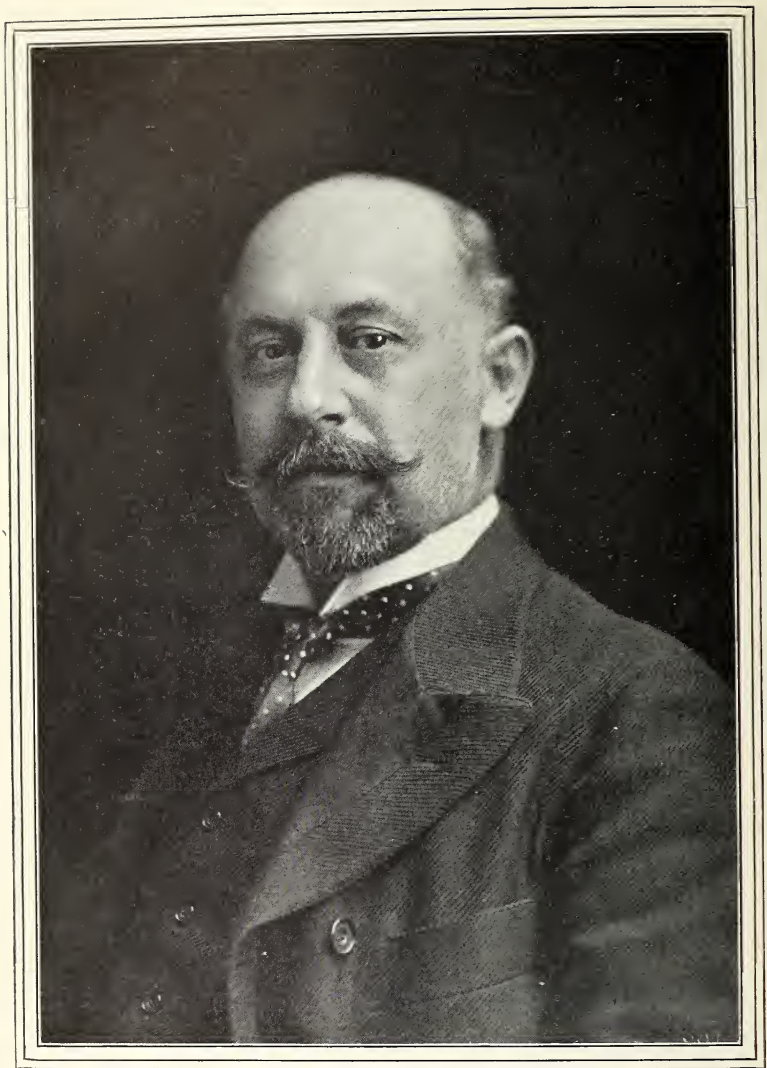
MR. RUCKSTUHL'S PARIS STUDIO

## Frederick Wellington Ruckstuhl, Sculptor

By Richard Ladegast

**S**TATUARY, if rightly used, as on the fine Court House in New York City, is in itself attractive and can be made to reinforce the effect of the building which it adorns. We are indebted to Mr. Frederick Wellington Ruckstuhl for the admirable and felicitous arrangement of the sculpture on the exterior of this edifice. After winning so many well deserved successes in his chosen art, he has shown

conspicuous skill and forethought in the difficult task of harmonizing a variety of expressive figures in such a way as to avoid overloading and to escape the very natural impulse for mere decoration. To do this he conceived a very definite, guiding idea and then pursued it until the greatest symmetry was achieved. At the portal of the edifice are two expressive figures by Mr. Ruckstuhl. On the left is the statue of Wisdom, a figure symbolis-



FREDERICK WELLINGTON RUCKSTUHL

ing old Experience, laying the strong foundation of the law, while at the right sits Force, with a watchful, virile face and form. He is seated, but armed and ready to spring up for the defence and enforcement of the human statute. These two figures rest at the base of the building and guard the entrance. They serve to sustain

the figure of Justice which stands triumphant at the pinnacle. The laws, inspired by Wisdom and defended by Force, promote Justice and assure its perpetuity. Mr. Ruckstuhl, in the exercise of his duty as superintendent of the sculptural adjuncts to the Court House, placed the group "Peace" on the western front. Justice, once tri-





WISDOM

umphant, the reign of Peace comes in, and the symbolical figures, standing in an independent position, at the right distance, seem the more impressive. The statues which rise above the cornice connect the chief groups, but no

one will look on them as merely subsidiary. The sculptor did not intend them to be graceful, decorative elements, but strong, distinctive figures of the men famous as law-givers and founders in civilizing the world. They



are imposing and also expressive of an idea—"human statute purged the gentle weal."

Mr. Ruckstuhl has since 1892 had his studio in New York, but formerly he lived in St. Louis. He is, however, not a native of the West, but went there with his parents when he was hardly a year old. The family had

lived in a silent little hamlet in Alsace, but determined to leave their quiet home and become settlers in this country. They were French Huguenots, who had fled to Switzerland and thence to Alsace. The artist's father was very skillful as a coppersmith and machinist, and in St. Louis he so far prospered as to become chief engineer





of the machine shop at the city arsenal. Giving the boy a good education, he cherished the ambition to see him one day become a missionary, well equipped to undertake the conversion of the heathen. The boy, who, like so many others having strong intellectual impulses, had marked religious feeling, earnestly meditated on metaphysics,

cultivated poetry, and, though hard at work as a trusted clerk, found time to associate with artists. It was at the Sketch Club that a figure entitled "La Rêverie" aroused all his latent artistic ability. He essayed a carved figure in dry clay of "Penelope." He settled down to work in a night class and soon after won the prize for the



Blair monument. We now find the young man at the Académie Julien, in the Mercier studio, at the Beaux Arts and an art pilgrim wandering through Italy. He had left, however, an earnest of his progress. When he returned to Paris he learned that his charming and poetic study, "Evening," had pleased those exacting French critics and had won him an honorable mention. In 1888 he sold the model for enough to enable him to have the figure executed in marble and to defray the expenses of three years' further study and endeavor in Europe. The statue had rewarded the sculptor and was yet to win greater distinction in Paris and a grand medal at Chicago. This lovely picture of peace and repose after toil now stands among the treasures gathered in the Metropolitan Museum.

Mr. Ruckstuhl, on coming back to St. Louis, came attended by the nimble god of good luck. There is nothing dull in Mercury. His infinite variety, a quality so wittily celebrated by Lucian, himself an adept in art, was well fitted to attract an inquisitive and ingenious intellect so that in Mercury leading Jove's Eagle we have not a mere conventional messenger winging down the wind, but the roguish son of Maia intent wholly upon playing pranks upon the sacred bird of the Olympian. This very lively bronze is nine feet high; it belongs to the city of St. Louis, to which it was given by certain wealthy and well-inspired admirers of the artist.

Mercury comes to us from time honored fable, but Solon belongs to history, while legend also influences our idea of the legislator who is none the less a man of business and ready to

put thoughts into simple verse. Mr. Ruckstuhl's conception of the famous Athenian may be seen in the statue now in the Congressional Library. The figure is animated, the left hand holding aloft the half unrolled scroll of the law, is itself full of meaning; the drapery is not too stiff and well suited to the figure. The beard is very appropriately treated and the eyes and face are of one who calls attention and exacts respect. So much may suggest itself to an artist who has such a subject that he may miss definition in trying to express too much; but Mr. Ruckstuhl has succeeded in making a portrait of an ancient sage to whom history from Herodotus and Plutarch downward, has imputed certain traits of individuality.

General Hartranft, one of the most brilliant of the soldiers who served in the valiant Ninth Corps, was a subject to test the technical mastery and give play to the sympathy and feeling for the heroic which distinguished this sculptor. The equestrian statue may be seen at Harrisburg. Fully aware of the importance of creating an adequate representation of such a man—a type of the splendid officers of the dauntless Army of the Potomac, Mr. Ruckstuhl gave himself with enthusiasm to the enterprise. His preparation in this country for the execution of the work was supplemented by travel in Europe, making himself familiar with the greatest works there. The results of his study are evinced in the unceasing effort to discover the characteristic and the predominant elements which should reveal themselves in the equestrian statue of a man remembered by so many of his comrades. The work completed, the artist could have justly



STATUE OF GENERAL HARTANFT

said, "I am satisfied," for all who admire and study sculpture applauded. The horse is full of fiery energy and a kind of warlike pride; the rider arrests the eye as a man fashioned to rule such a charger. He sits there, like a warrior, erect, triumphant, inspiring his battalions who greet him with cheers. The face is modelled with extreme precision, not too many lines and furrows, but just that degree of definition which will preserve a clear conception of character. In fact, it is not easy to speak of this statue without using somewhat superlative epithets of praise. The execution of the work satisfies those who delight in the

technical and the finer feats of workmanship, and the intellectual and emotional are so conspicuous that they reveal themselves in the eye of the horse and the hand of the rider almost as much as in his glance and attitude.

Even those who declare their sincere admiration for this statue of Hartanft are fond of saying that a portrait of John Russell Young, produced by Mr. Ruckstuhl, ought to be looked upon as the artist's masterpiece. The bust in question is free, life-like, animated. It is as far as can be from being formal or merely photographic. Great delicacy in execution avoids the fault of flatness, emptiness; the face is

observant, bright, and we can immediately and without any critical hint or cue feel that there is breath and soul in the bronze.

At Jamaica there is a favorable specimen of Mr. Ruckstuhl's skill in giving sufficient expression to the conception which he desires to see dominant in his figure work. We speak of the "Victory"—the Soldiers and Sailors' monument. This figure is not slight or delicate. It abounds in power, it is ample, it looms up; the wings do not hang as a mere burden, but seem to intensify the expression of the arms which raise the palm and wreath to crown the returning soldier. Figures of this kind sometimes are exaggerated in length, and have too little amplitude. The artist will be seen to have escaped this fault and to have sought with good fortune an excellent blending of majesty and grace.

Mr. Ruckstuhl, in addition to the production of so many genuine works of sculpture, has always been and is

now very active in promoting the interests of art in the whole country. At Atlanta he was one of the jury of fine arts, he had a share in organizing the National Sculptors' Society and acted as its secretary. In the Municipal Art Society of New York he is a member of the executive council and for two years he has been second vice-president of the Architectural League. He took unwearied pains with the arrangement and harmonizing of the sculpture of the new



Court House, and it augurs well for the coming exhibition in St. Louis that he is to be director in charge of the sculpture. He is in his prime, but forty-five years of age. We may expect to see many more interesting and beautiful works coming forth from his studio.



# On January First

By Estelle M. Hart

THE snow had begun to fall the evening before, and by the middle of the morning on New Year's day it had reached a considerable depth, and the wind, which had risen during the night, was driving it in blinding sheets through the air and piling up deep drifts.

The passengers from the east and west branches of the Great Central Railroad came stamping in, well powdered with white, after crossing the twenty feet of open platform at Bridgetown Junction.

They read the bulletin, posted by the side of the office window: "Northern express one hour late, owing to drifts."

This was the train on the main line, to connect with which the branch roads had brought their passengers. The news of the delay was read with varied degrees of impatience and regret, according to the disposition of the readers, but it was New Year's morning, good resolutions were fresh in many minds, and, on the whole, the company seemed disposed to be philosophical.

There were between thirty and forty people gathered in the long waiting-room; two or three middle-aged couples, a group of lively boys, half a dozen pretty girls going back to school after the holidays, a traveling salesman or two, and several men and women of the sort who seem to blend

in the background of any company, and about whose personality one seldom cares to speculate.

There were a few, however, upon whom one's eyes were inclined to linger.

There was a little old lady, with a shrewd, rosy, wrinkled face, twinkling black eyes, and a kindly mouth, puckered over rather ill-fitting false teeth. She was a quaint little figure, in a short black cashmere skirt, an old astrachan jacket, and a rusty velvet bonnet with a touch of dull purple somewhere about it. She sat quite on the edge of the wooden bench that ran along the sides of the room, partly because she was so short that she could not otherwise have touched her feet to the floor, and partly because she was one of those wiry, wide-awake, nervous people who always sit as if they were ready to jump at a moment's notice. She watched the company with much interest, and looked as if she were continually on the point of opening a conversation with some one. By her side she held a square paper box, tied around several times with a stout string. Its contents were evidently precious, for she moved it with great care, and occasionally bestowed upon it an almost affectionate glance and a friendly pat with her black worsted glove.

There was a tall young man in the company, particularly well-groomed and well-dressed, with an aristocratic

and rather haughty air, inclined to keep strangers at a distance, but, in spite of that, there was an expression of manliness in his face which was pleasing. He, too, carried a box, a long narrow box, wrapped up with extreme neatness in a white paper. It had the proportions of many florist's boxes, and the young man set it down in a window-sill, as if to avoid the wilting heat of the stove in the centre of the room.

Probably no one held the unconscious attention of a greater number than a well-built man of fifty or thereabouts, with keen, gray-blue eyes, a fresh, ruddy complexion and a heavy head of silvery gray hair. He was one of the people who radiate good cheer, and his rich, penetrating voice, when he addressed a remark to a fellow passenger, seemed to impart a genial glow to the whole company.

Two others among the number appeared noteworthy. It would have been hard to tell why the young woman was especially attractive. She had a delicate color and sweet brown eyes, and wore a dainty brown suit, with a becoming hat over her pretty hair, but as much might have been said of several women present. There was, however, a look of dignity in her face, combined with a childlike unconsciousness, which was peculiarly winning. The young man, an earnest, hopeful-looking fellow, was chiefly noteworthy, because he was her companion.

The hour of delay wore slowly on. The storm was increasing in fury. Nothing but a waving wilderness of white was to be seen from the windows. The hour passed, but there was no sound of an approaching train. The passengers grew restless and

walked up and down the room, anxiously questioned the ticket agent, and cautiously opened the door, occasionally; but such a drift of snow blew in, whenever there was a chance, that even the most impatient soon abandoned that practice.

Finally another notice appeared on the bulletin board: "Drifts increasing. Train probably several hours late."

There were various expressions of dismay at this announcement, and the travelers began to compare notes as to what the delay signified to them. The little old lady looked disappointed, but chatted cheerily with her neighbors, and said 'twas lucky that they were where they could keep warm, even if there was a chance of being a bit hungry; and with that she gave her box an extra pat to keep her spirits up.

The young man shifted his box to a window-sill still farther from the fire, and began a conversation with the gray-haired man, who seemed to have a fund of anecdotes at his command, and who evidently kept those who drifted into his circle well entertained.

The pretty young lady in the brown suit looked grave and a little troubled, but there was such a light in her eyes when she looked in the face of the young man beside her that one could believe it was springtime in all the world and that winter storms were an unheard of thing.

The little old lady watched the young couple with great interest, and seemed on the point of speaking with the girl several times, but there was an atmosphere of reserve about them that made her hesitate to do so.

The day dragged slowly on. A spirit of depression seemed to settle down over the little company. The storm slackened toward night, but they were all tired and hungry and disappointed. It was a strange world that could be seen from the windows, between the monstrous drifts. There were few fences in sight; old landmarks were blotted out; there were apparently no roads anywhere; the trees had suddenly shortened their trunks, and many of them stood out like bushes above the fields of white.

Early in the evening another message arrived: "Large force working at drifts. Train through about midnight."

Two or three little kerosene lamps, fastened high against the wall, were lighted, but their sickly glare only made the dingy waiting room look more forlorn than ever. The passengers walked disconsolately from end to end of the long room, looked at their watches, sadly recalled the length of time since breakfast, and looked drearily forward to the long evening that must follow the cheerless day.

The hours wore slowly away, however. Some of the travelers tried to get a little sleep in awkward postures on the hard benches. The old lady, looking a little pale and tired, but still cheerful, kept guard over her precious box, and talked with the people near her who were not too sleepy or despondent to reply. The young couple talked quietly together. There was an air of happiness about them that no disappointment could cover, but they did look a little sorry, the old lady thought, and she was full of interested solicitude.

She made some pretext, finally, for

moving near them on the bench, and she heard the young lady say, with a momentary quiver in her voice, "I am most sorry on mother's account. She will be *so* disappointed."

After a little, the young man walked over to the other side of the room to talk with the ticket agent, and the old lady took this opportunity to move up to the young lady's side.

"I overheard you say your mother'd be disappointed, my dear. Were you going home to see her for New Year's?"

The young lady looked a little startled, but the old voice was so kindly and the old eyes were so sympathetic and motherly, that a little grateful thrill swept over her, as she answered, hastily, and with a sudden glow of color, "O no, it wasn't that. My mother is way out in Dakota." Her voice broke for a second, then she added, "and she expected something to happen to-day that can't, now."

"What was it, my dear. Can I help you in any way?" the tender old voice inquired.

The glowing young face looked into the old one a minute, and then the motherliness that shone there conquered her reserve, and the girl poured out in hasty words her little story.

"The gentleman with me," and her eyes sought the figure of the young man across the room, "and I were to have been married to-day," the earnest voice said. "His name is John Strong, and I am Margaret Lee. My home is in Dakota, where my parents live, and where Mr. Strong used to live with his mother. They came east two years ago, and, as we were to live here, it seemed best for me to come to his mother and be married, rather than to



have him take the journey west for me. His mother is feeble, so it was better not to try to have any wedding, but to go quietly to a minister's house to be married. I promised my mother that I would be married on New Year's day, the twenty-fifth anniversary of her own wedding, and by the same minister that married her. It pleased her greatly to think of it. So John—Mr. Strong," with another quick blush, "wrote to the minister, who still lives in Newtown—my mother's early home—and made arrangements for the wedding to-day. But now you see it is quite impossible," and there came another little catch in her voice, "and while we are sorry, it will disappoint my mother much more. She had so set her heart on it. She and my father were the first couple that Dr. Benedict ever married."

The old lady, who had listened to the story with the keenest interest, giving various sympathetic and encouraging little exclamations, and clasping the young girl's hand in hers in eager excitement, suddenly sprang to her feet and exclaimed, "Dr. Benedict, my dear! Dr. Benedict, did you say? Why, that's Dr. Benedict over there. I've always known him by sight. Tisn't but eleven o'clock yet. There's plenty of time!"

And before Margaret Lee could catch her breath or quite understand what was in the old lady's mind, the venerable little woman had hastened across the room and was talking excitedly with the gray-haired gentleman.

Dr. Benedict, for it was he, indeed, gave a little exclamation of surprise, asked a question or two and then

started toward the end of the room where John Strong was standing.

The old lady hastened back to Margaret Lee, who, first white and then red, sat staring in startled fashion across the room at the minister and the young man talking together.

"It's all right, my dear," the old lady cried, almost sobbing with delight and excitement. "He was on his way home from Greatville on purpose to marry you; and of course never having seen you before, he didn't recognize you. He says that it will be all right to be married here, if the license is ready; and there's lots of time before midnight."

Dr. Benedict and John Strong were coming toward them. The little woman hovered near, as the three talked together in low tones for a few minutes. The other passengers began to wonder what was happening, and looked on with mild interest.

Dr. Benedict left the young couple for a little, spoke a few words to the old lady and to the aristocratic young man, then laying aside his hat, he stood out in the empty space in the middle of the room, and in a quiet voice, but one which held instant attention, he said, "Friends, it gives me great pleasure to announce to you that there are here among us a young man and woman who were journeying to my house to be married there by me to-day. It will please you to know, as it does me, that the father and mother of the young lady were the first couple that I ever married, and that to-day marks the twenty-fifth anniversary of that happy event. So, though it is not possible for that father and mother, who now live in a distant state, to witness this marriage, we are thankful that

their wishes may be fulfilled, and that, by a seeming strange chance, we are led to discover each other's identity while there is yet time to have the ceremony performed on New Year's day. I thank God for the opportunity given me, and invite you all to witness this marriage service."

The whole company rose to its feet at the close of this little speech. The young aristocrat was the first to remove his hat, and was quickly imitated by Mike, the station man, and then by all of the other men in the room.

As Dr. Benedict raised his hand, John Strong came out from the little group with Margaret Lee upon his arm, and there, on the last hour of New Year's day, in the dingy old room, with the little group of unknown faces about them, their solemn vows were taken.

The old lady hastened to kiss the bride, and hearty congratulations followed, even though the lips that uttered them were those of strangers. The aristocratic young man had undone his package, and with a bunch of magnificent roses in his hand, he stepped across to Margaret Strong.

"The young lady to whom I was carrying them, will be greatly pleased, I know," he said in courtly tones, "if you will consent to accept these flowers for your bridal bouquet."

The little bride received them with gracious dignity and a happy smile, saying, "You are very kind, indeed, and will you not take one from me to her, with my thanks?"

Dr. Benedict told merry anecdotes of other unusual weddings that he had attended, and touched tenderly upon that first young couple he had married, whose anniversary they were

celebrating in so unexpected a place. "You are like your mother, my dear," said his fatherly voice. "I remember her well. I wasn't so very old myself then," running his hand with a whimsical air through his white locks.

And now the little lady, who had been busily working away at the string around her box, her face beaming more than ever, suddenly brought to view a large loaf of frosted cake, which she carefully removed from its tissue paper wrappings.

"I never heard of a proper wedding without a wedding cake," she chirruped. "I was taking this to my grandchildren, but they'd rather 'twould be a wedding cake than to eat it themselves, I know—and, if they wouldn't, I can make 'em another," she added, suddenly conscious of the possible disappointment in store for the expectant youngsters. "So if one of you gentlemen has got a pocket knife, the bride'll cut this up, and we'll pass it around."

So even the wedding feast was not lacking.

Meanwhile a vigorous shoveling and scraping was going on outside, and when, suddenly, the sound of a distant engine whistle was heard, Mike burst open the outer door and announced, "Ladies and gentlemen, yer train is comin', but there ain't no hurry. Will yer kindly stand ashide and let the bridal party walk down the oile. Lord bless yer, ma'am," snatching off his cap and making a low bow.

The sky had cleared, the moon was shining brightly, and down the broad path which good-natured Mike had made for them, John and Margaret Strong walked out into a beautiful, new, white world, together.

# Wouldst Sorrow Know?

By Charlotte W. Thurston

*A GRAY Ghost blurred the waning light;  
A Second came at black midnight;  
A Third came when the dawn was white.*

*A gray Ghost blurred the waning light:*

“Wouldst sorrow know?

Wouldst learn earth’s darkest, deepest, heaviest  
blight?—

When the dear Dead has vanished from thy side,  
And the vast earth grown strangely cold and wide.

Grief wins no higher height;

Grief knows no depths more low.”

*A Second came at black midnight:*

“Wouldst sorrow know?

When dear eyes meet thine with a strange, wild light,  
The Master having from his palace fled,  
Leaving these dread usurpers in his stead,

Mocking his banished might,—

Then mayst thou talk of woe.”

*A Third came when the dawn was white:*

“Thou knowst not woe.—

When in dear eyes has raged the evil fight,  
Sin, crime, dishonor, in hot triumph throng,  
Smiting the Dead with the red sword of Wrong—

The dead cold form of Right,—

Then knowst thou woe.”



# The Lumber Industry in Maine

By Lawrence T. Smyth

FOR four score years the ring of the axe has been heard in the Penobscot forests—since before Maine became a State; for the first sawmill on the river was built in the year 1818, when Bangor was a little town standing just on the border of civilization, where the blanketed and feathered Tarratine in his birch canoe met the blue-jacketed sailor in his ship from the deep sea. The wealth and progress of Bangor had their source in the dense pine forests which then crowded with their deep green line close down to the coast, and when, the wars with England being over, the country began to cultivate the arts of peace and strive for trade abroad it was the pine tree that gave Bangor and all Maine a prominent place in the commercial world. So truly symbolic was the pine of Maine that the first legislature of the State caused it to be placed upon the great seal, along with the figures of the sailor and the farmer, the moose deer and the north star, and the proud, confident motto of "Dirigo"—"I lead."

In the early days of Penobscot lumbering the timber was cut close by, the primeval growth of tall, straight pines being within sight, almost, of the masts of the vessels in the harbor of Bangor. Then, gradually, the forest line was forced back by the army of axemen, until it became a long journey for the logs from the scene of cut-

ting operations to the booms and mills. It was late in the fifties when the woodsmen reached the famous west branch of the Penobscot, and began the draft upon its wealth of timber that has continued to this day, and that will be kept up, doubtless, so long as there is a tree standing. Up to the beginning of the Mexican war little else than pine was cut on the Penobscot, or on any other Maine river, and even up to the days of the Civil War pine was the mainstay of the industry, spruce being considered as of secondary importance. But time has wrought great changes, and to-day pine cuts little figure in the trade, spruce being king.

It was in the years from 1868 to 1874 that the pine saw its last importance as a factor in the great lumber commerce of Bangor, and ever since then the proportion of pine in the timber cut has been dwindling and that of spruce increasing. Fifty years ago the Penobscot lumbermen cut annually about 150,000,000 feet of pine and about 50,000,000 feet of spruce, while in recent years the cut of spruce has been from 100,000,000 to 125,000,000 feet, and that of pine from 20,000,000 to 30,000,000 feet.

The once vast pine forests were the source of great wealth for the lumbermen of the first half of the century, and fortunes were made then which, handed down from father to son, are now the basis of Bangor's financial

strength and commercial enterprise. But the fathers, although fortunate in their opportunities and prosperous almost in spite of themselves, were not wise, for they wasted the splendid pine recklessly, sinfully it seems, scattering with careless prodigality a treasure which they thought unlimited. Wasteful methods in cutting, in sawing and in every department of the industry had the inevitable effect of dissipating the riches of the pine woods, and the day soon came when the wide, soft, white boards, with never a shake or a knot in them, became rare and costly, and the money-making trade with the West Indies was gone forever. Time was when it was easy for a boy in a punt to pick up enough of the splendid hewn and sawed white pine timber and boards floating adrift in the harbor of Bangor in a single season to build a good-sized cottage, but to-day it is a poor piece of lumber of any kind that is allowed to go adrift, and seldom or never is a bit of pine seen floating down the river. The best pine, in fact, never gets into the water after being sawed, but is carefully seasoned and then shipped by rail, so valuable has it become. Economy now rules everywhere—they have locked the door after the horse has been stolen.

As with the pine, so also with the spruce, to which tree the lumbermen were obliged to turn when the pine had become thinned and scattered. Spruce covers an area far greater than was ever inhabited by the pine, and of the two trees the spruce is by far the more prolific, but the sin of waste can dissipate the most abundant blessing of substance, and it is a lamentable fact that uncounted millions of the spruce

have been sacrificed by wasteful methods of the lumbermen. It is only within recent years that the science of forestry has been recognized in lumbering, and now, although rather late in the day, important reforms have been adopted by many of the largest operators. It is the practice of the enlightened lumbermen of these times to leave the smaller trees standing—all under eight inches in diameter, that they may attain a suitable growth and make profitable another cutting over the same land a few years later. One of the best informed lumbermen of Bangor says that, with proper care and right methods employed, a township will yield a good crop of spruce every twenty or twenty-five years. In the sawmills, too, improved machinery and more intelligent methods of sawing have effected a great saving, so that now the log yields more merchantable lumber and less waste than formerly. There is a great deal in the sawing of the log, and the head sawyer is considered to be the best man in the mill; he has to use his head as well as his hands.

The gathering of Maine's annual log crop—the most important of all crops in the Eastern State—formerly began when the first snow had fallen, but nowadays the harvesters do not wait upon the weather, beginning operations long before the first flake of snow whitens the brown wood, and millions of feet of logs are "yarded" on bare ground. Yarding consists in piling up the logs at some convenient central point, whence they are hauled to the landings, or the banks of the streams and lakes near by, whence, in spring, they are floated or "driven" to market.

Last winter about 200,000,000 feet of logs were cut in the woods around



A YARD CREW

the headwaters and tributaries of the Penobscot river, which is the greatest of Maine lumber rivers, and to do the work about 6,000 men were employed. In the entire State an army of 12,000 to 15,000 men were employed during the past winter, and the total cut of logs amounted to about 575,000,000 feet.

A woods crew is composed of several classes of men, known as choppers, who fell the trees; swampers, who make the roads, clear away the small growth and trim the fallen trees; teamsters, who drive the horses hauling the log sleds; sledtenders, who load the log sleds; markers, who cut with axes various distinctive symbols upon the logs; cooks, who are the chefs of the woods camps, and "cookees," who do the scullery work. The

wages of these men vary from \$15 a month to \$30 a month, with board, and the season is usually from four to five months, although men who go in early to do the preliminary work get in as much as six months. Besides the crews, there are various "bosses," whose pay is much higher than that of the men under them.

The scene of operations on the Penobscot covers a vast stretch of territory, extending about 200 miles along the river and its branches, away back to the Quebec boundary. Camps are located on every brook, stream and lake where the growth is good and the conditions at all favorable, logging being confined to no particular locality. Some of the operations are carried on by large concerns owning the lands, but more frequently by firms or indi-

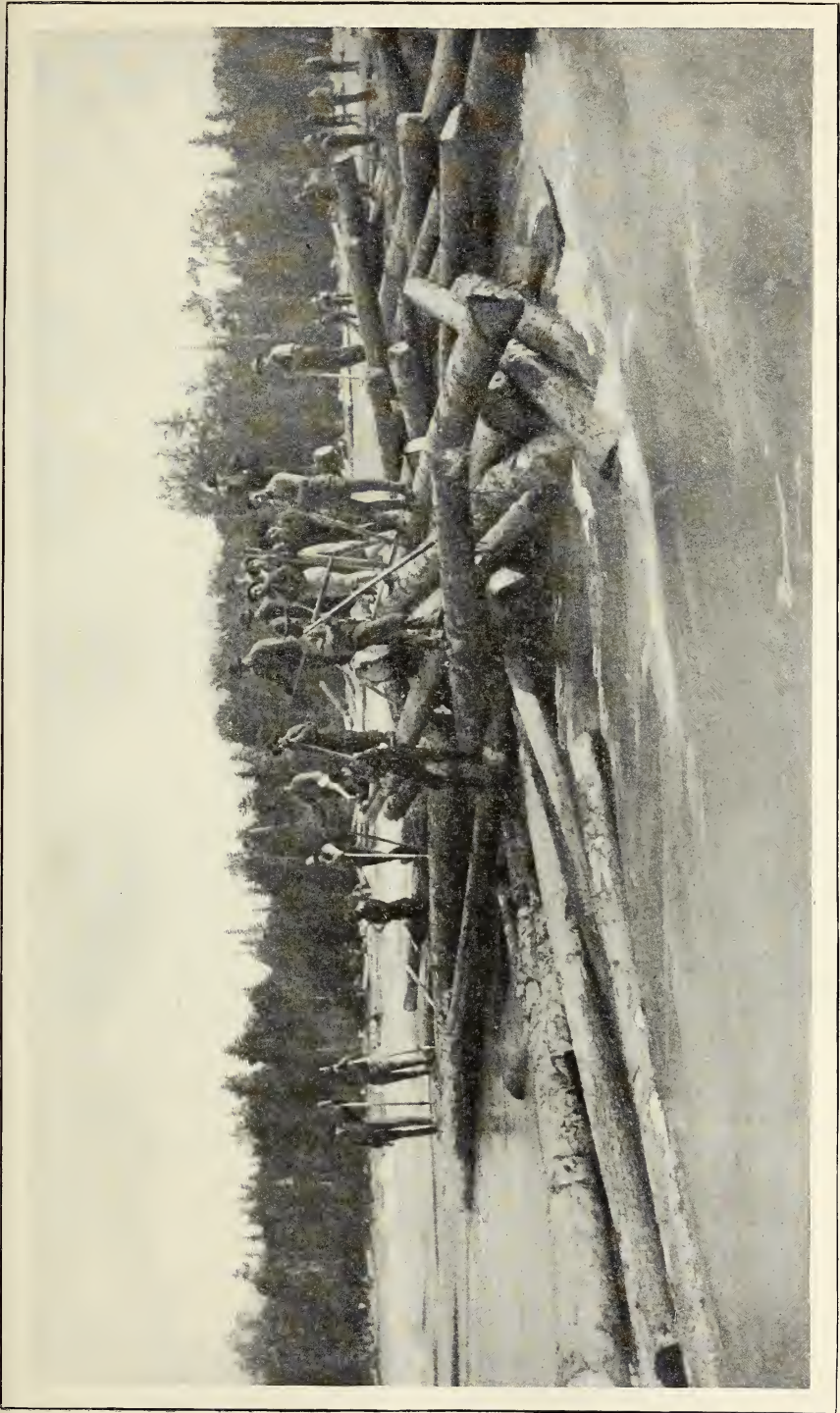


viduals who pay a stated price per thousand feet for the privilege of cutting logs, the great bulk of the timber lands being owned by rich men who seldom or never see their property. This toll for the privilege of cutting logs on another man's land is known as "stumpage," and it varies from \$2 to \$4 a thousand feet, according to the kind of logs and the conditions for cutting and hauling. The camps are, for the most part, big log houses, along the walls of which are built, one over another, tiers of bunks, wherein the men spend nearly all of their time when not at work. There are other and smaller log houses for the shelter of the horses and for the storage of supplies. Years ago the food of the loggers consisted almost entirely of pork and beans, baked in the ground in beds of live coals, but in recent years the bill of fare has been greatly improved and varied, so that now, except in rare instances, the woodsmen live very well. Baked beans still constitute the principal food, but they also have salt codfish, apple sauce, molasses, beef, vegetables when the price is not too high, and venison and other game where the game wardens are not too inquisitive or particular. The woodsman works as long as daylight lasts, and sleeps nearly all the rest of the time except when eating. His appetite is like that of a wolf, and he is seldom sick. He works very hard, but in spring he comes out as fat as a bear in berry time.

There is no other life to which that of the woodsman can be compared. The solitude of the forests is not like that of the sea. The sea, except in the midst of storm-terrors, is monotonous, and unless it be in a very large

vessel the sailor has few companions. In the woods there is a never-ending symphony of sounds—the touch of the winds upon the harp of the swaying boughs; and there is the animal kingdom of the north, whose monarch is the lordly moose, whose aristocrats are the antlered buck and the gentle doe, his mate, while the fighters are the fierce loupceviers, or Indian devils, and the wicked bobcats. The woodsman pays little attention to any of these, except he may want fresh meat for Christmas or some other holiday, when he goes out and kills a deer. In fact, your woodsman is not a lover of nature except as nature may be of service to him. To him a tree is something to be cut down for a log, if it happens to be of the right kind and size, a deer is something to be shot if one happens to want venison, and the wind is a nuisance, especially when it blows the snow in one's face.

The woodsman of today is quite a different person from him who swung the axe forty or even thirty years ago. In the old days the calling was much more respectable—that is, men of family and good character generally went into it, and they earned better wages than are now paid. Now-a-days the camps' crews are made up of Tom, Dick and Harry from all around. There is the rough-and-ready young fellow from Bangor, who goes into the woods not because he likes the work but because he cannot get anything else to do in winter; the French-Canadian from the river towns above Bangor, to whom one job is as good as another; the Penobscot Indian, who isn't fond of hard work but who is anxious to get money, and lastly the man from the Provinces—a big, strapping fellow,



BREAKING A JAM



A COUNTING HOUSE IN THE WOODS

who comes from a land where money is scarce and men plentiful, and who comes to Maine because he can get nothing to do at home.

The woodsmen are, above everything else, good-natured, and it is seldom that, despite their rough talk, the camp's crew has any serious dispute. One day with them is much like another. Out of their bunks while night yet darkens the sky, a hearty breakfast, and then to work—or, often, first to work a few hours and then breakfast. When, as is usually the case, the scene of operations is at some distance from the camp, the midday meal is brought to the crew by the cookee, who brings bread, gingerbread, baked beans and coffee to them, hauling the heavy load on a sled through the woods. The cookee earns every cent he gets, and

more. If he is late, the men are likely to swear at him, and he always is late if they happen to get hungry before he arrives.

At night, after supper, the social side of woods camp life is on view. The talk is upon every possible subject as the men gather on the "deacon seat" before the fire and smoke their pipes. Sporting events claim first attention, and there is always a man in the crew who can tell all about every prize fight of any importance that ever occurred. Of politics the woodsman has strange and comical notions, and of religion, except in the case of the Catholics and a few of other creeds, he has rather misty ideas, except that a man's future happiness is assured if only he "tries to do about right," this conclusion being generally accepted, not only as



good logic but as satisfactory religion. Music also has a place in the life of the woods camp, for there are always a few good singers in the crew. The person who has never heard a woods song has missed a good deal. The ballad of the logger is unlike the shanty song of the sailor, and it bears no resemblance either in sentiment or melody to the songs commonly heard in town. Its sentiment is robust, its air uproarious, and let no man of weak

When a native logger wishes to annoy the "P. E. I.'s" as the men from anywhere in the Provinces are called here, he will tune up with the exasperating parody on their pet song, beginning:

"Oh, the boys of the island they feel discontent,

For it's dull times at home and they can't make a cent,

So says Rory to Angus, 'Here we're doing no good,

Let's go over to Bangor and work in the woods'."



THE COOK ROOM

lungs attempt to sing it. One of the favorite woods ballads of long ago celebrated the fame of John Ross, a great Penobscot lumberman, and described incidents connected with the departure of one of Ross's crews from Bangor for 'Suncook (Chesuncook Lake). There is one song, "The Island Boys," that is dear to the hearts of the natives of Prince Edward Island, and this has been parodied by a native balladist.

It should be explained that the "P. E. I.'s" are held in contempt by the native loggers, because they have been the means of lowering the rate of wages on the Penobscot river, and, in fact, all through Maine. But the "P. E. I.'s" are good fellows, and of late years much of the prejudice against them has disappeared. They are mostly of Scotch descent, as their fine old names will indicate: McIntyre,



THE COOKEE WITH THE CREW'S DINNER

McPherson, McDougall, McDonald, McBeth and Cameron.

The cook is a great man in the woods camp—especially if he happens to be capable. As a rule he knows his business, the employers being careful to get a good man, as upon the quality of the food depends to a great extent the condition of the men and the success of their work. The bread is usually excellent, and a man who can make good bread can also bake beans, which is the most important thing of all. They are still baked in holes in the ground, but oftener now-a-days in common cooking ranges such as are used in town. When the men come to meals they range themselves along a big deal table, or one made of split logs, whereon are placed for each man a big tin dipper, a capacious tin pan, a tin spoon as big as a small shovel and a

knife and fork. When a man has eaten all the beans or drunk all the coffee set before him and wants more he doesn't wait for someone to ask him if he will have another helping—he simply bangs his tin pan or dipper with great energy upon the table, making a din that echoes through the camp. The cook is not at all disturbed by this racket. He keeps on what he is about and admonishes the serenader in most vigorous terms to shut up 'till he can be waited upon. And, whatever the cook may say, the diner is not offended. He takes it as a matter of course and when his beans or coffee are brought pitches in with silent gusto to further stuff himself. All having gorged themselves, the evening smoke talk follows; then to bed, in the bunks ranged in tiers one above the other, sound sleep, with punctuation of snores, dreams of



DINNER IN A "SHACK"

Bangor and full pockets in the springtime—then another day among the spruces.

In the past fifty years the loggers have carried their conquest far up the Penobscot and its west and east branches, to the head waters of the Mattawamkeag, Passadumkeag and Piscataquis, along all the streams leading into the great chain of lakes that feed the Penobscot, and thus have covered most of the timber country from the main river to the Quebec boundary. On the Kennebec the operations have extended to the remotest headwaters and to the country surrounding Moosehead Lake on the south and west while the Androscoggin has been lumbered along its entire length, away beyond the borders of Maine into New Hampshire. The smaller rivers in the eastern part of the State—the Union,

Machias, Narraguagus and St. Croix, have also been cut along their entire length, while great inroads have been made in the forests of Aroostook, along the river of that name and on the St. John, which is partly in Maine. While there are billions of feet of spruce yet standing, still the lumbermen have to go farther and farther each year for their logs, and the hope of the future lies in the renewal of growths upon lands that have once been cut over.

Many millions of feet of logs are piled up in the yards when the first good snow has fallen, and then the teams begin hauling to the landings, where the logs are dumped over the banks upon the ice. The hauling is done upon sleds having two sets of runners, each set with a strong cross-beam. Sledtenders—big men armed





A HOSTLER

with cantdogs, roll the logs upon these runners, or "bobs," and bind the load with chains. A pair of good horses, on a good road, will haul from six to twenty logs, according to the size of the sticks. The roads vary from half a mile to seven miles in length, from the yards to the landings.

It is at the landings that one of the most interesting operations is performed—the marking. The logs are branded with various symbols to denote ownership, just as are cattle on the plains. The marks must be indelible, else they would be effaced by the long and rough passage through many miles of rock-bound shoals to the booms, and in all the eighty years of lumbering on this river no one has ever been able to devise a better method of marking than with a sharp axe in the hands of a skillful woodsman. The marker is an artist in his way, and he seldom or never makes a slip or an error. There is a head marker and several assistants, and they stand upon the log piles swinging their axes with as much ease and as great precision as a shipping clerk marking

boxes with a brush.

The hieroglyphics inscribed upon logs are numerous and of wonderful variety. There can be no two alike, and they must be distinctly cut, else there would ensue a hopeless mix-up at the booms. To the uninitiated these

log symbols are past understanding, but to the logger of experience they are as plain to read as the alphabet, and every log-owner immediately knows his own. Some of the symbols are simple, and these are the older ones; some are complicated, for, with the increase in the number of operators and owners, the primitive marks have all long since been appropriated and new-comers have been obliged to invent new and distinctive marks. There are crosses, X's and XX's, daggers, crowsfeet, letters combined with notches, chains, girdles, belts and fish-tails, and numerous combinations of these signs. One of the most famous marks of the Penobscot in the old days was that of Palmer & Johnson, of Bangor—V Y V, and these letters were for years carried also upon the house flags of vessels owned by that firm.

The work of cutting the logs and hauling them to the streams is laborious but not hazardous. Occasionally a chopper is killed by a falling tree, or a man crushed to death under an avalanche of logs on the landings, but the most exciting and dangerous part of



ARRIVAL AT THE LANDING

the business falls to the lot of the "driver," who navigates the logs down the river to the booms.

When the harvest has been completed, and the crews have come out, then the driver's work begins. He is a different sort of man from the woodsman. Almost any able-bodied man can do some kind of work in the woods, but a driver must be young, active as a gymnast and fearless as a sailor. In late March and early April all the employment agents in Bangor begin to hire drivers, and they are very particular, as a rule, what sort of men they get. The crews are for the most part recruited from among the young men of Bangor, mostly those of Irish descent, the French Canadians of up-river towns or the Indians of the Tarratine tribe. The Bangor boys are considered to be the best river drivers anywhere, and they are always in great demand, not only for work on this

river but for the Connecticut, where many of them go every spring. The Indians come next, and some of them are counted as among the best, possessing as they do all the endurance and agility of their ancestors.

The crews are sent as far as possible by rail, and thence on foot to the landings where the logs are piled up ready for the voyage to the boom. When the ice breaks up and the rains and melting snow raise the brooks and streams to rushing torrents, the great masses of logs are started down stream, followed along by the drivers. The men are armed with cantdogs, poles and axes, and each crew is accompanied by several batteaux, the typical boat of the rivermen. The batteaux are about thirty feet long, with flat bottoms and both ends alike—sharp, rising and carrying out the flaring lines of the sides to a high point. The batteau is a great carrier,

and no other sort of boat would live in the quick-rushing waters of the driving streams. Part of the driving crew goes along with the head of the drive, or mass of moving logs, others stay at the rear and some are strung out between the head and rear. The cook and his cookees, with their provisions and equipment, follow in the rear in batteaux, making landings as required to prepare the food. Those of the crew who happen to be within a mile or two of the camp eat there, while the food for those far ahead is sent to them in baskets and buckets, the cookees performing messenger service as has been described. In some cases the men far in advance are obliged to carry a cold lunch in their pockets.

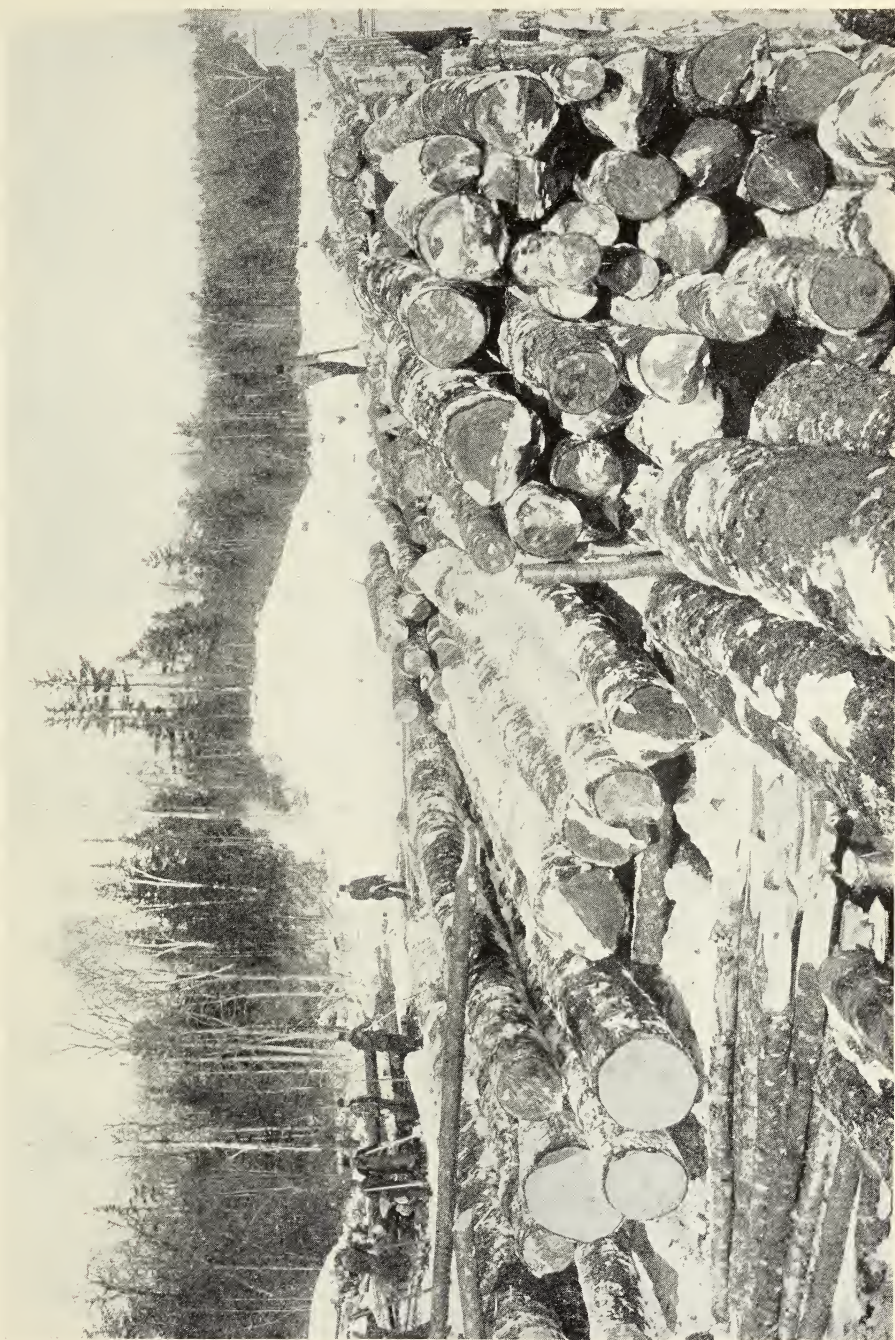
In good driving waters, where there are few obstructions and the logs move along without much hindrance, river driving is not such hard work, but when, as often happens, the course of the drive is beset with rocks and rapids, falls and dams, thousands of logs are liable at any time to be piled up in a confused mass, known to the drivers as a "jam." If this occurs near the rear it is not of so much account, but when it is near the head of the drive it is serious, and must be quickly cleared away at all hazards, else the whole drive will be held up, and the logs coming on behind, forced along by the rushing torrents, will all become wedged in a mass extending from bank to bank and filling the stream to the bottom.

It is in emergencies like this that the star drivers are useful, and in fact indispensable. Someone must go out upon the jam and, by hard and skillful work with cantdog and axe, start the mass moving again. Often it

happens that thousands of logs are held up by a single stick catching across a rock or some other obstruction in the stream, and the cutting away of this log is much more dangerous business than going to war. In recent times the lumbermen have resorted to the use of dynamite to start jams, and in some cases a long rope with a heavy hook attached is used to move the key-log, but ordinarily a bold and skillful driver is called upon to do the work. The best men are picked for this business, and they take as much pride in their prowess as do the winners of medals in battle. While they work they are watched with admiring and anxious interest by their companions. The jam-breaker's axe swings rapidly, and anxious heartbeats keep time with its blows. Presently comes a sound like the boom of a heavy gun—the key-log has parted!

Then the jam starts, and above its roar rises the cry on shore, "There she heaves!" Then the man who has performed the perilous work makes a race for life. Over the heaving, tossing, tumbling logs he goes, skipping from stick to stick with the agility of a squirrel. The soles of his boots are studded with sharp spikes that save him from slipping, but still he runs awful chances. He may fall headlong into a chasm between the logs, or a great stick may be hurled through the air and strike him a deathblow. If he stumbles or is struck, then he is past help, and there is one driver the less on the Penobscot. His body may be found, ground to pulp or mangled past recognition, months afterward and many miles below, but oftener it is never seen. If he succeeds in getting back to shore, his companions gather





By courtesy of the Bangor and Aroostook R. R.

READY FOR TRANSPORTATION

around and congratulate him, crying "Well done, Mike—you're a good man!" and throwing in various complimentary remarks concerning the prowess of the drivers who hail from Hancock street or the Hampden road—two localities in Bangor that are famous for their skillful log navigators. Fatalities are common, and are expected as a matter of course, just as the Gloucester people expect that some of their fishermen will be drowned every year. At one place on the west branch of the Penobscot is an enclosure known to drivers as "the boneyard," where forty-two little mounds, each marked with a wooden slab, are grouped under the whispering pines. The mounds are the graves of drowned drivers.

Drivers get much higher wages than woodsmen, as they ought. A good man gets \$2 to \$2.50 a day, and works from 30 to 70 days, according to the length of the drive. Others get \$1.50 to \$1.75 a day. As a rule the drivers and woodsmen alike are improvident and many of them indulge in a great spree when they get to Bangor and are paid off. Frequently a man will spend or scatter his whole winter's or spring's wages, ranging in amount anywhere from \$50 to \$200, in a few days. Most of the money goes to the liquor saloons, of which there are nearly 200 in Bangor. The woodsmen and the drivers are more imposed upon than are sailors, being preyed upon at every turn. In the woods, and to some extent on the drive, they are robbed at what is known as the "wangan"—a sort of store which corresponds to the slopchest of deep water ships. They go into the woods or to the drive lacking clothing or tobacco, and are

forced to buy on credit from the wangan. A few examples will serve to give an idea of the extortion practised by the wangan keeper, who sometimes owns the goods and at other times is merely acting for the concern carrying on the operation. A pound of cheap tobacco, selling in Bangor at 35 cents, is \$1 at the wangan; a bottle of the poorest kind of Jamaica ginger or liniment, selling in Bangor at 25 cents, is 75 cents to \$1; a pair of stockings or mittens, usually sold at 40 to 50 cents, costs \$1.50; a pair of \$3 gum boots is \$7; a sheet of writing paper and an envelope five cents, and a clay pipe anywhere from five to twenty-five cents. All that the man gets, and sometimes things that he never gets, is charged up to him and the sum deducted from his pay at settling-up time. If a man is sick in the woods and cannot work he not only loses his pay, but is charged \$1 a day for "board." On the drive all time lost by head winds holding back the logs is deducted from the men's time, although they are there and ready to work. The same rule applied at sea would create a mutiny. Finally, when the woodsman or the driver gets what is left of his wages, he becomes the prey of boarding-house runners, cheap clothing dealers and dealers in the vilest kind of whiskey. His money is soon gone, and often he gets into the police station. Dissipation is not so common as formerly, but there is still room for a great improvement in the habits of many of these hard workers in the woods of Maine.

Another and a most interesting phase of the lumber industry is seen at the booms—the places where the logs are assembled upon their arrival



from up river. All the logs that are destined for the sawmills along the river, from Oldtown to Hampden, are first gathered in the main boom, which is known as Penobscot boom, just above Oldtown and about 15 miles from Bangor. Here the logs for the various mills between Oldtown and Bangor are sorted out and rafted for distribution to those mills, while those intended for the steam mills at and near Bangor are sent in drives of from 3,000,000 to 9,000,000 feet to Bangor boom, which is within the city limits. The greater part of the logs is used by these steam mills, so that Bangor boom is an important institution. Here, from April to the middle of November, a crew, ranging from 80 to 100 men, is employed, sorting, rafting and driving the logs to the various mills. The boom has for 35 years been in charge of William Conners, of Bangor, who is called the "king of the log navigators," he having handled more logs than any other man in the world. Mr. Conners began as a poor boy, driving wedges on the boom and going into the woods at low wages in winter. Since then he has done every kind of work in connection with the industry, and done it so well that now he is a moderately rich man. At Bangor boom there are rafted every year from 50,000,000 to 70,000,000 feet of logs, and in his 35 years experience as boom contractor, Mr. Conners has handled about 1,730,000,000 feet, or enough logs, if placed end to end, to reach twice around the world. He is liked by every man who ever worked for him, and by everyone in the business, and in all the history of the Penobscot lumbering industry there never has been a more popular or capa-

ble man than "Bill" Conners.

Formerly the log rafts from Bangor boom were navigated to the mills in small sections and by men with scull oars. That method was much too slow to suit William Conners, and in recent years he has employed a steamboat for the purpose, which can tow 5,000 pieces as easily as the sculloar men used to move 300, and in one-tenth the time. In old times all the log drivers wore red shirts and sang quaint songs; now-a-days they wear anything they like and seldom sing. At the boom is a big house where the crew lives and eats its beans—beans seem to be inseparable from logging. The fare at the boom-house is much better than at many boarding-houses in town, however, for, besides beans, the men have about everything else in the market, and the cook is a wonder in his line. Wages at the boom are \$1.50 a day, and the pay-roll amounts to nearly \$30,000 a season.

All of the lumber sawed in the mills above tidewater must pass through Bangor, and all that which is to be shipped by water is made up into large rafts and navigated down the river, through rapids and sluices in dams, to the lumber docks of the city, where it is "overhauled" and surveyed. These docks extend for a long distance on the river front, between the big toll bridge which crosses the Penobscot at the head of the harbor and the water works dam at Treat's falls, which is the head of tidewater. Each of the up-river mill owners has a section of the shore, where, in shoal water between piers and booms, his rafts are moored as they come from the mills.

This lumber from the mills above

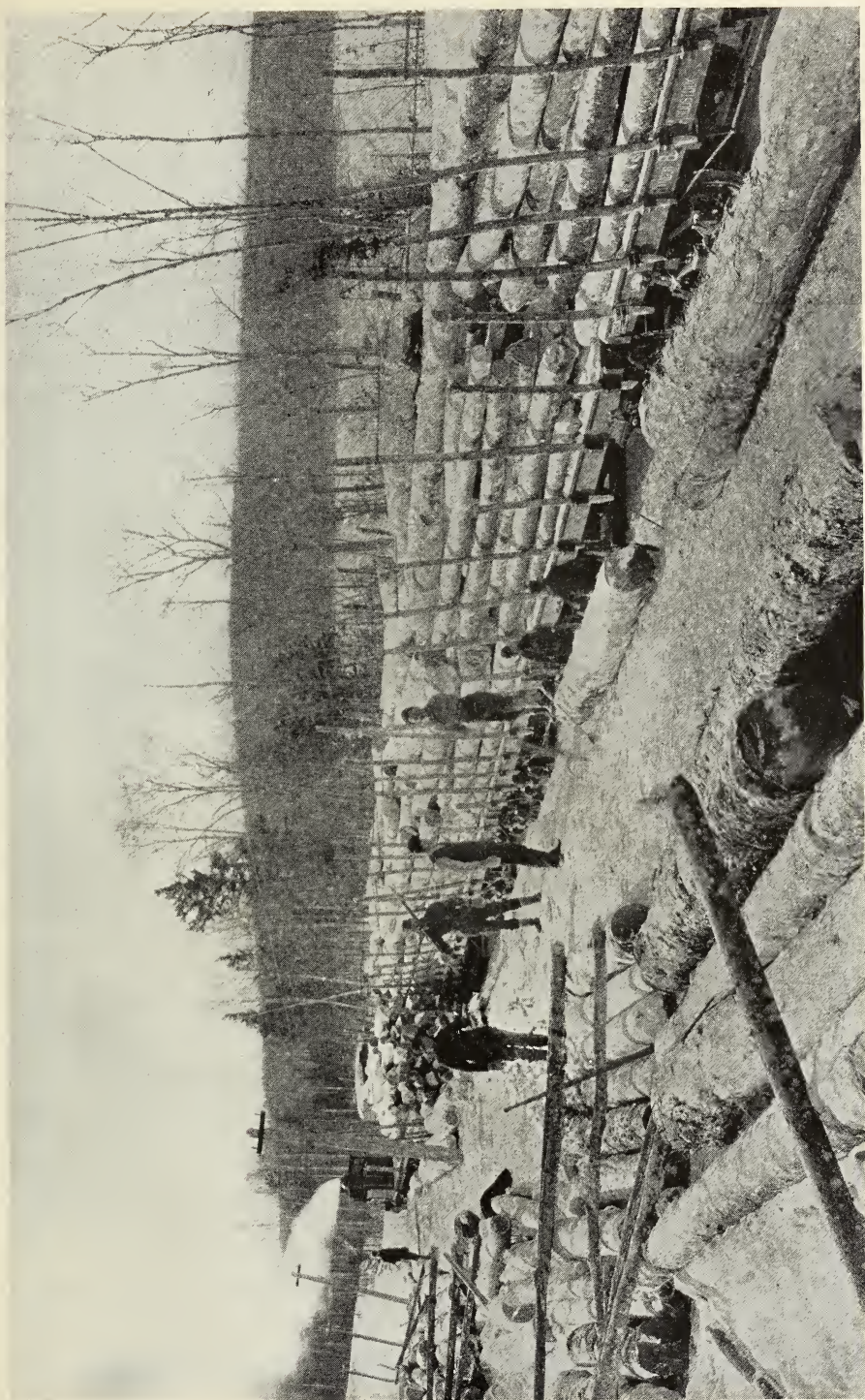


Bangor must all be rehandled or overhauled for two reasons. In the first place, the law of the State requires that every foot of lumber manufactured be measured by officials appointed for the purpose, and then the rafts as they come from the mills are generally made up each of a variety of kinds and sizes of lumber which must be sorted out and made up into separate rafts. The official surveying is directed by the surveyor general, who is appointed by the county commissioners. This official has, in Penobscot county, about 30 deputy surveyors, each of whom has a gang of four men to handle or overhaul the lumber as he records the measurements of each piece. The men who do the overhauling get 17 cents a thousand feet, divided equally between them. A good crew, handling ordinary stuff under fair conditions, can overhaul 100,000 feet in a day of 12 hours, which would make their wages \$4.25 a day each. The deputy surveyor, who stands by with book and pencil, keeping tab of the measurements marked in blue or red chalk on each piece of lumber, gets 10 cents a thousand, so that for 100,000 feet handled in a day he would get \$10. The surveyor general gets one cent a thousand for all the lumber surveyed in the county, practically all of which is handled here in Bangor, and that makes his yearly salary amount to between \$1,500 and \$2,000, according to the condition of business.

The lumber trade of Bangor reached high water mark in 1872, when there were surveyed at this port about 274,000,000 feet. That was in the days when pine cut some figure, and before the Maritime Provinces of Canada, the

West and the Middle States had become active competitors in the Atlantic coast markets. After the panic of 1873, when the lumber trade suffered greatly, the survey ran down rapidly, until, in 1876, it struck rock-bottom at 115,000,000 feet. Since that year there has been something of a revival, and at times the survey has been as much as 180,000,000 or 190,000,000 feet, but more frequently the figures have been close to 150,000,000 feet. In 1899, when the surveyor general reported a survey of 183,000,000 feet, the Penobscot lumbermen enjoyed the greatest prosperity of recent times, for there came such a boom in prices of spruce as had not been known since the period immediately following the Civil War. What is known as "random spruce" sold in New York and Boston at \$20 to \$25 per thousand feet, an advance of \$5 to \$7 a thousand within a year, and even at those high prices it was impossible for the manufacturers to fill orders.

In the spring of 1900, however, the bottom dropped completely out of the market, building operations in all the large cities having been abandoned to a great extent because of the high prices prevailing for materials other than lumber. Then ensued a period of extreme dullness, continuing up to October, 1900, when there was a considerable improvement, strengthened, it seemed, after the Presidential election. From November 10 to the close of the shipping season business was brisk, and freight rates from Bangor to New York, Boston and other ports reached the highest figures ever known. The 160,000,000 feet of lumber surveyed in the year 1900 was all sold, for the most part at good prices, and the pros-



By courtesy of the Bangor and Aroostook R. R.

A LUMBER TRAIN



pect seemed bright for a prosperous season in 1901; but this year the drives have been delayed greatly by low water, and much of the time the mills have been idle for want of logs to saw. Prices of lumber have been very satisfactory, but the manufacturers have not had much lumber to sell.

The lumber mills between Oldtown and Bangor are for the most part operated by water power, while those on tide-water, at and below Bangor, are run by steam power. The lumber manufactured at these steam mills is shipped directly from the wharves in front of the mills, while that sawed at the up-river mills is shipped partly by rail and partly by water. That going by water is first rafted down to Bangor, and there loaded into vessels, the rafts being floated to wherever the vessels may be docked. Sometimes a fleet numbering 100 sail will be in port at one time, all loading lumber. By far the greater part of the lumber goes to ports along the coast between New York and Boston, but some goes to Philadelphia and Baltimore, and a considerable quantity to Great Britain in the form of deals—that is, in planks four inches thick and not less than nine feet long. Last year's deal exports amount to about 12,000,000 feet, all of which was shipped in steamships. In times past the deal trade was much larger, and the lumber was sent abroad in American wooden sailing ships.

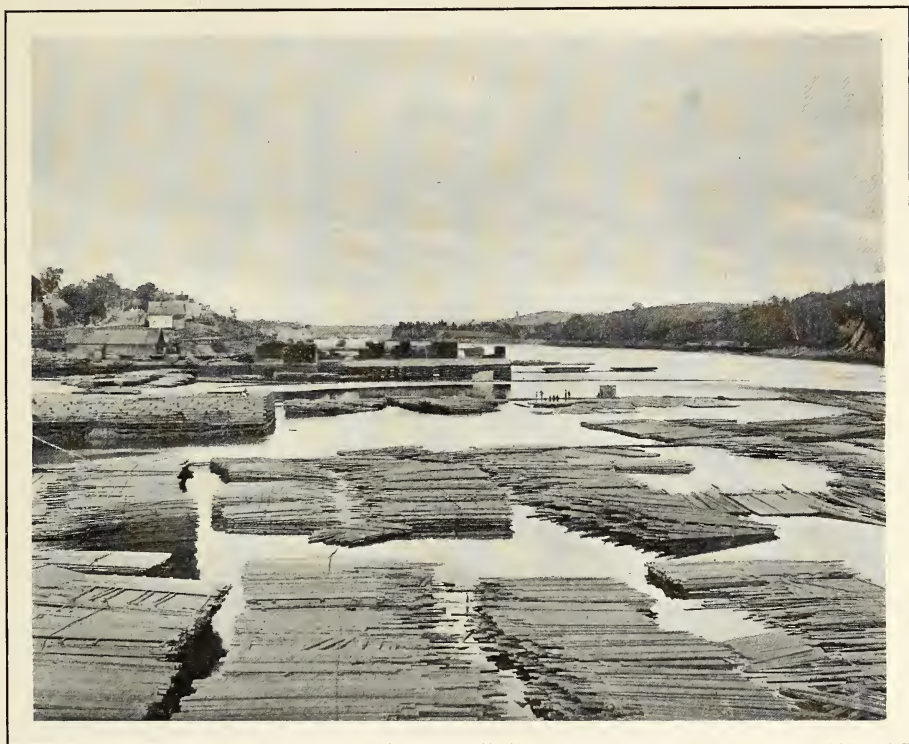
A great deal has been published on the subject of forest destruction in Maine, and various theorists have predicted that in a short time there will be little timber left in the State. These same fears were expressed twenty-five years ago, chiefly concerning spruce, but since then over 2,700,000,000

feet of spruce has been cut along the Penobscot alone, and there seems to be plenty left. The forests have held out very well under the levies made for lumber; whether or not they will be equal to the demands of the pulp mills is a question. One mill just completed on this river will use 60,000,000 feet of logs annually, and this year 100,000,000 feet will be required to feed all the pulp mills on the river. At present there is more profit in making logs into paper than in sawing them into lumber, and on this account the sawmill men fear that soon their industry will be wiped out, for the pulp men can afford to pay more than they for the logs. Whatever may happen to the sawmills, there will always be work for the woodsmen and the drivers, as long as a tree stands in the woods of Maine.

Bangor is a lumber town. It is built for the most part of wood, and wood is the basis of its chief industry and its greatest commerce. Its richest men got their money from the woods, and its greatest estates, built upon a foundation of spruce logs, were accumulated many years ago by shrewd men who bought public lands at low prices and seized upon various opportunities that do not exist to-day. But for lumber there would be few rich men in Bangor; in fact, there would be no Bangor worth talking about.

Just as the lumbermen have come to a right understanding and careful use of the wealth of the forests, now come the pulp makers, with their enormous mills, demanding immense quantities of spruce and not always being particular about the size of the trees, so long as they get enough of them and get them promptly. The pulp mill is the





BANGOR LUMBER DOCKS

modern monster that threatens to devastate the land of the Penobscot. The appetite of its grinders and digesters is enormous beyond comprehension, and it must be satisfied lest the investment of the pulp magnates' millions be lost. One mill recently erected on the west branch of the Penobscot eats up over 50,000,000 feet of spruce annually, and there are numerous others of less capacity, so that 100,000,000 feet of spruce logs are required annually to feed them. For some years past great apprehension has been felt that pulp mills will eat up all the forests, and there has been much controversy upon this subject. Certain it is that the forests were beginning to show plainly the drain caused by the annual cut for the sawmills, before a single

pulp log had been brought down, and it is argued that the spruce cannot possibly withstand the combined assaults of pulp men and lumber men.

To this the pulp men will reply either that they are more careful in their methods of cutting that are the lumbermen—leaving the small trees to get their growth and taking only the larger, or that, whether the forests survive or perish, the logs would better be made into paper than sawed into boards. It is true that, actuated by evident self-interest, some of the pulp concerns are careful to cull out the larger trees and leave the smaller, but this, as a rule, is true only of those tracts remote from railroads and from whence the logs must be driven down stream to the place of manufacture. The small

trees would yield logs too small to be successfully driven, and so they are left to get further growth. But where the growth is convenient to a railroad it is quite generally the practice to strip the land bare, as any size of log will make good pulp material.

Whether or not the forests will be swept away by indiscriminate cutting, or wisely preserved and protected by the co-operation of State and individual, is a question that must be decided in the next few years. There is reason to believe that the men who have invested so many millions of dollars in pulp mills will recognize the necessity of employing the most intelligent and economical methods in tree-cutting to perpetuate the supply for their mills, such a policy being manifestly for their own protection and benefit. This would in large part solve the problem of forest preservation, at least for a generation to come, for the pulp mills now use as many logs as do the saw mills—perhaps 275,000,000 feet a year in all Maine. The lumbermen are less likely to be wasteful than are the pulp men, for all their logs must be large enough to drive, and then they have had longer experience and appreciate more fully the need of husbanding the timber resources of the State.

What, then, will the State do to insure the preservation of the forests? Nothing of much account has as yet been undertaken by government in this direction, although there is a State commissioner of forestry who is a practical man and whose influence has always been exerted in the right direction. Studies have been made of forestry conditions and reports based thereon have been widely published, by which the lumbermen and the peo-

ple generally have acquired much valuable instruction on the subject. The Legislature, at its session last winter, took one wise step in repealing the so-called September game law, by which persons were allowed to kill one deer in the month of September for consumption at or near where killed. September is the driest month of the year in the Maine woods, and the camp fires of these deer-killers have been the cause of many disastrous forest fires. The lumbermen objected emphatically to the law, and so it was repealed, and one danger to the forests is removed. It is said by men of long experience and good judgment that as much timber has fallen before fires as by the axe.

Another reason for the preservation of the forests must not be overlooked. Maine's sylvan beauty must be preserved, not only as a matter of sentiment, but because there is "millions in it." Stripped of her deep green woods what would she be? Not the Maine that for so long has attracted the jaded and weary of the cities and given health to the physically afflicted. Not the Maine of the tasseled pine and the fragrant spruce. Not the Maine of song and story, or the dear old State that is pictured in the memories of her exiles in many lands. She would be a desert haunted by poverty and sorrows, the wreck of beauty God-given, a paradise brought to desolation by the sins of her people. To keep her robed in beauty, a garden of delights and benefits for all mankind, her wise men must be wise in time and see to it that the stream shall ever find a source and the timid deer a shelter in the heart of the great green wood.







## American Shrines U

### Trenton Monument

"IN SILENT ELOQUENCE THIS MONUMENTAL  
COLUMN SHALL TEACH YOUR CHILDREN'S  
CHILDREN LESSONS OF PATRIOTISM."

# NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

NEW SERIES

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## The Governors of Massachusetts

In Two Parts. Part II from Clifford to Crane

By Alfred S. Roe

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JOHN H. CLIFFORD.

FOR THE first time in her history, Massachusetts had, in John Henry Clifford, a governor not born within her borders, for Providence, Rhode Island, claims him as a son, January 16, 1809, scarcely a month older than his distinguished contemporary, Abraham Lincoln. Naturally, he sought the halls of Brown University, where he was graduated, in 1827.

Having studied law with Timothy G. Coffin and Theron Metcalf, he put out his shingle in New Bedford and soon acquired an extensive practice. In 1835 he went to the House; in 1845 to the Senate, and from 1849 to 1858, except as he was Governor, he filled the position of Attorney-General. In this capacity he was the prosecutor

in the noted Webster murder trial and the reputation acquired there had much to do in giving him a state wide reputation. Nothing booms a lawyer like a murder trial.

Elected in 1852, he served through 1853, declined a renomination and, by appointment from Governor Washburn, resumed the Attorney-Generalship. In 1862 he was president of the Senate and in 1867 changed from his legal profession to the presidency of the Boston and Providence Railroad Company. Dying January 2, 1876, his body was buried in the Rural Cemetery of New Bedford.

He was an elector at large in 1868, a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, an original trustee of the Peabody Fund and as chairman of Harvard's Board of Overseers,



JOHN H. CLIFFORD

in 1869, inducted President Charles Eliot into his present position. He was repeatedly summoned to Washington in war times for counsel as to public matters. Foreign missions were oftentimes proffered him, but were uniformly declined. In his first legislative experience he assisted in preparing the Revised Statutes, and in 1836 became an Aid on Governor Everett's staff.

## EMORY WASHBURN.

Once more Worcester County sends a governor to Boston. Born in Leicester, February 14, 1800, Emory Washburn was graduated from Williams College in 1817, but took his law course at Harvard. When a mere lad, almost a ward of the Rev. Z. S. Moore, he had gone with the latter on his becoming a professor in Dartmouth. When the professor, in 1815, became President of Williams, his pupil went with him to that college, of which he was ever an enthusiastic

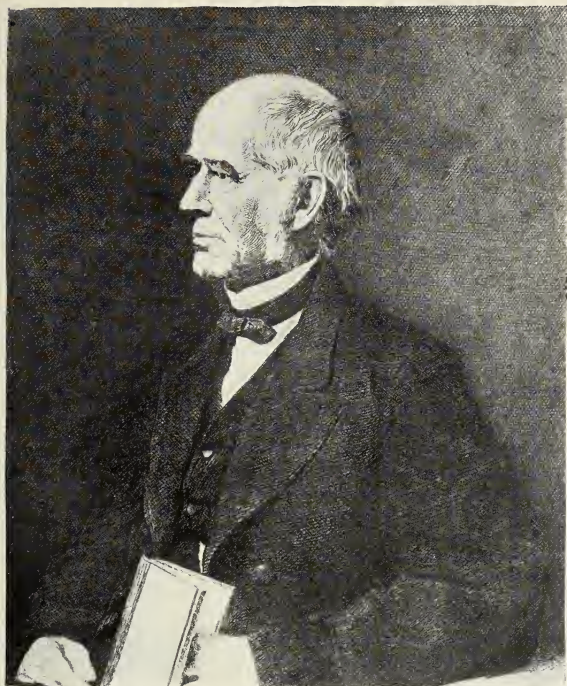
alumnus. He was the first suggester, in 1821, of the Alumni Association. In 1828, he went to Worcester, and for many years was law partner of "Hon-est" John Davis. Also he was associated with the Hon. Geo. F. Hoar. He represented Leicester in the General Court in 1827-'28, where he made a report suggesting the feasibility of a railroad from Boston to Albany. From 1830 to '34 he was an aid on Governor Lincoln's staff. In 1838 he was again a representative, and in 1841-'42, a Senator in the Legislature. Soon afterward he became a judge of the Court of Common Pleas.

He certainly did not seek the nomination for Governor, since the same was made when he was on his way home from Europe. His election was not by a popular vote, though he was more than 24,000 ahead of his Democratic competitor, but was chosen by the Legislature, January 10, 1854. In November of that year he went down before the "American" avalanche, the last Whig Governor of Massachusetts.

When in January of the following year it was his duty to administer the oaths to the members of the Legislature, remembering the wholly inexperienced character of that body, the outgoing governor's exquisite irony can be appreciated when he said, "Gentlemen, so far as your *oaths* are concerned, you are now ready for business."

Very soon afterwards, he was made a professor in the Law School of Harvard, holding the same till 1876, when he resigned. He was a member of the Massachusetts House at the time of his death, March 18, 1877. He wrote much on legal subjects and his "History of Leicester" has long been a clas-





EMORY WASHBURN

sic. His body was borne for burial to Mount Auburn.

As a member of the State Board of Education he was particularly interested in the development of the Normal Schools. Having, when a youth, with a college friend, made a foot trip from Boston to Montreal, over the route taken by an American force in the French and Indian War, he was prepared to be a loyal member of the American Antiquarian Society, and of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

HENRY J. GARDNER.

Never did the Bay State get a severer jar than when in November, 1854, it was found that the Know Nothing or American party had rent asunder the political fabric of the Commonwealth, having elected its candidates for Governor and Lieutenant

Governor, and having chosen a legislature, only thirty-four members of which had had any legislative experience.

Though not in the line of immediate political preferment, the new Governor had had more acquaintance with public affairs than usually falls to men of his years, he was under forty, for he had been president of Boston's Common Council, a member of the Legislature and also of the Constitutional Convention of 1853.

His grandfather, Henry, was the first Treasurer of the Commonwealth and his father, also Henry, was born in the old Province House. Henry Joseph came into being in Dorchester, June

14, 1818. He was early sent to Phillips, Exeter, and in 1834 was entered a Freshman at Harvard, along with Charles Devens, James Russell Lowell, and other notables of the class of 1838, but he could not have remained long, since the catalogue of Bowdoin has him as a Freshman in the same year. Nor in Bowdoin does his name occur again, though the college gave him an honorary M. A. in 1851.

Thus far there appears to be no reason for the askance look with which for many years his name has been regarded in certain circles. We seek in vain for his history in the biographical dictionaries, yet he and his legislature wrought a wondrous work among the dry bones of old Massachusetts. It is true he was not a profes-

sional man and had been reared in mercantile life; when elected being a member of the firm of Denny, Rice and Gardner, Boston dry goods dealers.

For three years Gardner and his party were in office. He was the first governor after Increase Sumner to receive just the Sam. Adams trio of elections and no more, but his followers in that wholesome custom have been many. Recalling the inexperience of legislators in that period, it is wonderful that so few missteps were taken. However disagreeable at the time, the state needed just such drastic discipline. Dusty legend, apathetic tradition had long been enthroned, and a brief period of irreverence was eminently desirable. It came with a rush. During these three years, there were not above a score of lawyers, all told, in the several Legislatures, and changes were sought in every direction. Luckily, the Governor had a well-equipped Attorney General, ex-Governor Clifford, and together they held the legislative branch well in hand, and however many revolutionary measures were signed, it was Governor Gardner's lot to veto more acts than any governor before or after him. In spite of vetoes, no other one administration can point to more meas-

ures devised for the public good. Imprisonment for debt was abolished; the Insurance Commission was established; restrictive measures were adopted as to the introduction of alien paupers and criminals; school laws were made more popular and useful; railroad crossings were made safer; naturalization laws were stiffened, and in 1855 the people ratified the amendments to the Constitution, whereby

pluralities should thereafter elect, and by which the people should vote directly for the Secretary of State, Treasurer, Auditor and Attorney General of the Commonwealth, as well as for Sheriffs, District Attorneys and Clerks of Court. Henceforth there were to be no elections of Governors by the General Court, and coalitions would be impossible.

July 4th, 1855,  
Governor Gardner  
received from Bos-

ton men dwelling in California a magnificent gold-headed cane valued at \$500. In 1856, the Republicans and Americans united in the support of Gardner for Governor, and of Fremont for President. The refrain was "Free Soil, Free Speech, Free Men and Fremont," but in 1857 Gardner was defeated, retiring from the chair in 1858.

Subsequent to his term of state he



HENRY J. GARDNER



was for a time in New York, and also in Chicago, first in a commission, later in the insurance, business. While Governor, he resided at No. 13 Mt. Vernon street, and at No. 7 Bulfinch place. While at his temporary home in Milton, his death occurred on July 21, 1892.

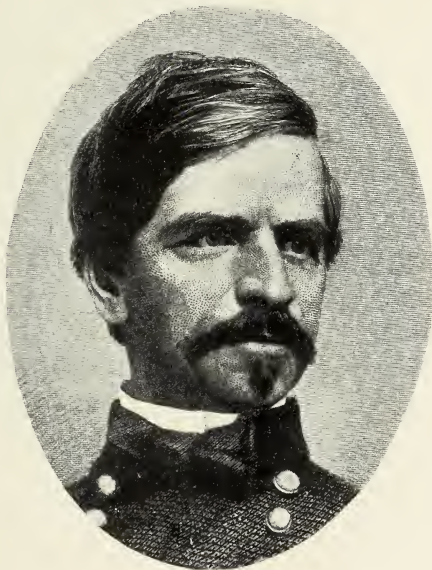
#### NATHANIEL P. BANKS.

With the "Bobbin Boy," the period of the Rebellion may be said to begin for his party was organized to prevent the extension of slavery, and finally effected its overthrow. His own reformation of the Commonwealth's militia enabled John A. Andrew to make Massachusetts first in Rebellion repressive acts, while his own later military career placed him high in the list of Union defenders. No officer ever occupied the executive chair with greater dignity, and in form and speech he was ready for any situation wherever duty called him.

Nathaniel Prentiss Banks, Jr., was born January 30, 1816, in Waltham, and that watchmaking town and city was ever faithful to her son when living, and to his memory when life had fled. The public schools gave him only the beginnings of an education, the rest he gained himself. He studied law, was admitted to the bar, and, as early as 1849, was sent with Demo-

cratic proclivities to the Legislature. He was prominent in the famous coalition and, as his reward, was Speaker of the House in 1851 and 1852. The next year he served in the Constitutional Convention, and was also elected to Congress. After an unprecedented contest he was chosen Speaker of the House in the Thirty-fourth Congress.

He resigned his seat in Congress to assume his duties of Governor, entering upon the same January, 1858. Legislation in his term, following the commercial panic of 1857, was wise, and resulted in the permanent good of the people. It is believed that his far-seeing eye detected the approaching war, and his assembling of the militia on the plains of Concord, in 1859, was a step toward getting ready. Not since the Revolution had Massachusetts seen so



NATHANIEL P. BANKS

many soldiers in uniform as, on that September occasion, graced the place where erstwhile was heard the world resounding shot.

After his retirement, he held for a brief time the presidency of the Illinois Central Railroad, but he soon resigned to offer his services to the Government. His war record is history. He came home in 1864 to be sent to Congress for many years. It is not so long since his white hair and erect form were





JOHN A. ANDREW

frequently seen at the State House, and though a cloud gradually gathered over that peerless mind, he never lost a particle of his native politeness and dignity. At an advanced age he died in Waltham, September 1, 1894, and his body lies with kindred clay in Grove Hill Cemetery. The statue, for which the Legislature of 1897 voted to appropriate \$20,000, is yet *in futuro*.

JOHN A. ANDREW.

For the second time the executive chair was occupied by one born out of

Massachusetts limits, though at the date of his birth, May 31, 1818, Windham was still a part of the Commonwealth, i. e., in the District of Maine. Receiving his diploma from Bowdoin College in 1837, John Albion Andrew lost little time in making his way to Boston, where he was admitted to the Bar in 1840. Though not prominent in politics, he was early a pronounced anti-slavery man, and he acquired some note in the famous fugitive slave cases of Anthony Burns and Thomas Sims,

a fact which may have led to his selection as one of John Brown's defenders in 1859.

He had only one year's legislative experience, 1858, but in that he was an acknowledged power. In 1860 he was a delegate to the Chicago Convention, and after supporting Wm. H. Seward, he led the defection which resulted in Lincoln's nomination. His five years as war Governor are better known than any like number of years in Massachusetts history. Since George N. Briggs, no other executive had equalled his length of service. Accepting Lincoln's advice, the State refused to change horses when in the midst of the stream. His was the inspiring presence at the State House and his the voice which prompted Massachusetts men to heroic deeds. No other war Governor in all the galaxy of states has a record excelling his. His influence secured authority for sending out from a free state, in 1863, the first colored regiment. In all ways he discharged with credit the exacting duties of his position, and when in January, 1866, he laid aside the robes of office, he turned with shattered health to face the labors of his profession. He declined the presidency of Antioch College, Ohio, and again resumed the practice of law, but for only a brief time, since October 30, 1867, he died suddenly in Boston. His body is buried in Hingham, where a monument is erected to his memory. In semi-military array, his figure in marble, by Thomas Ball, fills one of the alcoves in Doric Hall. The expense was met by the surplus, after paying for the Everett statue in the Public Gardens. His Boston residence was No. 71 Charles street.



ALEXANDER H. BULLOCK

#### ALEXANDER H. BULLOCK.

Speaker of the House during nearly the whole of Governor Andrew's administration, it was natural that Alexander Hamilton Bullock of Worcester should be his successor, and his three years of service followed fittingly those of the war Governor. In Royalston was his birthplace, March 2, 1816, and Amherst College proudly points to his name upon her scroll of fame, 1836.

He had three years' experience teaching in New Jersey, and then came his law studies in the office of Emory Washburn in Worcester, and in the Harvard Law School. It is worthy of note that from Levi Lincoln to A. H. Bullock through John Davis and Emory Washburn there was an unbroken legal connection, i. e., Lincoln and Davis were associated, Davis and Washburn, the latter and Bullock. Had Governor Bullock only taken into his

office some fledgling, long ere this he might, with considerable confidence, have been looking for the Governor's chair. In the forties, Mr. Bullock represented the town of Worcester in the House, and in 1849 was a State Senator. In 1859 he was mayor of his city, and the salary received has long been a library fund in the High School.

When President Andrew Johnson was "swingin' 'round the circle," it was Governor Bullock's duty to do the honors for the State, and no words could be more appropriate than those with which the visitors were greeted, particularly those addressed to the Secretary of State, William H. Seward. Subsequent to his official life, he lived in a retired manner in Worcester, his voice being heard with pleasure on many public occasions, particularly at the Centennial of the Constitution of Massachusetts. Evidently he was aware of his own physical limitations, for he repeatedly declined offers of preferment from the state and nation.

Consternation reigned for a time in Worcester when, January 17, 1882, the report was spread that Governor Bullock, at 4.15 P. M., had dropped dead on Elm street, the very one in which he had lived so many years, and only a few steps from his residence, whence

his body was borne to Rural Cemetery to sleep with those of Lincoln and Davis. During all its years the executive chair never held a more courtly presence.

#### WILLIAM CLAFLIN.

After eleven years of lawyer governors, the Commonwealth, in 1869, came under the executive direction of a business man, but one with many years of legislative experience. Son of Lee Claflin, he was born in Milford,

March 6, 1818, had a college preparation and the catalogues of Brown bore his name in 1834 and 1835. Though he did not graduate from college, there was very little that he did not know about the boot and shoe business in which, through all its phases, manufacture and sale, he was thoroughly grounded.

He was located for several years in St. Louis, Mo., but

returning to the East he settled first in Hopkinton, establishing there an extensive manufactory, subsequently removed to South Framingham. From 1849 to 1853 he was a member of the House, and in 1860 and '61 was a senator from Newton, having moved to that place in 1855. He was Lieutenant-Governor with A. H. Bullock, thus coming well equipped to his office. His messages were well worded business-like documents.



WILLIAM CLAFLIN



He was one of the very first Republicans, and was a delegate to Chicago in 1860, being also a delegate in 1864, '68 and '72. In 1868 he was chairman of the National Republican Committee. In 1876 and again in 1878 Governor Claflin was elected to Congress. As trustee, he has long been connected with Boston University and Wellesley College.

Though long resident in Newtonville, Governor Claflin maintains a winter home in Boston, Mt. Vernon street. Honored and respected, like his contemporary, George S. Boutwell, Governor Claflin is looking towards sunset.

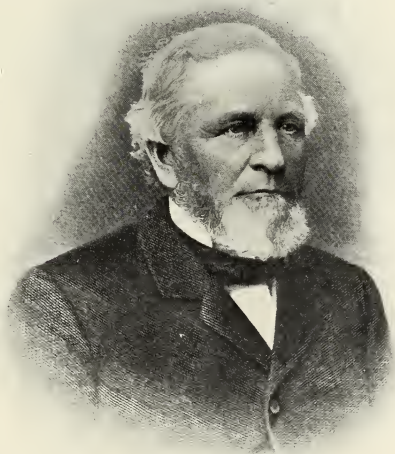
WILLIAM B.  
WASHBURN.

There were many who wanted Governor Claflin's place, not least of whom was General Benjamin F. Butler, but the choice of the convention fell upon William Barrett Washburn, of Greenfield, since 1862 a member of Congress, at first unanimously elected, and to this date Franklin County's only occupant of the executive chair. At the polls the people ratified the selection and the Governor, elect, resigned his Congressional seat. Winchendon was his native town January 31, 1820, and he was graduated from Yale in 1844. Locating in Greenfield he began a business career, terminating only with his

death. The making of tubs and pails resulted in his amassing a fortune. To this day many factories and shops along the streams of Franklin County are pointed out as possessions of the late Governor Washburn.

He had legislative experience in both branches and was in at the birth of the Republican party. He was a liberal contributor towards the national cause in the early days of the war. As governor he advocated prohibition,

the enfranchisement of women, a general railroad law and technical education. The great Boston fire came during his term, and an extra session of the Legislature was called. He advised the formation of a through line of railroad to utilize the Hoosac Tunnel, and to him is largely due the state's laws concerning the attendance at public schools.



WILLIAM B. WASHBURN

When Charles Sumner died, there ensued the longest senatorial contest in the history of the State. From March 24 to April 17 there were thirty-three joint ballots, resulting finally in the election of the Governor as a compromise candidate. He was thus compelled to resign his executive position, but his seat in Washington was only till 1875, when he retired to his home and business.

As a manufacturer and banker his time was fully taken, though he ever



WILLIAM GASTON

found time for philanthropic acts. He gave the Greenfield Library Association building, and it was as a member of the American Board of Foreign Missions that he was present in Springfield, October 5, 1887, where, at the morning session of the Board, he fell dead. His body was taken to the old Greenfield home for funeral honors and was then buried in Green River Cemetery.

Though from further up the stream and of a much later day, as a "Connecticut River God," Governor Washburn was in the same class with Caleb Strong.

WILLIAM GASTON.

Lieutenant-Governor Thomas Talbot had completed the unfinished term of Governor Washburn and, much to the disgust of certain Republicans, had received the nomination to succeed him. He was known as a strenuous Prohibitionist, a fact which coupled with general Republican disaffection

contributed to his defeat and the election of William Gaston, the first Democrat governor for more than twenty years. Some one has said that the Democrats win only when there is trouble with the liquor laws.

Governor Gaston came into office in time to represent the Commonwealth at the Centennials of Concord, Lexington and Bunker Hill. He was born in Killingly, Conn., October 3, 1820, and became a son of Brown University, 1840. Locating in Roxbury he began the practice of law there in 1846, having studied with the Hon. Francis Hilliard and with Judge Benjamin Robbins Curtis, Holmes's "Boy with a three decker brain." Under such tutelage there is little wonder that Gaston should become a Democrat after leaving off being a Whig. In 1865 he joined the Hon. Harvey Jewell and the late Judge Walbridge A. Field in a legal partnership.

He had been mayor of Roxbury, in both branches of the Legislature and twice mayor of Boston. There certainly was no lack of preparation for his position and Massachusetts in no way suffered under his executive direction.

After his single year at the State House, Governor Gaston resumed his profession, in which he was for many years a leading light. For several months previous to his death the health of the Governor had been declining and he passed away at his home, 177 Marlboro street, January 11, 1894. The burial, from the New Old South Church, was in Forest Hills.

ALEXANDER H. RICE.

"No one ever filled the governor's chair more gracefully than did Alexander Hamilton Rice." Thus spoke

one who, from long observation, was able to compare a considerable line of men both before and after him. Entering upon his office January, 1876, he was a dignified figure in all Centennial functions. He was born in Newton Lower Falls, August 30, 1818, and was graduated from Union Col-



ALEXANDER H. RICE

lege in 1844. He was early trained in the manufacture of paper and, after leaving college, established himself in Boston. Governor Rice had purposed being a lawyer, but a fall from his horse in 1844, the year of his graduation, changed his whole life plan. He had succeeded Governor H. J. Gardner as president of Boston's Common Council; in 1855 and in 1857 had been mayor, and from 1859 to 1867, or through all of the exacting war period, he was a member of Congress. He was chairman of committees for securing the statues of Washington (equestrian) and of Charles Sumner in the Public Gardens, and spoke at the unveiling of each, in the latter instance when governor.

As governor he served the accustomed three years, carefully and conscientiously discharging his duties; legislative sessions were notably shorter than for several preceding years; legislative pay was reduced and

children under fourteen could no longer be employed in factories; a spirit of economy prevailed, and the state debt was measurably reduced.

On going out of office, Governor Rice permanently retired from politics, though some will recall with pleasure his appearance at the State House in

1894, when the existence of the Bulfinch portion was at stake. He was very earnest in behalf of its preservation. A director or trustee of many educational, historical, philanthropic or religious organizations, his time was abundantly occupied till his death at the Longwood Hotel, Melrose, July 22, 1895, from paralysis. His burial was from Emmanuel Church, Newbury street, in Forest Hills.

THOMAS TALBOT.

When, in 1874, Massachusetts failed to elect Thomas Talbot governor, there was dropped, in the political fabric, a stitch that had to be taken up in order to insure said texture's best condition. Accordingly, in the Autumn of 1878, the Republicans placed in nomination the wealthy Billerica manufacturer, and in November elected him. His one year of service, on which he entered in January, 1879, was alike creditable to him and to the Commonwealth.





THOMAS TALBOT

Possibly no one life in the list of Massachusetts governors more fully exemplifies America's possibilities than that of Thomas Talbot, for, born September 7, 1818, in Cambridge, N. Y., the son of an Irish weaver, he realized what it was to work up from lowly beginnings to competence and honor. Bereft of his father when very young the family of eight children was left to the care of an energetic mother. Through Danby, Vermont, and Northampton, Mass., the future governor and his elder brother, Charles, finally made their way to North Billerica, in the meantime having had no further school advantages than those coming from two winters at Cummington Academy, a beggarly pittance when compared with the schooling of the most of his fellow governors. The woolen and dye stuff manufactories of Billerica soon made him a wealthy man.

From experience in the Legislature

and Council he became Lieutenant Governor with W. B. Washburn. Though turned down in his first trial he quietly bided his time and came into his own in 1879, in spite of his veto of the License Bill of 1874. The year was a quiet one, noted for its economy and for the admission of women to the privilege of voting for members of the school committee.

Retiring after a single year, the Governor devoted himself to his business and the good of his fellow citizens. They will ever remember his generosity, for he was a liberal giver, irrespective of creed or politics. He died at his North Billerica home October 6, 1885, and was buried in the Lowell Cemetery.

JOHN D. LONG.

Governor Long's career is still in the present tense. Maine's second contribution to the list of governors, he was born in Buckfield, October 27, 1838. Seeking Massachusetts for his college training, he was graduated from Harvard in 1857. The town of Westford remembers him as a school teacher with the same pride that Fryeburg, Maine, recalls Daniel Webster's pedagogic labors there.

The year 1862 saw John Davis Long settled as a lawyer in Boston and seven years later, he made his home in Hingham, still retaining his Boston office. His State House experience began in 1875, and did not terminate till 1883, his services ranging through the speakership, Lieutenant-Governor in 1879 and the next three years, Governor. Immediately on his retirement from his executive duties he was elected to Congress, serving from 1883 to 1888.

Entering again upon the practice of

law, Governor Long soon placed himself in the front ranks of his profession. When President McKinley wished to organize his first Cabinet, he remembered his Congressional confrere from Massachusetts, and made him his Secretary of the Navy; and while in recent years mismanagement has been charged against the Army, no such

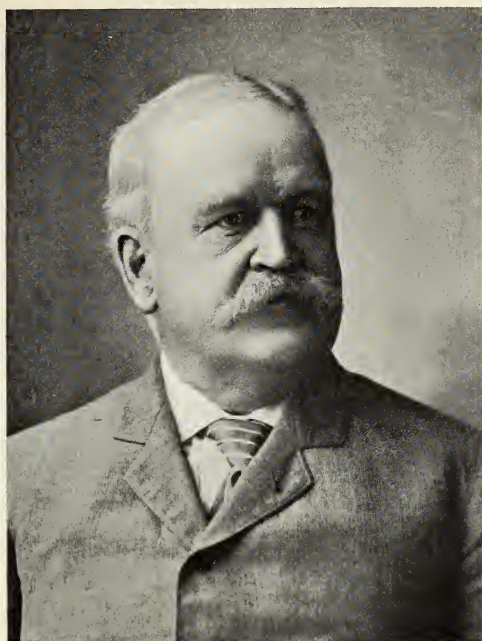
accusation has been laid at the door of Secretary Long's department.

His administration saw more stringent regulations concerning drunkenness, the obviation of certain taxation injustice and the improvement of the condition of honorably discharged Union soldiers and sailors.

However short in stature Governor Long may be, one has never failed to see a fitting application of his name to his mental qualities. Whether pleading a case in court, appearing before a Legislative Committee, addressing an audience, making an after dinner speech or translating Virgil, Governor and Secretary John D. Long merits and receives the closest attention.

RENNAMIN F. BUTLER.

Not since the days of Know Nothingism had Old Massachusetts received such a shaking up as it got dur-



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JOHN D. LONG

ceasing persistence had its reward and in November, 1882, the people learned that a majority of them had helped the General to reach the goal, so long striven for. Midnight gloom fell upon some minds to the extent that they omitted their annual Thanksgiving, others were correspondingly jubilant. Many said they wanted to see the fun and they had not long to wait.

Assuming that the State House and all that it represented were Augean Stables, the new Governor assumed the Hercules rôle and immediately pitched in. Never in her history had the state wider advertisement. Through it all she came untarnished and, what was equally pleasant, the Governor appeared to have a most delightful experience. The only real sufferers were the members of the Leg-

ing the single year of General Butler's administration. With scarcely an exception, each year since the War had seen a movement of the General and his friends towards the State House. "Almost but not quite" had been the story o'er and o'er. As Republican, as Democrat, and always as Butler, Barkis had long been "willin." Un-

islature who were compelled to sit nearly through the month of July, while tedious Tewksbury Investigation moved slowly along. Remarking to his Council that they would get through their year much more pleasantly if they could agree to disagree, the General and his nominal advisers lived through their twelve months much more amicably than would have been thought possible. Governor Butler's sense of humor and his real greatness had much to do with this result.

Seemingly there were few moments in the life of Benjamin Franklin Butler when he was not interesting. From his birth in Deerfield, N. H., November 5, 1818, through his college days at Waterville, now Colby University, Me., 1838, his law studies and practice in Lowell and Boston; his legislative experience, his prominence in National Democratic circles; his career in the army, whether proclaiming the negro contraband of war, facing howling mobs in New Orleans, hanging a traitor for disrespect to the flag, or quelling incipient rebellion in New York; ever holding, though not always swaying, Congressional listeners; directing the impeachment trial of President Johnson and conducting his own

gubernatorial campaigns, though not always lovely, he never failed to be picturesque. The South called him "The Beast"; the North, if not nominating him "The Beauty," did see in him many admirable traits worthy of emulation.

His administration, possibly not desirable as a steady thing, stirred the Commonwealth out of its self complacency and violently agitated the State House Mutual Admiration Society, and the day is far distant when for every Butler foe there will not be found an equally zealous friend. Never did the General appear to better advantage than when he met Harvard's snub with an address eloquent, scholarly, delightful, all the more admirable, because so unexpected.

Nine years after his governorship did



BENJAMIN F. BUTLER

General Butler delve among men, ever near the head of the line, and there like a soldier he died at his post. Startling was the news which flashed over the wires from Washington January 11, 1893, that he had died that morning. In the city of his triumphs, through whose avenues, in the very last parade of his comrades in arms, he had ridden, easily its chief glory, he now lay dead. Then followed the sad home coming when Lowell bowed in





GEORGE D. ROBINSON

memory of his greatness. Amidst universal sorrow, his body was buried in the Hildreth Cemetery of the city so long his home.

No one can enter Lowell's Memorial Hall without noticing the beautiful bust in bronze of her chief citizen, paid for in small subscriptions by the colored people of Massachusetts, thus attesting their devotion to the man who had earliest proclaimed his belief in their rights and their wrongs.

GEORGE D. ROBINSON.

Though not a soldier, George Dexter Robinson displayed most soldierly qualities in that famous campaign of 1883, when from North Adams to Provincetown, he met his doughty antagonist and on November 6 vanquished him. For many a day he was pointed out as the man "who beat General Butler." This was no slight honor, since the 150,228 votes cast for the General were 39,000 in excess of those ever cast for a Democrat, up to that

time, in Massachusetts, except for himself, the preceding year, yet Robinson led him by ten thousand.

Lexington claims, among her many honors, that of being the birth town of the future governor, January 20, 1834. Having graduated from Harvard, in 1858 he became a high school teacher in Chicopee, thenceforward to be his home. Beginning the practice of law in 1866, he later saw legislative service in both House and Senate and in 1876 was elected to Congress where he remained till elected Governor. Of his three years' stay at the State House perhaps the most noteworthy measure signed by him were those authorizing free text books and the weekly payment of wages by corporations.

Subsequent to his executive life he was again in active law practice. His advocacy of the Endowment Orders before Legislative Committees was deemed by some a prostitution of his great talents, but his chief claim to fame, after leaving the executive chair, must rest upon his masterly defense, in 1893, of Lizzie Borden for the alleged murder of her parents. He died in Chicopee, February 22, 1896, and was buried in Fair View Cemetery. Like Strong and Washburn, Governor Robinson is included among the Connecticut River divinities.

OLIVER AMES.

"At peace with all mankind" seemed written on the face of Governor Ames. Four years had he been Lieutenant-Governor, beginning with General Butler, and extending through Governor Robinson's service. He contented himself with second place when the first went to Hampden County, and bided his time. No doubt his own pa-

tience and good nature had something to do with his remark concerning General Butler, viz., that the latter was the most genial and entertaining host whom he had ever seen.

Easton was his native town, February 4, 1831, and he was early inured to hard work in the famous Ames shovel factory. However, he had his college preparatory course, and spent three years, 1851, '52, and '53, at Brown, under the direction of President Francis Wayland. His political life began in 1881, as a State Senator; from his second term he passed to the Lieutenant-Governorship.

He built a magnificent mansion on Commonwealth avenue, and there set an example of lavish entertainment that no successor has dared to even try

to imitate. The chief pride of his administration was the new State House, whose corner stone he laid and whose progress he followed steadily. One of his last visits to the scenes of his official life was to look over the Representative Hall as it approached completion. It nearly broke his heart to find that the guardian did not, or claimed not to, recognize him, and he could not be admitted till he had se-

cured the necessary pass. Public life, with the demands of his own great business, wore him out long before the appointed age of man, and when, in his latest hours, he felt the approach of the grim messenger, like Mirabeau, he called for music, and the songs of his boyhood, sung by village voices, echoed through his stately home, where, October 22, 1895, he passed over the river, and his body

found rest in the cemetery of North Easton.

He was a generous giver to public and charitable causes, particularly those of his native town.

J. Q. A. BRACKETT.

No other governor has been obliged to bear three Christian names, but the student of initials, particularly if a Massachusetts man, will need no in-



OLIVER AMES

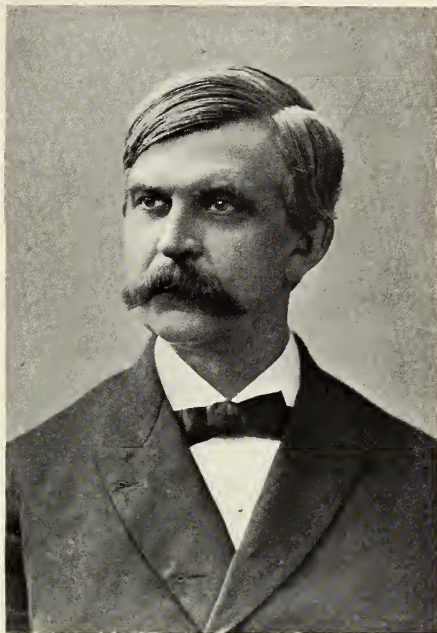
terpretation of those which precede the Governor's last name. Like General Butler, he was born in New Hampshire, June 8, 1842, in the town of Bradford, thereby acquiring a bit of Pilgrim flavor. Though at that time he had not read "Elsie Venner," and no one can tell whether its name saved his native town from being one of New Hampshire's "lean streaks," it appears that the youthful Brackett did

think it desirable to migrate, and so, going away from the much nearer Dartmouth, he sought the classic shades of Harvard, whence he was graduated in 1865, and from the Law School in 1868.

He entered immediately upon the practice of his profession in Boston and has steadily maintained an office since. He was early inducted into politics, and from a novitiate in Boston's Common Council, of which he was president in 1876, he passed to the House on Beacon Hill, and for four years was a prominent figure in legislative procedure. Again, 1884 to '86, he was a representative and, during the last two years, Speaker. The Republican party could not very well ignore his claims to the nomination for Lieutenant-Governor in 1886, thus for three years he was associated with Governor Ames. During these three years he repeatedly represented the Commonwealth, as at the Centennial of the Northwest Territory, in Marietta, Ohio, and at the Dedication of the Pilgrim Monument in Plymouth.

Then came his single year of executive holding, 1890, when he discharged gracefully every duty belonging to his office and, though he went down in defeat in the general discomfiture of 1890, and through the unusual popularity of his rival, he left an excellent impression and record. His most prominent appearance as governor was at the National Encampment of the G. A. R., in August, 1890.

Governor Brackett since his retirement has not been idle, but has constantly sought the improvement of party and state. Twice he has been a Presidential Elector, and once a delegate to the National Republican Con-



J. Q. A. BRACKETT

vention. As a presiding officer he has few equals, and unless one has seen him directing the flow of soul at a banquet of the Middlesex Club he has little notion of the possibilities of such an occasion. The Governor has an impressive presence, always holds his audience well in hand and there are those who claim to see in him other reminders of General Banks than the fall of his abundant iron gray hair over the right side of his forehead. For several years his home has been in Arlington.

WILLIAM E. RUSSELL.

The second youngest man to occupy the executive chamber, Governor Russell was wholly exceptional in that his thus entering was his very first official appearance at the State House. All his predecessors had held some legislative or executive position, but he passed from the mayoralty of his city to the headship of the state.



William Eustis Russell was born in Cambridge, January 6, 1857; twenty years later he was graduated from Harvard, and 1880 saw him entered upon the practice of law in Boston. From 1882, through the grades of councilman, alderman and mayor, to 1888, he was much in evidence at the City Hall of Cambridge. Four times was he mayor, twice by a unanimous vote, so effectually had opposition disappeared. Here

may be seen an outcropping of the genial disposition which later carried him into the State House and kept him there even in 1892, when the State went heavily for Harrison. All the old sayings about honey and vinegar, smiles vs. frowns, apply to this youthful governor. There is no record of his appearance before an audience

without capturing it. The masculine portion that did not agree with him went away saying, "He's a blamed good fellow, anyway," and the feminine part thereof, no matter what their rearing, declared that son, husband, father or brother had got to vote for Russell or there would be trouble.

He was always beardless, thus adding to his youthful appearance, and when as mayor of Cambridge, he visited other cities, he left many remark-

ing, "Oh, if we only could have such a mayor!" Of course the Democrats could not help nominating him, and though he suffered two defeats, in November, 1890, he defeated Governor Brackett by more than nine thousand votes. Called to a position where both branches of the General Court, the Executive Council, and every executive officer, save one, were politically opposed to him, his worst enemy might

have thought him an object of sympathy, but that ever winning smile carried him happily through all his tribulation. If there were billows of trouble within his soul, his smiling exterior gave no indication. Democrat, Republican and Prohibitionist were alike welcomed to his chamber, and whether successful or not, every one went away

reflecting on the Governor's excellent manners.

The oaths of office administered by him to three successive legislatures were just as effective as if they had fallen from Republican lips, and when, at last, he stepped down and out they were not alone Democratic hearts that wished him well.

It was impossible for such a spirit to remain long in the background, and National politics soon drew him on.



WILLIAM E. RUSSELL

Whether by Jefferson's tomb at Monticello or before that infatuated, not to say insane, Democratic Convention of 1896, he was a glorious representative of the State that gave him birth and of the long array of distinguished men whose principles he professed.

All too soon was life's fitful dream ended, for, when weary, disappointed and heart sick, he came home from the scene of Democratic Hari Kari, he sought rest. He went for it afar from the haunts of men, in the forest depths of the Dominion of Canada, and there, in the night hours of July 15, 16, just when only his Creator knows, sleep came upon him, the sleep that knows no waking. At an age when most men are beginning their public life, crowned with unparalleled honors, he joined that revered father who six months before had entered the spirit world.

Sad, sad was the home-coming, and many were the words of eulogy spoken as his body was placed by loving hands in peaceful Mount Auburn. Irrespective of party, all who knew him united in saying,

"He was a man, take him for all in all,  
I shall not look upon his like again."

A wholly inadequate bust in bronze of Governor Russell has been given by certain parties to the State. It may be found in one of the niches as Me-

morial Hall is approached, but its diminutive size may be gathered from a remark of the late Sergeant-at-arms, Captain Adams, that he had given the watchman particular instruction to keep his eye on it lest some rascally boy carry it away in his pocket.

FREDERICK T. GREENHALGE.

In one respect Governor Greenhalge was wholly unlike every one of his thirty-three predecessors, for they at least, had been born in America, but

it was in Clitheroe, England, where he was born, July 19, 1842, that his parents gave to him the Christian names of Frederick Thomas. He was nearly thirteen years old when the family came to this country, and so ready was he for the American spirit and manner that no one hearing him years afterwards would dream from his word or tone that he was not na-



FREDERICK T. GREENHALGE

tive born. Graduating from Harvard in 1863, two years later he became a lawyer, with his office and home in Lowell. He was soon prominent in local politics, serving in the Common Council and on the School Board. Subsequently he served in the Legislature and, in 1888, was sent to Congress.

In casting about to find some one capable of restoring lost Republican supremacy, Mr. Greenhalge was fixed upon and the sequel amply proved the

wisdom of the selection. Three times was he elected to his high office and never was he found other than true to its duties. Of surpassing eloquence in speech, he was constantly sought for public occasions and to his own physical detriment he usually complied. In his executive capacity, he was firm when there was need, but he could yield his own preferences, if the public weal demanded. His words to the mob of the unemployed that beat upon the doors of the Legislature in 1894 will never be forgotten by those who heard them.

More than seventy years had passed since a Massachusetts Governor had died in office, but the Legislature of 1896 soon became conscious of the overhanging shadow when in February, the Governor ceased

to make his regular trips from Lowell to the State House; hence there was little surprise at the announcement, March 5, 1896, "Governor Greenhalge died at 12:30 this morning." His death was just seventy-one years and one month from that of Governor Eustis.

It was a disagreeable spring day on which the friends assembled to bury his remains, but the gathering was

larger than any Lowell structure could hold. In the same cemetery with the body of General Butler rests all that is mortal of Governor Greenhalge.

Before the Governor's death, while kept from his duties by his fatal illness a fine bust in marble, by the Sculptor, Kitson, was presented to the State by Lowell friends, and is now in a niche near Memorial Hall.

ROGER  
WOLCOTT.

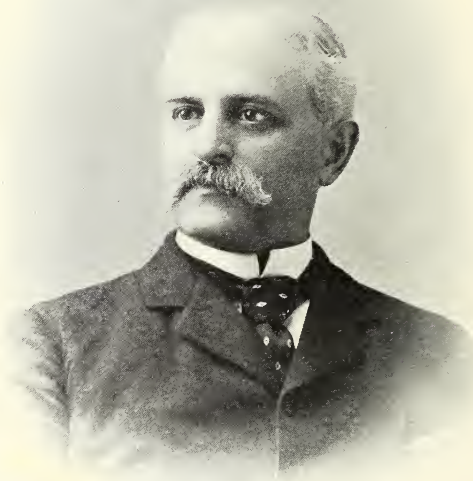
Nearly a year as acting Governor, and more than three as Lieutenant Governor, had admirably equipped the new executive for the duties on which he entered in January, 1897.

Of the most excellent lineage, colonial, revolutionary, and state, he was born in Boston July 10, 1847.

There was no

native hereditary society to which he was not eligible. Naturally he went to Harvard, where he was graduated in 1870. Then followed a law course and his admission to the bar. He had two years' experience in the Common Council of Boston and a like number in the Legislature.

Those who heard the speech of W. C. Lovering of Taunton, when he presented the name of Roger Wolcott to



ROGER WOLCOTT



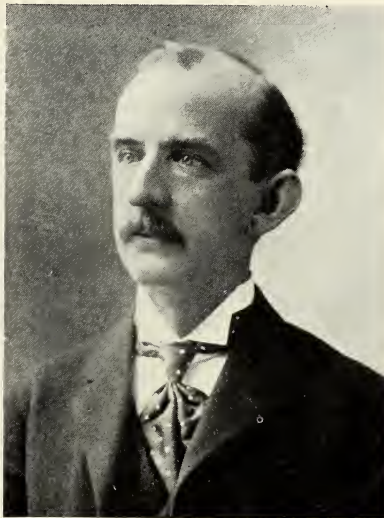
the Republican Convention of 1892, little thought of the honorable career to which this speech was an introduction. In his first year as Lieutenant Governor he was associated with Governor Russell, then came the period with Governor Greenhalge and finally his own unrivaled occupancy.

So recently was he an active, buoyant entity in Massachusetts life, any reference to his form and nature seems superfluous, yet this may be said. So severe has the strain of public life become, that very few are able to meet its demands, but while the bow was taut there was no sign of breaking; it was not till the string was loosened that weakness appeared. Foreign travel and diversion could not avert the reaction from overtaxed energies, and the departing century carried with it the spirit of him who had hardly gotten used to unofficial living.

It was December 21, 1900, that his earthly life ceased and there remained only Trinity Church and Mt. Auburn. There will ever be governors and governors, but not soon will the Commonwealth behold one upon whom so many graces appeared to sit, and when in the fullness of time, it can come none too soon, some master hand paints upon canvas, for the State House gallery, those features so read-

ily recognized in the end of the century, to beam upon that long line of visitors which ceaselessly passes, he will bestow a priceless boon, for thereby he will show what manner of man he was whom Massachusetts honored. The ready response to a call for a popular memorial suggests the time when Edward Everett was remembered in a similar manner.

It was ever a pleasure to see Governor Wolcott in public. Was he walking with the Ancients and Honorables as they paraded previous to their London journey, who so stately as he? Was it at college dinner or society banquet, who more felicitous or impressive? In all his long career at the State House, perhaps Governor Wolcott was never happier than in receiving, in 1897, from Thomas F. Bayard, late Ambassador



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W. M. CRANE

at the British Court, the long lost MS. History of Plymouth Plantation, by William Bradford, to become thereafter the state's most precious treasure. In him at that moment might have been seen the same spirit which sent an early ancestor to the capture of Louisburg, a later one to the Signing of the Declaration, then the upright judge, and finally the honest merchant; all these spoke in the person of their descendant who gratefully accepted the volume and promised per-

petual care. Massachusetts was proud of him.

W. M. CRANE.

The Governor of to-day is a business man directing, in Dalton, a great industry, founded by his grandfather more than one hundred years ago. He is Berkshire County's second contribution to the gubernatorial chair and the pride which the western portion of the Commonwealth has long had in her favorite son, by his own admirable course, has been thoroughly imparted to all of Massachusetts.

He was born in Dalton, April 23, 1853, and the family names, Winthrop Murray, were given to him. Until executive honors came upon him, he was most frequently known as Murray or at the longest "W. Murray" Crane. As Berkshire gave to the State the first governor with two Christian names, so the same county, in 1899, started another fashion with an officer whose name his friends begin with an initial. His education was in the public schools of Dalton, at Wilbraham and East Hampton, and he was early introduced to the science of paper making.

Governor Crane came to Boston as

Lieutenant-Governor, in 1897, with no legislative training, but with considerable political experience, having been a delegate to National Conventions and for some time a member of the Republican National Committee; but the same mind which manages the vast interests of his Dalton paper mills is well adapted to directing affairs of state.

While he regularly declines all public parades and functions, his messages are models of business statement and no phase of Massachusetts's well-being escapes his careful attention. Whether the subject be railroads, taxation, education or high buildings, he neglects nothing. When he has approved, disapproved or appointed, the public may be sure that the matter is well disposed of. Before him there were thirty-two occupants of the chamber in which he now directs. Each one had his own particular grace or glory. Three others lived their official lives in the still older edifice of Washington street. To the whole line, Massachusetts reverently bows, but to none more readily than to His Excellency, Winthrop Murray Crane.

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## To My Valentine

By Helen Combes

LONG years ago, when both were young,  
And you at least, were fair,  
Eyes of the blue which poets sung,  
And sunshine in your hair,  
(You were a maid demure and shy,  
Of eight, while I was nine)  
I saved my pennies up to buy,  
For you a Valentine.

A paper heart, of size immense,  
And pierced by Cupid's sting,  
Costing, I think, some fifteen cents,  
A truly gorgeous thing;  
A bleeding heart with crimson stains,  
And turtle-doves, and Cupids,  
You frowned upon me for my pains,  
And said, "Of all the stupids."

To-day I offer you a heart,  
A more substantial chattel;  
'Tis wounded, too, by Cupid's dart,  
And scarred by many a battle.  
'Tis worth;—but that's for you to say,  
You can only appraise it;  
It grovels in the depths to-day,  
Your "Yes" to Heaven can raise it.



# An Interlude in Yellow

By Charles Stuart Pratt

THE old Studio Building, on Tremont street in Boston, stands today very much as it did in the early eighties.

The ancient English elms which then broke the flow of the pedestrian stream along the opposite sidewalk, and at the crowded hours of twelve and six swirled its humanity into vexing eddies, have disappeared.

The reversed torches on the granite gateway of the Old Granary Burying-Ground beyond are now quenched in green ivy, but as then, through the high iron fence, one can see the Franklin monument rising in pyramidal simplicity among the tree-trunks, and above the slate-stones of early Bay State governors and colonial worthies, Bellingham, Hancock, Adams, Paul Revere and Peter Fan-euil.

Beyond the tree-trunks and the grave-stones, still looms the mass of the Athenæum—convenient place for ghosts to walk, as no doubt thought Hawthorne when he wrote his tale of the apparition in its hushed halls.

To the left, the slim steeple of "Brimstone Corner" still pierces the blue; and, off over the historic piles of Park street, still glows the golden dome of the State House above the crest of Beacon Hill.

To the right, where then stood in massive plainness the old Tremont House, with its pillared portico, now towers a modern office building with

innumerable rooms. Across the way, the "antique bookstore" of the elder Burnham has finally given place to the expansion of the marble Parker House. But over opposite, King's Chapel still stands with its frustrated spire, dark relic of an earlier century, and bears bravely yet the traditions and memories of Washington and the Revolution.

All this storied surrounding is left behind, with the sunlight, when one turns and enters the Studio Building. The wooden steps behind swing-doors, which twenty years ago led broadly up to the second floor, have yielded to the demand for modern conveniences; half the width is now an elevator-well, up which rattles a cramped car, and the narrow remainder is paved with marble. Beyond this entrance, however, the building is unchanged. Across the landing, the little inside window still bears the word "office," and is so like the box-offices of the older theatres that one has an impulse to reach for his pocket book and ask for a ticket to studio 80-A. To right and left runs the long dim corridor, with here and there a door ajar and giving a glimpse of easels and lay figures and kaleidoscopic colors.

On the fourth floor of the building, a winding passage and its branches lead to a group of studios in an annex, surrounded by lofty buildings, in the rear of the Studio Building itself. At the entrance to the annex bridge, is a

sign announcing that it leads to "studios 78-90," while further on is a marble tablet indicating "studios 84-93." I will undertake no explanation of this discrepancy. One might surmise a change in the division of rooms, or a re-numbering—but in either case it might be difficult for the reader to-day to determine which studio was known as "studio 80-A" in the early eighties. Yet it was in studio 80-A that much of the drama I am to unfold was enacted.

In those days I was editing an illustrated magazine. The photographic processes were then revolutionizing the methods of illustration, in the transfer of paintings to the wood block, and in direct and half-tone reproduction. This brought the painters into the ranks of the illustrators, especially the younger and cleverer, and few days went by without a call from one or another.

Late one afternoon the office boy, who had started for the composing-room with a batch of proofs, came back and announced, "One o' them artists." As he laid the card on my desk he winked slyly—he was a very knowing little devil then, and has since winked even more irresistibly across the footlights.

I lifted the card, and as I read the name, Noel Bonner, a young man came in.

In spite of popular flippancies, there may be much in a name. Here was an instance. He was singularly interesting—almost too beautiful for a man, yet not effeminate. His figure was firm and supple; and over his face, clear with the pallor of refined living, the warm color pulsated to his emotions. In his dark eyes were dreams,

and fires that slumbered. When he spoke, I thought of a flute, in spite of the baritone resonance of his voice.

Taking the portfolio he offered, I ran lightly through it. The drawings, and the few water colors and oils, were quite what I looked for—poetic landscapes, misty seas, vague twilights, solemn shadowy woods—all penetratingly felt and delicately expressed.

With black-and-white reproduction presumably in view, there was for me no significance in the fact that even the watercolors and oils were in cool, low monotonous, with all higher color but subtly suggested. Later, it came back to me.

Behind the landscapes were half a dozen figure studies—unconscious girls, and a baby so reminiscent of paradise, of the trailing glory Wordsworth sang, that I turned quickly and said:

"Mr. Bonner, you can illustrate a poem of childhood."

"I will try—I think I can," he said simply.

A few days later he brought me a drawing, which was the most talked-of picture in the magazines of the month. And it was the first of a series of child pictures such as no other artist has drawn. Each child was a distinct personality, possessed of an indefinable charm. Man or woman, one looked again and again, and ended by wishing the picture a living child, and one's own. With the imaginative quaintness and ideality, there was no lack of realism—every boy was as masculine as a six-foot guardsman, and every girl as feminine as Eve.

Though my first acquaintance with Noel Bonner was in the role of illustrator, he was essentially a painter.

And I soon discovered that, beyond the painter and the illustrator, I was interested in the man—even before the man assumed the fascination of a problem. Hence it was that in my daily walks from Pinckney street to my office I often made a slight detour to the Studio Building, and climbed to the little bridge leading to studio 80-A in the annex.

I remember well my first visit to Bonner. From the gay throng of Tremont street, to studio 80-A, was like passing from a ball-room, hot and dazzling and accented high with color, into a still winter moonlight. I felt the physical sensation of chill, yet it was not cold. When, having in my bewilderment begged Bonner to go on with his painting and let me watch him, I had looked about and come to my mental feeling, I realized that I was immersed in cool gray color—the studio and its simple fittings, the painter, and the pictures, small and reticent or large and dominating, all were monotones in cool gray color—no, not cool gray color, but cool gray colors.

We all remember that *tour de force* of the great colorist Zarm, which was the sensation of the exhibitions in '95, if I recall—how on entering the gallery the great canvas lifted before one its mystical field of white; how, as one gazed, the whiteness became suffused with color until the whole passionate drama was revealed. We remember how the critics analyzed, and argued, and demonstrated that the three great masses were red-white, blue-white, and yellow-white,—the whole the result of a myriad subtle blendings and off-settings. Yet their mathematical chromatics failed to furnish the formula, and after all, Zarm's great pic-

ture remained unique—a monotone in white, yet palpitating with color.

Bonner's monotones in gray were like that.

Of course I did not philosophize all this on my first visit. I had been in the studio half a dozen times before I grasped it—and perhaps another half dozen before I discovered one curious limitation in his chromatic grays.

I was lying back in an easy-chair, looking on with half-closed eyes as he painted. He was working up a reflection of Holland, a misty mirage of canals and wind-mills—and I was watching the way a dull old blue and a more subdued old red were gradually emerging from the grays, when, with a swift perception, I realized that nowhere was there a touch of the other primary—nowhere in the picture he was painting, or in the dozens about the studio, or in the fittings and bric-a-brac of the studio itself.

I sat up suddenly and exclaimed, "Bonner, what you want is an accent of yellow!"

He started, and dropped a brush. As he picked it up he said, in a voice that was not quite steady, "Excuse me, Barnet—I—you startled me."

I, too, had been startled, for in a mirror opposite I had seen an expression which was not wholly accounted for by my ejaculation, abrupt as it was.

With the intent of slipping over the awkwardness, I blundered on. "Yes, Bonner, and you ought to set a vase of sulphur yellow on top of that cabinet in the corner, and over here, in this jade-colored umbrella jar, a sheaf of sunflowers."

"If—if sunflowers were only old blue, or even old red," began Bonner,



with an effort at lightness, "but yellow"—he shivered slightly as he spoke the word—"well, I'll think of it."

"Our hybridizing friends over in Horticultural Hall," laughed I, "may yet turn out a blue sunflower, but for the present, Bonner, you'll have to dye them—like the green carnations of London."

But the forced persiflage was too evidently not in key with Bonner's mood. He got up, took a cigarette, lighted it—I noted his hand trembled as he held the taper to its tip—then began to walk up and down the studio. Apparently I had touched some unsuspected sensitiveness, and it was equally apparent that he shrank from any direct allusion or explanation. As soon as I decently could, I got away.

As I walked down to my office, I puzzled over the little episode, and finally concluded it must be one of those singular instances of the association of ideas, which are so labyrinthine without the key, and so like the straight and narrow way with it.

Then I recurred to my sudden perception of the absence of yellow from everything associated with Bonner, and wondered I had not noted it before, especially at that peculiar period. For it was then that the art wave, which had its rise in the Centennial Exposition, was cresting with the foam of æstheticism. The "greenery-gallery Grosvenor Gallery" color-tones were submerging the country. Even in New England, the rigid adherence to the blacks and browns and indigo blues, which had symbolized the solemnity and earnestness of life, were yielding to the toleration of yellow; and even the New England woman lit

up the sombreness of her attire with a dash of yellow—yellow, the symbol of frivolity—yellow, the color of laughter. And everywhere yellow was the predominant note in fabrics and household decorations, and the sunflower had supplanted the rose.

As I opened my desk, the office boy rather ostentatiously spread before me a telegram, which conveyed the intelligence that a drawing which had been holding back the already late magazine was delayed indefinitely. This meant a substitution and rearrangement of matter, and in the tangle and rush that followed, and a subsequent pressure of work, the incident at Bonner's studio was pushed out of mind. I did not see him again for some weeks.

One day, going up Bromfield Street, I dropped in at Leonard's. An auction sale of rugs and oriental embroideries was on. As I sauntered into the rear gallery, a gorgeous piece of yellow Eastern stuff, picked out with gold, was displayed under the gaslight. "How that would sing out in Bonner's studio," I thought, and the next minute had determined that it should.

"Shut your eyes, and don't open till I tell you!" I called out as I pushed open the door of studio 80-A.

"All right, sir," Bonner replied gaily, and barricaded his eyes with his hands.

But when I had let the glittering, shimmering silk flow down over the easel before him, and cried, "Now!" I instantly felt like the mouse that slipped the spring of the jack-in-the-box—if I may speak lightly now of what was so startling then.

Bonner sprang up, of a sudden white and trembling, and stumbled

back over his painting-stool. I thought for a moment, as he stood away from the easel, that he would fall to the floor, and I stepped to his side.

"I don't know what I've done," I began, "but it's plain I'm a brute, or an idiot, or both. I——"

"Don't, Barnet," he cried, "taking my hand, 'don't—you're not responsible—any more than I am! I—if—' here he glanced shudderingly over his shoulder at the golden splendor behind him—"if you'll get that hideous fabric out of sight, I'll talk to you."

When I had kicked the Light of the Harem, or whatever fantastic name it had, under a low couch, and Bonner had set the painting-stool on its feet, he pulled himself together and said, "There's not much to tell, either—it's simply that I have an ineradicable and inexpressible antipathy to yellow—always have had—and it's been the curse of my life. I——"

The shuddering seized him again, and, though I was desirous to probe the mystery, I begged he would spare himself, but he went on.

"Mostly, I keep a firm grip, and don't make a spectacle of myself—unless I am taken unawares, as that last day you were here."

"But what does it mean?" asked I. "What was the occasion of the antipathy?"

"I have no explanation—I have never even dared think about it. I only know that it has always been so—a haunting horror from childhood. Why, my first remembrance is of a day when I went into convulsions in my baby-carriage because the nurse persisted in thrusting a handful of yellow flowers in my face, for me to smell of—or to see if I liked butter—

or some other stupid thing!" He groaned at the recollection.

"But," I urged, "there must be some cause, some explanation; and if we could get at it—is it hereditary?" A thought had come to me. "Did your father—or mother——"

Bonner stopped me with a sharp gesture. "I never knew my father, or my mother—or much about them." Then he fell thinking. "But heredity," he said at length, "there may be something in that. My uncle Mort—uncle Mort is my mother's older brother, who brought me up—I fancy he doesn't like the color over much. There are no yellow silk sash-curtains in the house—or anything of that sort. And, odd that it comes back to me, I recall how one spring day he knocked down and damned a little flower-girl who urged on him a bunch of buttercups—and then picked her up and turned his pocket book inside out in her basket." Bonner laughed, a shivering laugh, at the reminiscence.

Looking back, I mark this as the point where my interest in Bonner the man became merged in my interest in Bonner the problem. More than once I tried to talk with him, but his reticence was so real, and the painfulness to him so positive, that I desisted yet observed and collated and deduced the more carefully.

The winter went by. One late afternoon in March, clouded and cold, I climbed the main stairway of the Studio Building, and turned off into the covered bridge that led to studio 80-A. At the instant of pushing open the door, I hastily reversed the action and pulled it shut, with a bang that echoed down the dark passage. I stood dazed for a moment by that

glimpse inside. Then I thought I must by mistake have reached the wrong room. I looked about me—I struck a match and lit up the brass figures on the door—no, there was no mistake, it was studio 80-A. I put my hand again to the knob, hesitated, then stepped hardily in—stepped from bleak New England into the Orient—straight into the “Arabian Nights”—and Aladdin had rubbed his lamp. The once gray studio was a blaze of lights and color—a hundred topaz candles in brazen candlesticks, a conflagration of flame-yellow fabrics, shot through and through with the glitter of gold.

Blinded by this brilliance I did not see Bonner, until a suppressed moan drew my eyes to the couch in the corner. There he lay prostrate, his face in the pillows, his hands clenched, his whole form trembling.

“Bonner, Bonner,” I cried, going quickly to him, “what’s the matter?”

A groan was my answer.

“Why,” I went on, “you claim to abhor yellow—and here you are in a fiery blaze of it like a martyr at the stake!”

He lifted his white face and made a ghastly attempt at a smile. “With the happy difference that this martyr is not chained to his stake!” he exclaimed through chattering teeth, and then, before I could speak again, he sprang up and dashed out of the room.

I followed to the door. I heard quick steps crossing the little bridge. I hurried after, and down the stairs, but got no sight of him. Then I turned back, looked to right and left in the corridors, and called at the studios of mutual friends to inquire, as unconcerned as I could, if they had seen

Bonner. No one had seen him. And I did not see him again that day, though I went back and waited, until the topaz candles burned down and left the studio swathed in an amber afterglow.

Next morning, on my way to the office, I ran up, and, stumbling over unusual bales and boxes in the passage, was not surprised on opening the door to find myself in the customary cool grays. Bonner sat at his easel, a trifle pale perhaps, but quite as usual.

“Don’t think me insane, Barnet,” he began. “I’m only trying to be sensible—and the experiment has been too much for me.”

“The experiment?”

“You know how it is with a cold bath in March, Barnet! It’s the very devil if you dip your toes in and go gradually—the only way is to plunge in all over. Well, that’s what I did with yellow. I counted on salvation in the reaction—but—it was the other thing!”

Before he went away for the summer the subject came up more than once, and I advocated a systematic development of resistance; for, somewhat as the body accommodates itself to graduated poison, I believed he could accustom himself, little by little, to more and more yellow at closer and closer intervals, until the antipathy should be overcome.

One day in May I found the studio door ajar, and hearing a voice, I paused, not caring to call if there were strangers within.

“You devil! You yellow devil! Oh—o-o-h, you devil! You would torture me, would you, with your unnamable horror!—down you, I will be the master—you the slave, you



yellow devil—down you! down you! down you!”

It was the voice of Bonner. A step, and I could see within. He sat at his easel, holding up before him the object of his startling apostrophe—a common collapsible color-tube, whose contents were easily conjectured. Never have I seen in human face an expression so conflicting; but, gradually, as I watched, the terrified fascination of the serpent-charmed bird gave way before that divine domination which in the eye of man cows the beast and the savage.

With set teeth and nerved fingers, he squeezed a vermicular yellow pile on his palette, worked it deftly with the elastic tip of his brush, and then drew it across the canvas.

I walked in and stood behind him, following the sure swift touches. The picture was a dripping wet nightfall; dark woodlands, and sombre shadows, and one vivid streak of twilight yellow between the leaden lifting clouds and the low black horizon. The streak of twilight yellow was the completion of the painting. Bonner dropped his brush, and over it his palette face down, and sank back in the nearest chair.

For some minutes I stood looking at the picture on the easel—slowly realizing that I had witnessed the renaissance of Bonner the artist, and of Bonner the man—then I turned to a seat.

We talked awhile of his summer in the country, and matters of passing interest. As I rose to go, I said, “Well, Bonner, I do heartily congratulate you, on your downing of the yellow devil—you’ll get the mastery!”

“Did you hear that, Barnet? I—

well, I’ve opened the fight—but don’t be too previous in tossing your cap.”

“No fear,” I answered cheerily as we gripped hands in good-bye—“you’ll have all summer, and all out-doors, to wrestle in—and when you come back we shall see—what we shall see!”

“We shall see—what we shall see—” ah, how those light words came back to me when the unexpected had happened! How they come back to me now, and send a tremor through my pen as I write them!

Toward the end of summer a lady came into the office to offer a manuscript. I saw at a glance that it was one of the respectable bourgeois productions which are so much more embarrassing than either the very good or the very bad. But I had learned never to reject, or accept, a manuscript in the presence of the writer, and having laid it down I was accompanying the lady to the door, when she stopped abruptly before a drawing by Bonner which hung on the wall.

“Noel Bonner,” she read, under her breath, then, turning to me, added, “I knew his mother very well.”

“Indeed,” I replied, “then perhaps you can tell me something of his early life—it would interest me much.” I closed the door I had opened, and offered a chair.

It seemed that the two had been girls together, in the old hill-town of Kiasaga—a town which has happily preserved its Indian appellation along with its Indian traditions. Bonner’s mother had lived with an elderly maiden aunt, both parents having died in her childhood. Mr. Morton Ford, a brother, considerably older, was the only other relative; and in his hands were the family affairs, and, pending

his sister's approaching majority, the family property as well. Morton Ford never came to Kiasaga, having been for many years established in Boston, where, if rumors which found their way up among the hills were to be credited, he lived in a rather free way.

One summer a young painter, of foreign look and name, on a sketching trip from the fashionable resort at the neighboring lake, wandered into Kiasaga. He met Miss Ford, and in the autumn, when the Indian summer haze was over the land, and the hills were azure islands in a sapphire sea, there was a quiet wedding in the Ford homestead. It was remarked that Morton Ford was not present, but presumably he welcomed Mr. and Mrs. Bonner in Boston, where they went for the winter.

As the warm weather came on again, the Bonners returned to Kiasaga, and life was a summer idyl. One day, it was the end of June, Mr. Bonner, who had gone to paint in a near but secluded meadow, was late at lunch, and his wife went to call him, singing on her way like the singing birds about her—like the bobolink poised on the painter's easel, and that moment bursting its throat with a riotous melody of untimely joy. Untimely—for the ecstasy in the woman's breast was ended, she had ceased singing, and would never sing again. While the bird, startled at her coming, caroled up into heaven, the woman stood in the flowery grass and stared down at her husband—shot dead—a revolver by the unclutched hand. The coroner's verdict was suicide—though no convincing reason was forthcoming. For weeks thereafter Mrs. Bonner was on the verge of mental catas-

trophe—and when the baby Noel was born, she died.

"And those last days," I hesitated, "after the terrible shock, did—did Mrs. Bonner manifest any—strangeness—any antipathies? I ask not from idle curiosity, but for a reason."

"Not that I ever heard. Yet there was one curious thing—the night the baby was born, her aunt told me, she suddenly sat up and cried, 'Thank God, there are no buttercups in the fields of paradise!'—and never spoke after. Strange, was it not?"

"It was, indeed," I replied, mechanically, and in spite of a vague contradiction in the back of my brain. "And what of the baby Noel, and his childhood?"

"His uncle, Mr. Morton Ford, took him away to Boston, and we have never seen him since—until this very summer. Early in the season, with his painting kit, he arrived, and took board in the old Ford house where he was born! His great-aunt died long ago, and the people are new comers. And young Mr. Bonner is so reserved that I am sure no one has dared allude to his parents, or the past—I doubt if he knows anything of it."

The lady passed out, and I sat long without touching pen or manuscript. The dying cry of Bonner's mother had brought back Bonner's story of his uncle Mort and the flower-girl, and the coincidence tangled my speculation.

It must have been rather late in the fall when Bonner returned, for, the first morning I saw him, as I came down the stone steps at the Joy Street entrance to the Common, and crossed the Beacon Street mall, the ground under the ginko tree was like cloth of

gold with its fallen myriads of fan-like leaves. As I entered the path running to the park street corner, I picked up a yellow ginko leaf and set it in the lapel of my coat.

The act was quite without purpose, yet it served one. I had no sooner shaken hands with Bonner than he reached for the ginko leaf, and slipped it into the buttonhole of his painting blouse.

"I went away wearing violets," he remarked, "and I came back with a sprig of goldenrod." That was all he said; but as days went on I noted changes in the studio, a dash of mustard yellow on top of the cabinet in the dark corner, a mass of sunflowers in the jade-colored umbrella jar, the Light of the Harem glorified under a gas-jet.

Little by little, too, I got glimpses that outlined, as lightning makes revelation in the night, the self-torture to which Bonner had subjected himself during those months of absence, and of the gradual and complete self-mastery.

And now there was the marvelous outcome. In the great reaction, his paintings revealed undreamed possibilities in yellow. They fascinated, and amazed. In the uplift of beholding, one questioned whether, in the finality, it were not worth all the terrible cost.

"By the way, Bonner, what will you show at the Art Club?" I asked one day shortly before the winter exhibition.

"A picture you have not seen—I call it—'An Interlude in Yellow'—but ——" He stopped, hesitated, then stepped to a curtained alcove, brought out a large painting, framed broadly

in flat dead gold, and set it on an easel in a high light.

It was a full June day. I looked out upon a secluded meadow, rimmed by deep woods, and domed by a breezy sky pulsating with azure light. Down through the sunny evanescent green of the grass, following a winding brook, ran a golden host of buttercups, curving, spreading, flowing, and, as the burnished petals reflected the sunlight, filling the vision with a shimmering yellow splendor.

"'An Interlude in Yellow,'" I repeated. "Truly—but what—" I broke off, my eyes arrested by a bare patch of canvas in the foreground.

Turning, I saw Bonner watching me, curiously, breathlessly. "Do—you see anything — anything — strange?" he asked eagerly.

"Why, no—only that patch of bare canvas."

Bonner started up, crossed the studio, came back.

"The picture, as you see, is not quite finished—that is why I have not shown it before. He paused, a look of perplexity on his face. Then he resumed. "Barnet, there is something I do not understand. All the while I was painting that meadow, whenever my eye came to that spot, the flowery field shrank back, and I saw—No, I can't tell you—and if I should, you would call it a crazy fancy, illusion, hallucination. But always it was there, like a vision, a dreadful nightmare. I could not paint it, I could not post it. I have had the canvas out many times since I came back, but it is the same with the picture as with the real meadow. I have not been able to fill up the gap in the golden interlude. But I shall; I must send this picture to the



exhibition, for, somehow, I feel that it marks the turning point in my art, and in my life."

Bonner did not finish the painting, and "An Interlude in Yellow" was hung in the place of honor on the great east wall of the gallery.

I did not get in to see it for some days after the opening, and by then it was town talk; so, when I had climbed the iron stairs that wind up from the Dartmouth street door, I was prepared for the crowd in front of it. Having made the circuit of the gallery, I found a seat opposite, and waited for the crowd to ebb. Once, in the shifting movement, I had a brief view, and saw that now the yellow splendor flowed unbroken across the canvas.

Then I fell to noting the comments. "What does it mean?" "Why, pictures don't mean anything, you know!" "How true, how vividly realistic!" "Oh, you know, there never was anything really like that—it's—it's an allegory!" "Hark! Do you hear it? Do you hear the music? Do you hear the buttercups singing? Why, it's like that enchanting melody of the intermezzo in Von Hommer's Seventh Symphony!" "How de——"

But a man had stepped in front of me, and risen on tiptoe to get a view of Bonner's painting. As he did so, he started violently, and fell back against me, but in an instant had recovered himself, apologized, and pushed by. As I turned to look after him, his hat dropped from his hand, and in picking it up I got a glimpse of his face, a strong florid face with a white moustache. I watched him as he made the tour of the gallery. I was sure he did not see the pictures before him. Once or twice he glanced uneas-

ily over his shoulder toward "An Interlude in Yellow"—the last time just as he reached the door and slipped hastily out.

A sudden impulse stirred me, that curious detective instinct which is the survival of the animal in us. I crossed the gallery, and was half down the stairs when the street door closed. Outside, the man had struck across to the Newbury Street corner—I followed—down Newbury, to Berkeley—along Berkeley, across Commonwealth Avenue, to Marlborough, and around the corner. So close behind was I that when the door shut after him I stood on the steps and heard the man inside slip the night-bolt, while I outside stooped and read the number.

I did not sleep that night. But when the pale late light of the winter morning stole into my chamber, I knew I held the clue to a mystery.

On the way down town I called at studio 80-A, and, after amusing Bonner with the comments overheard the night before, casually turned the talk to his uncle, Mr. Morton Ford, to his personality, his business, his social habits. I found I knew one or two men at the club he frequented; and I do not think I betrayed surprise when, on Bonner's mentioning his residence, I found it bore the number I had read while the door was bolted the evening before.

As I rose to go I said, "Bonner, I want to buy 'An Interlude in Yellow.'"

"I can't sell it—to you, Barnett—but I will give it to you, instead."

On this he insisted, adding, "I've refused half a dozen offers for it, already, for the sole reason that I intended to present it to you at the close

of the exhibition. But for you, it never would have been painted."

"I will accept the gift," I said, finally—"on one condition—a strange one, you will think—but I have a sufficient reason."

Bonner laughingly agreed to the condition in advance; but the light went out of his face when I added, "The condition is that, as soon as you can after its return, you paint into the interlude the—whatever it was you saw—exactly as you saw it." With that I left him.

The winter exhibition at the Art Club came to an end; several weeks went by; and still I waited to hear from Bonner. Meantime I was winding in the threads of the clue. Among other things, I made the acquaintance of Mr. Morton Ford.

One morning I received a note from Bonner. "It was harder even than I thought," he wrote, "but it is there, in the buttercup meadow, just as I saw it. Come and see for yourself."

That noon I dropped into Young's and lunched with Bonner's uncle, and afterwards asked him to step up to his nephew's studio and see a painting to which he had just given the last touches—I thought he, as I did, would find it a remarkable work. With no enthusiasm, yet without evident reluctance, he accompanied me.

"I suppose, Bonner," said I, when greetings had been exchanged, "that this is the picture?" I turned to an easel on which stood a painting hidden by the Light of the Harem, and with a gesture involuntarily dramatic slowly lifted the drapey.

Morton Ford was standing in front, and as "An Interlude in Yellow" was bared to his vision he uttered an in-

articulate cry, turned ghastly, staggered, and would have fallen had not Bonner caught him in his arms. But before we could get him to the couch, he shook himself free, and stood square on his feet, and laughed.

"Don't be alarmed, Noel," he gasped—"it's nothing—I'm all right—just a sudden turn—heart, or something—have had it before. But, I think I'll go home," he ended, starting unsteadily for the door.

Bonner insisted on going with him.

Left alone, I went back to the picture. The vision, the nightmare, was there indeed,—and as I had anticipated. Where Bonner had seen the flowery grass shrink back, now stood an easel, a bobolink just rising from its top, and outstretched on the ground lay a dead man, a pistol by his relaxed fingers—a man that might have been Noel Bonner himself.

I was still standing there when Bonner came in, white and breathless. "He wouldn't let me go—he insisted on taking the 'public' at the Park street corner, and going alone. But, Barnet, I am in the whirl of a cyclonic storm. I cannot comprehend myself, the painting, or my uncle. Tell me, what does it all mean?"

"It is very simple," I replied, pointing to the picture. "The man lying dead by the easel was your father. So your mother found him on such a June day as you have painted. The impression of the fearful shock your mother received was transmitted to you. When you were born that summer, she died; but to your unborn soul was transmitted the horror of that golden field, and on your unborn brain was impressed the picture of the tragedy. The horror has been with

you all your life; the tragic picture waited only for you to stand in that secluded meadow where, that other June, your mother stood. It is, unquestionably, an instance of hereditary memory."

Bonner stood aghast, regarding me. "But—but uncle Mort?"

"Morton Ford—he is the man who shot your father—and, I believe, in so doing killed your mother."

At first Bonner would not believe, could not believe; but when I had told him all, and he could not doubt, the tempest of his conflicting emotions burst his control. I turned the key, and wrestled with him, with muscle, and reason, and persuasion, and all the spiritual powers within me. I know not how the hours passed, until, at a sharp knock, we both started up, and found night had fallen.

I opened the door. A stranger stood in the passage, the gas-jet flaring in his face. As Bonner saw him, he came hastily forward. "What is it, Dawson—is anything wrong with my uncle?"

It was Mr. Morton Ford's man, an

expression on his face of horror and fright. He held out a letter to Bonner. "This were held fast in his hand, sir—in his dead hand, sir!"

Bonner tore open the envelope, and read, his fingers gripping my arm. Then he said in a low voice, "Barnet, you were right!" and to the man, "Dawson, I will be there shortly. Do not wait."

And then I too read the disjointed sentences. "How you discovered, I cannot divine; but now that you have—you or that man Barnet—there is but one way out. . . . For that deed of passion and its consequences, there is no atonement. . . . The one thing I could do, I have done. I have built up the wrecked fortune and now take the step that will put you in instant possession."

Bonner went abroad—and—well, all the world knows now of Noel Bonner.

And the famous picture hangs in my library as I write—but the tragedy has been painted out, and the golden interlude again flows down the meadow in unbroken splendor.





# Captain Myles Standish

By George Hodges

THE baptismal register of Chorley Church, in Lancashire, contains a leaf which nobody can read.

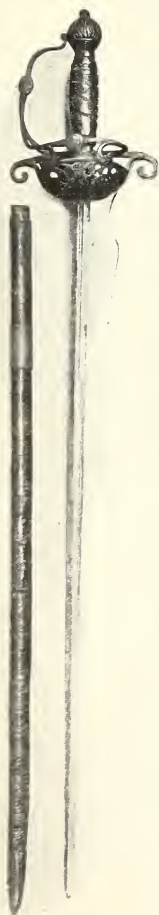
The entries which precede and follow are plain enough: ink was good in the sixteenth century. But this blind leaf presents so worn and dim an aspect that they have reason on their side who claim that fingers more hasty and tangible than those of the hand of time have touched it. It looks as if the records of 1584 and 1585 had been intentionally rubbed out. It is a common guess that one of the names thus unhappily erased was that of Myles Standish. (Winslow's History of Duxbury, p. 97.)

At all events, the name is gone, and with it has disappeared the necessary proof to establish the claims of the Standishes of America to the pleasant possessions of the Standishes of Standish. That such a claim has reasonable foundation, appears in Myles Standish's will, in which "I give," he says, "unto my son and heir apparent, Alexander Stan-

dish, all my lands as heir apparent by lawful descent in Ormistick, Boosconge, Wrightington, Maudsley, Newburrow, Cranston, and in the Isle of Man, and given to me as right heire by lawful descent, but surreptitiously detained from me my grandfather being a second or younger brother from the house of Standish of Standish."

The house of Standish was of good antiquity, and had possessed its Lancashire estates for centuries. The origin of the name is involved in the obscurity which is unfortunately common to origins. There is a rumor that in the uneffaced pages of the Chorley register is the ancient name of Milo Standanaught, Milo being plainly from the Latin for "soldier," and Standanaught meaning "Stand-at-nothing," and there are those who guess that from these sturdy syllables came the name of the Puritan captain. On the other hand, the armorial bearings of the family are "an azure shield with three standishes argent;" and the word "standish," thus used, is simply stand-dish. In the dictionaries this dish is used for pens and ink. Dean Swift speaks of his silver standish. But in the *London Times* report of Queen Victoria's coronation mention is made of standishes upon the altar meaning silver plates or patens. Thus they appear upon the family shield.

Standish, however derived, was the name. Thurston de Standish, who was living in 1222, is the eldest recogniz-



able ancestor; his son was Ralph, and Ralph's sons, living in 1306, were Hugh and Jordan. These two divided the estates between them, and their families became respectively the Standishes of Duxbury and the Standishes of Standish. (Winsor, pp. 2, 96.) The family houses of Standish and Duxbury are pictured in Johnson's *Exploits of Myles Standish* (pp. 1, 12). They are dignified, large, square buildings, surrounded by trees and extensive grounds. Standish Hall is reproduced from a photograph and may show the place as it is at present. The house is connected by a timbered corridor with a chapel which has a cross at the gable. Duxbury Hall is copied from a painting, without date; deer are grazing on the lawn, and a group of gentlemen on horseback are standing by the porch.

The two branches of the family chose different sides in the religious contentions which presently disturbed the land. The Standishes of Duxbury accepted the Protestant reformation; the Standishes of Standish continued in the unreformed religion.

The Catholic Standishes took a lively part in the disturbances of the time. Henry Standish, a Franciscan friar and bishop of St. Asaph sided with Queen Katherine in the matter of the divorce. And when the contention between the reformed and the unreformed religion was renewed, late in the 17th century, in the time of James the Second, the Standishes of Standish were enthusiastic Jacobites; and it was at Standish Hall that the "Lancashire Plot" was made for the King's restoration.

This connection of the family with the Roman religion has given rise to

an interesting theory that Myles Standish was a Roman Catholic. It would be pleasant to have this theory confirmed. That Standish was not a member of the Plymouth church is commonly asserted. Dr. Jeremy Belknap, in his *American Biography* (1794; vol. 2, p. 311), says in so many words, though without reference to authority, that he was "not a member of their church"; and he presently quotes from the manuscript of the Rev. William Hubbard's *History of New England* (1679): "He had been bred a soldier in the low countries, and had never entered into the school of Christ, or of John the Baptist." This, indeed, may mean no more than that the writer did not approve of the captain's martial activity; for he adds, "or, if ever he was there, he had forgot his first lessons, to offer violence to no man." (Belknap, vol. 2, p. 329). Still, it is more likely that he intended to make apology for Standish on the ground that he was not a church member. That was twenty years after Standish's death. Hubbard was therefore a contemporary; and, though he lived at Ipswich, he would not be likely to be mistaken in regard to an ecclesiastical position so exceptional, at that time, as Standish's.

Accordingly, there appear two facts: first, that Standish's family was of the Roman Catholic faith; and, secondly, that Standish himself did not belong to the Puritan church. Was he a Roman Catholic?

It is certain that Myles Standish fought in the Netherlands on the Protestant side in a war which was essentially a war of religion.

It is certain that he cast in his lot with the Puritan emigrants, and was

ever trusted and esteemed by them. They hated papists. Bradford, in his *History of Plymouth Plantation*, shows how they felt even about the Church of England, how they detested "ye ceremonies, and servise booke, and other popish and unchristian stuffe." (p. 6.) Winthrop, in 1640, noted it as a thing worthy of observation that his son "having many books in a chamber where there was corn of divers sorts, had among them one wherein the Greek Testament, the Psalms and the Common Prayer were bound together. He found the Common Prayer eaten with mice, every leaf of it, and not any of the other two touched, nor any other of his books, though they were above a thousand." (Winthrop's *History*, ed. 1853, p. 24.) It is true, of course, that Winthrop belonged to a straighter sect than the neighbors of Standish; still, even in Plymouth, especially after a residence in the land of William the Silent, a Roman Catholic would have been a most unwelcome citizen.

It is certain that Myles Standish's library, as appears in the inventory made at his death, was as Protestant as a lot of books can be. It was like the collection of an orthodox country parson,—Calvin's *Institutions*, Preston's *Sermons*, Burrough's *Earthly-Mindedness and Christian Contentment*, Dod on the Lord's Supper, a reply to Dr. Cotton on Baptisme, Sparkes *Against Heresie*, Ball on Faith, Nature and Grace in Conflict, together with "Three olde Bibles," not one of them in the Douay version. (N. E. Hist. & Gen. Register, vol. I, p. 54.) It is true that some of these excellent books may have been presented to him in Leyden by Pastor Robinson, or in Plymouth by Elder Brewster, for the

improving of his mind and the saving of his soul; but it is more likely that he bought them himself. That is what he liked to read. The battles of the theologians pleased his martial mind. There is evidence on those shelves of a serious disposition and a religious spirit, but there is no smallest trace of any divergence from the opinions common in Plymouth. Not one of those books could have stood consistently upon a Roman Catholic shelf.

We may reasonably infer from such facts as these that Myles Standish, who was by family a Roman Catholic, by baptism, in Chorley Church, an Episcopalian, and by association a Puritan, was a person of independent mind who did not further commit himself. That he was a Roman Catholic, either in practice or in opinion during his life in Plymouth, there is not the least ground for belief.

The life of Standish is divided into two almost exactly equal portions by the sailing of the *Mayflower*. Born, so near as we can tell, in 1584, he died in 1656. The year 1620 is midway between these dates precisely. Of the first half of his career, scarce anything is known. Morton, in his *New England's Memorial* (ed. 1826, p. 262), tells us all that he knows about it in half a sentence. "In his younger time," he says, "he went over into the low countries, and was a soldier there, and came acquainted with the church at Leyden."

The lad became a soldier, naturally. The surreptitious detaining of his inheritance indicates family dissensions, and it may have been the discomfort or compulsion of them which drove him from home. He was probably glad to go. It was a day of adventure. Men



who had no cause for which to fight at home went abroad seeking occupation for their swords. It was Sir Philip Sidney who said, "Wherever you hear of a good war, go to it;" and he had himself followed his own advice, going into the Netherlands for the joy of the fray. Young Standish's mind would respond to this gallant counsel; to the wars he went.

Spain and Holland were still fighting. In 1584, the year of Myles's birth, William the Silent was assassinated. In 1604, Elizabeth having died, and James having succeeded her upon the throne of England, the English force which had been helping Holland was withdrawn. As Standish was at that time but twenty years of age, it is plain that he had not seen any extended service. The most notable military event at that time was the siege of Ostend, which came to an end in that year. It is a fair guess that the young soldier had a part in that foolish tragedy. Of the "three muskets, four carbines, two small guns, one fowling piece, a sword, a cutlass and three belts" (Winsor's *Duxbury*, p. 54) some, it is likely, were used in this campaign, and were tried upon the Spaniards before they were directed against the Indians. It was probably at this time, also, that he purchased his copies of "Cæsar's Commentaries" and "Bariffe's Artillery," which he could hardly have desired for counsel in his dealings with the Massachusetts or the Narragansetts.

The swords are still shown, one in Boston and the other in Plymouth, which are said to have belonged to him. The Plymouth sword, in Pilgrim Hall, has an Arabic inscription on its blade, which carries its history out of the

bounds of knowledge into the camps of that Moslem enemy who even in Standish's time was menacing and molesting Europe. It may easily have belonged to some pirate Turk, taken in his ship in the English channel, and have been sold by its captor. Myles probably bought it at second-hand. Unlike his predecessor, Captain John Smith, he had no personal encounters with men whose speech was Arabic.

The Boston sword, which is in the possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society, is supposed by Mr. Winsor (*Duxbury*, p. 98) to be the one which Alexander Standish inherited, and was handed down to Alexander's grandson, John Standish of Plymouth, from whom it was borrowed on a training-day by a careless neighbor, who never carried it back. In 1849, Mr. Winsor was informed by Mr. Moses Standish, of Boston, that he had seen in the house of this Captain John Standish a coat of mail which had belonged to his great-grandfather. "It was a cloth garment, very thickly interwoven with a metallic wire, so as to make it extremely durable, and scarcely penetrable. The suit was complete, including a helmet and breast-plate."

In 1604, when England and Spain professed to be friends, it seemed as if there would be no further use for these weapons offensive or defensive. In 1609, however, two events took place which determined where young Standish's taste for war should find gratification. One was the establishment of a general peace. In the west of Europe, the contending armies, Catholic and Protestant, made a truce of twelve years; in the east of Europe, other contending armies, Chris-

tian and Moslem, agreed to fight no more for almost twice that length of time; thus Standish's profession offered him no future in Europe: no prince would buy his sword. The other event was the removal from Amsterdam to Leyden of a little company of English Puritan refugees. Thus, in this year, or later, Standish came into acquaintance with Robinson and Brewster, and with Carver and Bradford and Winslow. When the Puritans began presently to look across the sea, he naturally bethought himself of Walter Raleigh and Lyon Gardner and John Smith and Ferdinando Gorges, companions in arms with him, who, being in his condition, without employment, had found occupation and adventure in the new world. He cast in his lot with the emigrating congregation.

The Puritans had, indeed, found Leyden "a fair and beautiful citie, and of a sweete situation," and had especially appreciated the advantages of living in the neighborhood of its university. "For that they should be liable," they said, "to famine and nakedness, and ye wante, in a maner, of all things. The chang of aire, diate, and drinking of water would infecte their bodies with sore sickness and greevous diseases. And also those which should escape or overcome these difficulties, should yett be in continual danger of ye salvage people, who are cruel, barberous and most trecherous, being most furious in their rage and merciles when they overcome: not being content only to kill and take away life, but delight to torment men in ye most bloodie maner that may be; fleeing some alive with the shells of fishes, cutting of ye members and

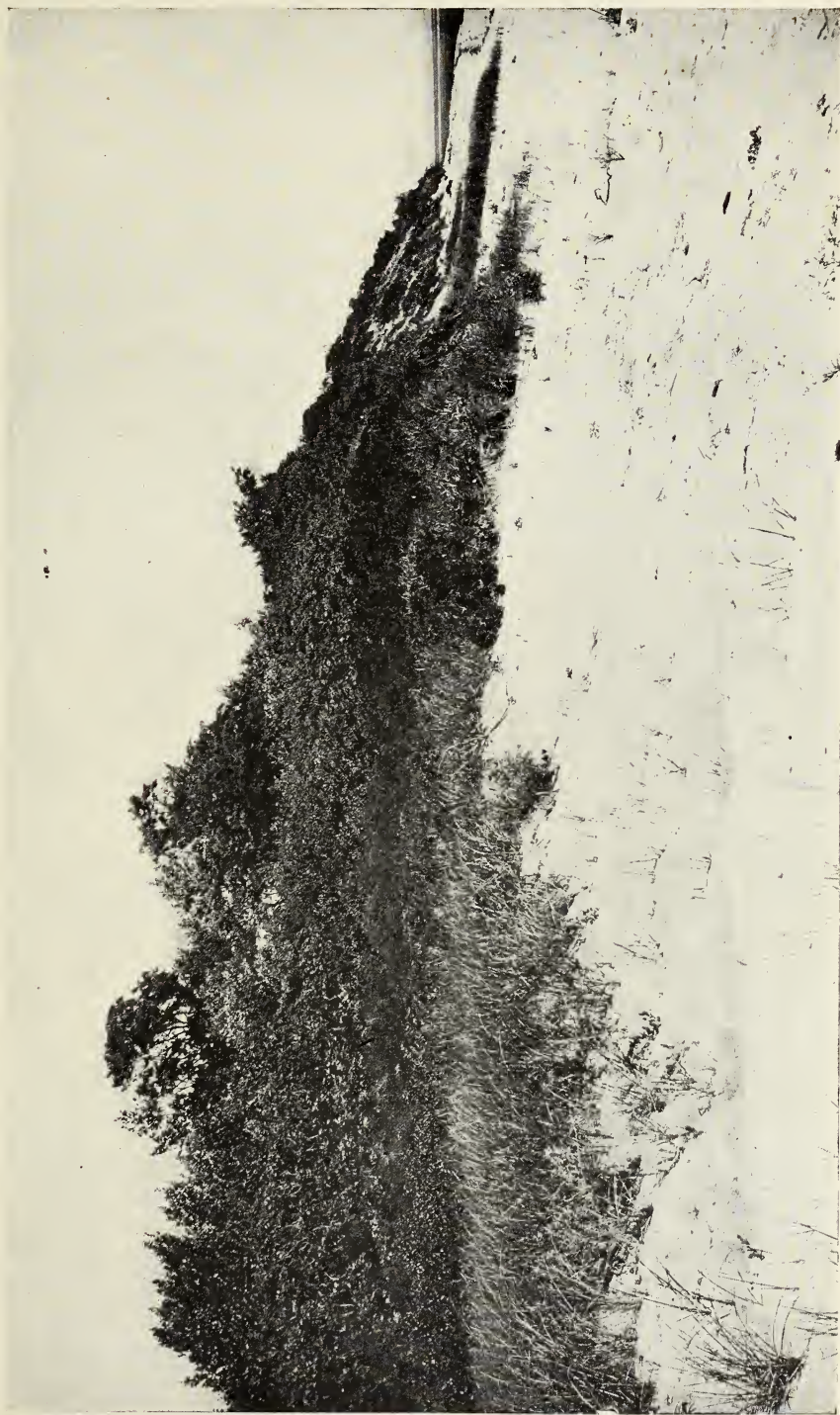
joynts of others peesmeale, and, broiling on ye coles, eate ye collops of their flesh in their sight whilst they live; with other cruelties horrible to be related." (Bradford's History, pp. 33, 34.)

This was not a cheerful prospect, but the truce between Holland and Spain was nearly over,—the twelve years ending in 1621,—and the Indians, they may well have thought, could not be much worse than the Spaniards. Other reasons also impelled them. They desired to have a country of their own, where they might bring up their children to be religious English folk. They determined to seek an abiding place in the wild lands across the sea.

In the meantime, Myles Standish had been getting married. Somewhere,—tradition says, in the Isle of Man,—he had found a young person named Rose, who was willing, under the safe covert of his protection, to brave the possible horrors of New England. Standish was now thirty-six years old, being arrived at the middle year of his life.

Longfellow tells us how he looked: "Short of stature he was, but strongly built and athletic, Broad in the shoulders, deep-chested, with muscles and sinews of iron; Brown as a nut was his face, but his russet beard was already Flaked with patches of snow, as hedges sometimes in November."

That is as near as we can come to it. He was short of stature. Master Morton, of Merry Mount, in his New English Canaan, wrote satirical descriptions of the colonists, and called Captain Standish, "Captaine Shrimpe." "Had we been at home in our full number," he says, recounting how Standish



SITE OF THE HOUSE BUILT BY MYLES STANDISH



invaded and arrested the mischievous household, we "would have given Captaine Shrimpe (a quondam Drummer) such a wellcome as would have made him wish for a Drumme as bigg as Diogenes' tubb, that he might have crept into it out of sight. (New English Canaan, Prince Soc. ed., p. 286). So, too, the Indian Pecksuot told him, "though he were a great captain, yet he was but a little man." (Winslow's Good News from N. E. in Arbus' Story of the Pilgrim Fathers, p. 568). William Hubbard, also, already quoted, said, "A little chimney is soon fired; so was the Plymouth captain, a man of very little stature, yet of a very hot and hasty temper." (Young's Chronicles of Mass., p. 34).

There is no authentic portrait of Standish, though the picture in the Standishes of America suits the part well. It shows a sturdy person in the stiff ruff of the period, with full black beard, and a look of stout determination in his eyes. But the compiler tells us that nothing is definitely known about this portrait prior to the year 1812. It is true that Standish was in England in the year 1625, when the picture is dated. But the times were not such as to suggest the painting of portraits; money was uncommonly scarce, and London had the plague. The Pilgrims did not sit for their pictures. The walls of their houses did not present suitable backgrounds for the hanging of paintings in oil.

"Wednesday, the sixth of September, the wind coming east, north east, a fine small gale, we loosed from Plymouth (the English Plymouth), having been kindly entertained and courteously used by divers friends there dwelling; and after many dif-

ficulties in boisterous storms, at length, by God's Providence, upon the 9th of November following, by break of day, we espied land; which we deemed to be Cape Cod, and so afterward it proved." (Mourt's Relation, in Arber, p. 407). The year was 1620, and the dates, being "old style," need to be increased by ten to bring them into proper position in our present calendar.

Two days later, after perilous encounters with "dangerous shoals and roaring breakers," in a vain attempt to make what is now the harbor of New York, they dropped anchor near the end of Long Point, and not far from the present village of Provincetown. They found themselves in a circling bay "compassed about to the very sea with oaks, pines, juniper, sassafras, and other sweet wood, and so capacious that therein "a thousand sail of ships may safely ride." The water, however, was so shallow that they could not come near the shore by "three-quarters of an English mile." They had to wade "a bow-shot or two" in "going aland," thereby getting such coughs and colds as made them ill-prepared for the rigors which awaited them. (Mourt's Relation, Arbor, p. 408).

In the cabin of the *Mayflower*, lying then at Provincetown, they drew up a notable compact in which they agreed to combine themselves together into a civil body politic, and by virtue thereof to make laws to which they promised all due submission and obedience. The sixth name signed to this document was that of Captain Myles Standish. (Morton's New England's Memorial, p. 38).

Thus the new life began, under No-

vember skies. "Being thus passed ye vast ocean," writes Bradford in his History (p. 95), "they had now no friends to wellcome them, nor inns to entertain or refresh their weatherbeaten bodys, no houses or much less townes to repaire too, to seek for succoure. . . . And for the season, it was winter, and they that know ye winters of that countrie know them to be sharp and violent, and subject to cruell and fierce storms, deangerous to travill to known places, much more to serch an unknown coast."

The first task was exploration, and the first mention of Standish is as the leader of an expedition. "And so with cautions, directions and instructions, sixteen men were sent out, with every man his musket, sword and corselet, under the conduct of Captain Myles Standish." They ordered themselves in "a single File," and marched for a mile by the sea, without meeting with any adventure, when at last they saw five or six persons with a dog coming towards them, who when they espied this army of invasion, ran into the woods whistling the dog after them. Standish and his men followed these citizens, but were not able to overtake them, for they "ran away with might and main." Thus they went for ten miles, following their footprints. Then it grew dark, and they built a campfire, and, setting a guard, bestowed themselves for the night. The next day, they went on through the woods, making their way through boughs and bushes which, as they reported, tore their very armor in pieces. About ten in the morning, being then in what is now Truro, they found a spring, "of which," they said, "we were heartily glad, and sat us down and drank our

first New England water with as much delight as ever we drank drink in all our lives." That day they found some planks laid together, where a house had been, and a ship's kettle, "brought out of Europe," and near by in sand heaps a store of corn, "some yellow, and some red, and some mixed with blue; which was a very goodly sight." Of this they helped themselves, filling the kettle and their pockets. (Mourt's Relation, Arbor, pp. 411-414). So they made their way back to the ship, with some difficulty, getting lost in the woods, and seemed to their companions as fairly laden as the men from Escholl. Eight months after they met the owners of this corn, and paid them for it. This find of corn they called the First Discovery.

On Wednesday, the 6th (16th) of December, another exploring expedition, consisting of ten men and led as before by Captain Standish, started in search of a proper place for the settlement. The weather was very cold, the water freezing on their clothes, and making them "like coats of iron." They went by water, in the shallop, landing now and then and making expeditions into the country. In the middle of the second night, as they lay on shore by their fire, they heard "great and hideous cry," and shot off a couple of muskets, at which the noise ceased, and they judged it had been made by wolves or foxes. But about five o'clock the next morning, having had prayers and preparing breakfast, the cry sounded again, and one of the company came running in, shouting "They are men! Indians! Indians!" And the sentinel was followed by a flight of arrows. The arms had already been carried to the boat, but



SWORD, POT AND PLATTER BELONGING TO MYLES STANDISH, NOW IN PILGRIM HALL, PLYMOUTH

Standish had a snaphance ready—a gun with a flint lock—and he made a shot, and presently the others were ready; the Indians meanwhile keeping up their dreadful cry. “Woach!” they screamed, “Woach! Ha! Ha! Hach! Woach!” sounding not unlike a college yell. Finally, their leader “gave an extraordinary cry; and away they went all.” None of the Englishmen had been hit by the discharge of arrows, nor do they record having wounded any Indian. They followed the retreating savages a little space, and shouted “all together several times, and shot off a couple of muskets; and so returned. This we did that they might see we were not afraid of them nor discouraged.” (Mourt’s Relation, Arbor, pp. 431-433). Thus ended the First Encounter.

Then, giving God thanks, they set sail again, looking for a harbor to which the ship’s pilot had directed them; he had been there once, he said, and the savages had stolen his har-

poon; he called it Thievish Harbor. Now it began to snow and rain and blow, and the sea was very rough. The rudder broke; the mast was split in three pieces. At last, after a day of peril, they “fell upon a place of sandy ground,” on the shore of a small island. There they stayed till morning; and the next day being Sunday, they said their prayers and sang their hymns on Clark’s Island, as we call it. “On Monday they sounded ye harbor and founde it fitt for shipping; and marched into ye land and found diverse cornfields and little running brooks, a place (as they supposed) fitt for situation; at least, it was ye best they could find, and ye season and their present necessitie, made them glad to accepte of it. So they returned to their shipp again with this news to ye rest of their people, which did much comforte their harts.” (Bradford, p. 106.)

Thus is the landing recorded, without adjective or exclamation. The



date was December 11, or by our reckoning, the 21st, piously kept as "Forefathers' Day." No rock is mentioned, but as there is no other rock in the immediate neighborhood of their getting ashore, there is no reason to doubt that they set their feet on the boulder of tradition. It has been debated whether John Alden or Mary Chilton were the first to land; but that event was later, when the *Mayflower* followed the shallop's course into Plymouth Bay. Let us hazard the conjecture that Myles Standish, being the leader of this expedition, was himself the first to stand on "the threshold of the United States."

The First Encounter had made the Pilgrims thankful that they had a military man among them. They were now expectant of an Indian attack. Among their domestic and religious preparations for the winter, they did not neglect those important, and, as they thought, necessary precautions for which Standish was responsible. After two months of anxiety, during which they sometimes saw great smokes of Indian fires, but never an Indian, it happened at the end of February, that "Captain Myles Standish and Francis Cooke being at work in the woods, coming home left their tools behind them, but before they returned they were taken away by the savages." The next day, "in the morning," says the record in Mourt's Relation, "we called a meeting for the establishing of military orders among ourselves; and we chose Myles Standish our captain, and gave him authority of command in affairs. And as we were in consultation hereabouts, two savages presented themselves upon the top of a hill, over against our

plantation, about a quarter of a mile and less, and made signs unto us to come unto them; we likewise made signs unto them to come unto us. Whereupon we armed ourselves and made ready, and sent two over the brook towards them, to wit, Captain Standish and Steven Hopkins, who went towards them. Only one of them had a musket, which they laid down on the ground in their sight, in sign of peace and to parley with them. But the savages would not tarry their coming. A noise of a great many more was heard behind the hill, but no more came in sight. This led us to plant our great ordnance in places most convenient." (Mourt's Relation, Arbor, p. 449).

Meanwhile, in January and February, of the company of settlers, half had died. "In ye depth of winter, and wanting houses and other comforts, being infected with scurvie and other diseases, which their long voiage and their inacomodate condition had brought upon them," they died, "sometimes two or three of a day." On the 5th of February, Rose Standish died. "Scarce fifty remained," says Bradford, "and of these in ye time of most distress there was but six or seven sound persons, who, to their great comendations be it spoken, spared no pains, night nor day, but with abundance of toyle and hazard of their own health, fetched them wood, made them fires, dressed them meat, made their beds, washed their lothesome cloths . . . . . and all this willingly and cheerfully, without any grudging in the least, showing herein their true love unto their friends and brethren." "Two of these seven were Mr. William Brewster, their reverend Elder,

and Myles Standish, their Captain and military comander." (Bradford, p. 111).

In this forlorn condition was the settlement, many dead and most of the others sick, the sea before them and the menacing forest behind, when on the Friday morning of a "fair, warm day" in March, there came in boldly "all alone and along the houses," a naked savage, crying "Welcome!" Samoset was himself but a visitor in these parts, being from Maine, where he had learned some English from the fishermen; he was able, however, to give much information. He explained the hostility shown to Standish in the First Encounter by the fact that Captain Hunt, an English shipmaster, had stolen twenty-seven men from those shores and carried them to Spain to sell as slaves. He said that one of these captives, named Squanto, had got to England, where he had lived in London for some years with a merchant in Cornhill, and had finally made his way home. And he told the story of the Great Plague. Standish learned that they who had been feared as enemies, against whom he had established on the hill his Minion and his Saker, and his Bases—stout cannon all—were themselves vanquished, broken and almost exterminated by pestilence. Presently, Samoset brought Squanto; and Samoset and Squanto procured a conference between the Pilgrims and Massasoit, their nearest neighbor.

Massasoit had prudently prepared himself for the interview by getting "all the Powacks of ye countrie, for three days together, in a horid and divellish maner to curse and execrate them with their conjurations, which assembly and service they held in a

darke and dismall swampe." (Bradford, p. 119). He now came forward, Captain Standish and Master Allerton meeting him at the brook, with half a dozen musketeers. He was conducted to a house then in building, where were placed a green rug and three or four cushions. The Indian king and the Puritan governor kissed each others' hands. Then "the governor called for some strong water and drunk to him; and he drunk a great draught, that made him sweat all the time after." (Mourt's Relation, Arbor, p. 457). So they made a treaty of peace, assuring Massasoit that so long as he kept it "King James would esteem of him as his friend and ally." The next day Standish and Allerton "venturously" returned the Indian's visit, and were regaled with ground-nuts and tobacco.

In spite of this polite beginning, the Pilgrims never got on well with the Indians. The contrast, in this particular, between the two colonies founded by religious persons and for religious purposes—Plymouth and Pennsylvania—is very marked. William Penn lands upon the site of Philadelphia and finds a company of Indians. They receive him cheerfully, give him food, and entertain him with games, skipping and jumping. Penn skips and jumps with them, and they are all fraternally merry together. Myles Standish lands on Cape Cod, forms his men in single file, all in armor and carrying guns, and presently the Indians raise a great cry and come upon them with arrows. Penn had no gun. The only man harmed by the Indians of Pennsylvania during a long course of years was one who owned a gun. The Pilgrims came out with a full



THE STANDISH HOUSE, DUXBURY

equipment not only of muskets but of cannon. This was probably due to Standish's counsel; he looked after the munitions of war. It is possible that if Standish had not been of the company, and the settlers had come as peaceable and friendly folk, they might have established the same relations with their savage neighbors as prevailed in Pennsylvania.

On the other hand, it appears that a hostile feeling had preceded the settlement of Plymouth. The Indians of those parts had already learned to esteem white men as enemies. They had a tradition that the great plague came from a Frenchman's curse. They remembered Hunt, the kidnapper. It is likely that had it not been for Captain Standish, the Pilgrims, landing under such conditions, among Indians of a more savage temper than those of Pennsylvania, and justly enraged,

would have been summarily cut off. As it was, they had several narrow escapes. So that it may fairly be said that Standish saved the colony. Without him it might have met the fate of other, worse defended, settlements.

The Plymouth people had now three valuable Indian friends—Massasoit, the sachem; Squanto, the interpreter; and Hobamack, one of Massasoit's warriors, a man of might. Squanto and Hobamack became accepted members of the settlement. They cast in their lot with the white men. They were very jealous, the one of the other; and Squanto, by a childish trick, which was meant to show that he was the best friend of the white men, came near to getting the settlers into serious trouble with Massasoit. But they were faithful friends, both of them, and even their jealousy was turned to account by taking Squanto into Governor



Bradford's house, and Hobamack into Captain Standish's, at which convenient distance they competed which should do the colony most good. Squanto taught the settlers how to fish and plant, and served as guide and adviser. He materially assisted Standish's defensive measures by informing the Indians that the English had the plague buried in a pot under the ground, whence they were likely to bring it on the least provocation.

In August, 1621, Corbitant, one of the neighbors of Massasoit, having refused to sign the treaty of peace, seized Squanto, saying that now the English had lost their tongue. Standish felt that hesitation, or even forbearance, would now be fatal. Straight he marched with fourteen men into Corbitant's town, beset the chief's house, and without serious bloodshed brought back the interpreter in safety.

In September, with nine men of Plymouth, and Squanto for pilot, Standish sailed up into Boston Bay. They spent a night in their open boat in the lee of Thompson's Island, and in the morning landed on the peninsula, whose name of Squantum preserves the memory of their friend. The event is commemorated by a monument bearing the inscription:

CAPTAIN MYLES STANDISH,  
With his men, guided by the  
Indian Squanto, landed here  
September 30, 1621.

Here they found a pile of lobsters, freshly caught, on which they made their breakfast, paying for them, according to their honest custom, when they met the owners. Presently, they found the "governor," named Obbatinewat, who lived, as they ex-

pressed it, "in the bottom of the Massachusetts Bay." Obbatinewat, who was much afraid of his visitors, told them how he lived in terror not only of the Tarratines, a savage people dwelling to the north, but of the Squaw Sachem, a lady of the immediate neighborhood, who was continually attacking him. The Pilgrims looked about the country, crossing over to what is now Charlestown, and marching inland to what is now Medford and Winchester. Every camp was abandoned upon their approach. All the warriors hid themselves in the woods. The great plague had not only broken their strength, but had destroyed their nerve. They had no spirit left. The visitors found many squaws, but missed the Massachusetts Queen. They came away with two impressions of Boston: First, that it was inhabited mainly by women; and, secondly, that it was the most beautiful place which they had found in all their travels. So they returned to Plymouth, with a fair wind and a light moon. (*Mourt's Relation*, Arbor, pp. 483-487).

In December, the Narragansetts of Rhode Island, the most formidable of their neighbors, sent a messenger with a bundle of arrows lapped in a rattlesnake's skin. Standish detained the messenger until they should learn what these symbols meant. When it was found that they threatened war, the men of Plymouth stuffed the skin with powder and shot, and returned polite regrets to the Narragansetts that the English had no suitable boats in which to make them a visit, adding that if the Narragansetts cared to come and make the first call themselves they might be sure of a warm reception. The Narragansetts sent back the pow-

der and shot, and did not come. But the Pilgrims, knowing how much stouter their defiance was than their defence, set a strong line of palings about the settlement, with gates to lock at night, and Captain Standish divided the men into four companies, and summoned a "general muster." (Winslow's *Good News from New England*, Arbor, pp. 517-520).

The most serious peril came, however, from another direction. Myles Standish, after the "first encounter," fought but a single battle with the Indians. Even that was no battle, in the sense of a contention between considerable companies of men, but a sharp and sudden fight, hand-to-hand. And it was fought in the neighborhood of what is now Boston.

In the summer of 1622, Master Weston, a money-making person, of London, who had been concerned in the sailing of the *Mayflower*, established a colony at Wessagusset, near the present Weymouth. It was a trading venture, and the colonists were most of them "rude fellows," as Weston himself called them: "stout knaves," was the name which Master Morton called them, being an associate with them.

Food was very scarce both at Wessagusset and at Plymouth; and this scarcity the new colonists increased by foolishly paying the Indians as much for a quart of corn as the Plymouth people were wont to pay for a skin of beaver. The two settlements sent out a joint expedition that fall in search of food; Standish being in command, and Squanto acting as interpreter. The weather was very bad, and the boat was several times forced back into port. Standish fell sick of a fever,

and gave up the command to Bradford.

Presently at Chatham, on the back side of Cape Cod, Squanto was suddenly taken sick and died. At last, having secured some corn, Bradford and his party left the Wessagusset people to bring the food to port, and walked home, fifty miles, preferring that to the company of their neighbors. Even then, the supply was not sufficient, and there was hunger in both colonies.

Under these hard circumstances, the men of the new colony so conducted themselves as to cause the Indians to lose both fear and respect of them. In their straits, they sold the Indians their clothes and bed-coverings. "Others (so base were they) became servants to the Indians, and would cutt them woode and fetch them water for a cup full of corne; others fell to plaine stealing, both night and day, from ye Indians, of which they greivously complained." (Bradford, p. 157). Thus the Indians began not only to hate but to despise them. They daily insulted the planters. "Yea, in ye end," says Bradford, "they were faine to hang one of their men, whom they could not reclaim from stealing, to give ye Indians contente." Master Morton, in his *New English Canaan*, says that they put the stout thief's clothes upon another of their company who was sick and not likely to live, and hanged the sick man in the well man's place. (N. E. Canaan III., ch. IV). It is the story which Butler tells in *Hudibras*:

"Our Brethren of New England use  
Choice malefactors to excuse,  
And hang the Guiltless in their stead,  
Of whom the churches have less need;  
As lately, happened: In a town  
There lived a cobbler, and but one

That out of Doctrine could cut Use,  
 And mend men's lives as well as shoes.  
 This precious Brother having slain,  
 In times of peace, an Indian,  
 (Not out of malice, but mere zeal,  
 Because he was an Infidel)  
 The mighty Tottipotymoy  
 Sent to our Elders an envoy,  
 Complaining sorely of the breach  
 Of league held forth by Brother Patch,  
 Against the articles in force  
 Between both churches, his and ours,  
 For which he craved the Saints to render  
 Into his hands, or hang th' Offender;  
 But they maturely having weigh'd  
 They had no more than him o' the' trade,  
 (A man that served them in a double  
 Capacity to teach and cobble),  
 Resolved to spare him; yet to do  
 The Indian Hohan Moghan too  
 Impartial justice, in his stead did  
 Hang an old Weaver that was bed-rid."

*Canto II., lines 409-436.*

The right man was hanged, but even this did not give "ye Indians contente." They made a plot to exterminate the white men. Few in number themselves, they sent messengers to the Narragansetts, to the Cape Cod tribes, and, in short, to all their neighbors in the forest, and arranged for a general massacre. It was such a plan as had destroyed, a year before, a colony much larger and stronger in Virginia. Winslow went to see Massasoit, who was sick, and either by application of simple remedies or by turning out the native doctors with their tom-toms, recovered him to health; and Massasoit disclosed the plot.

Standish, at the same time, went on another expedition to Cape Cod for corn, and met with a cold reception from Indians who had before been friendly. He found Witumat there, a Massachusetts Indian, who flourished a knife, and made a wild speech, insulting the Captain. That night, one of the savages insisted on sleeping in

Standish's lodging, making great protestations of friendship. The night was bitterly cold, and partly by reason of the weather, partly from anxiety and suspicion, the Captain took no rest, "but either walked or turned himself to and fro at the fire." The Indian asked him why he did not sleep, and he answered that "he knew not well; but he had no desire at all to rest." So the perilous night passed. (Good News, Arbor, p. 546).

No sooner had Winslow and Standish returned with these ill tidings than Phineas Pratt suddenly appeared from Wessagusset, covered with snow, fainting with fear, hunger and weariness and pursued by Indians. He brought information that the plot was on the eve of execution.

Standish took eight men with him and proceeded straight to the heart of the peril. Nobody in the colony knew the Indians as he did. Winslow says that he could understand their language better than any of the others. He knew that under the circumstances conciliation would be impossible. It was a hard case. The Indians had a good deal of right on their side. A company of vagabonds gathered from the corners of London streets made most unpleasant neighbors, whom even the Pilgrims could not endure. It was natural enough that the Indians should resolve to get rid of them, and natural enough also that they should fail to make a fine discrimination, and should include all the people of pale face under one ban. On the other hand, the lives of the Plymouth settlers were at stake, and the great cause for which they stood was in peril. Standish saw clearly that there was but one way out, and he took that way.





MYLES STANDISH MONUMENT

Being arrived at the stockade, at Wessagusset, the captain found the colonists weak and frightened and the Indians bold and insulting. Wituamet showed a sharp knife, having a woman's face pictured on the handle. "I have another at home," he said,

wherewith I have killed both French and English, and that hath a man's face on it; and by-and-by those two must marry." Pecksuot, also, a man of great size, taunted Standish on his short stature.

The next day, being the sixth of April, 1623, they came again, these braves and a few others, the leaders and inspirers of the plot. They were allowed to enter the block-house. Suddenly, Standish gave a signal, and upon the instant leaped on Pecksuot, seized the knife which hung at his neck and stabbed him with it. Each of his four or five companions attacked another savage. The door was fastened and for a few tragic moments, without groan or cry, the struggle went on. When the door was opened, the men who were the heart and hands of the conspiracy were all dead. On the day after, there was a brief skirmish in which Hobamack put the remaining warriors to flight.

When Pastor Robinson in Leydon heard of this encounter he was much grieved thereat, and besought the church to consider the disposition of their captain, who was of a warm temper, adding also, in words applicable to other campaigns of nearer date, "O how happy a thing had it been that you had converted some before you killed any." There is no doubt, however, but that Standish, by thus taking the lives of a few, saved the lives of many, both Englishmen and Indians. It was the only blood which the Captain shed. Thereafter his name alone was as terrible as an army with banners.

One of the original settlers at Wessagusset was Thomas Morton. Morton was a London lawyer, an ardent

sportsman and lover of nature. Massachusetts delighted him. Its "many goodly groves of trees, dainty, fine, round, rising hillocks, delicate, fair, large plains, sweet crystal fountains, and clear running streams," with fruit and flowers and "lilies of the Daphnean tree," made the land seem to him like Paradise. He returned to England before winter came to change his mind, and before the Wessagusset people entered into their misfortunes. Presently, Captain Wollaston, fitting out an expedition, Morton came back with it; and after some months, Wollaston and most of his party having moved to Virginia, Morton put himself at the head of the half-dozen who remained.

The settlers established themselves at Passonagessit, within the limits of the present city of Quincy. There they built their house on the summit of one of those gentle hills which Morton liked so much, looking out over Boston Bay. They had two purposes; one was to trade with the Indians for skins, the other was to have as good a time as was possible under the circumstances. Their pursuit of these purposes made them excessively obnoxious to all their prudent and serious English neighbors. Morton, indeed, with his boisterous ideas of pleasure and his frank dislike of Puritans, represented everything that was objectionable in politics, in religion and in manners. Bradford says that he "became lord of misrule and maintained (as it were) a school of Atheism" (p. 285). Mr. Fiske, in his *Beginnings of New England*, suggests that the accusation of atheism was "based upon the fact that he used the Book of Common Prayer" (p. 91). That Morton

used the Prayer Book, he himself asserts. "Mine host," he says, meaning himself, "was a man that endeavored to advance the dignity of the Church of England, which they (on the contrary part) would labour to vilifie with uncivile terms: conveying against the sacred Booke of Common Prayer and mine host that used it in a laudable manner amongst his family, as a practise of piety." Mr. Charles Francis Adams, in his *Three Episodes of Massachusetts History*, thinks it likely that Morton somewhat exaggerated his churchmanship in order to get the favor of Laud in the troubles which he presently had with the Puritans. The combination of fervent piety with Morton's marked devotion to "barrells of beare" and "lassies in beaver coats" is to say the least improbable. And the spectacle of Master Morton reading the Morning Prayer with his companions at Merrymount passes imagination. There is at least no doubt but that in his trading with the Indians, he sold them guns and ammunition. That, of itself, made him a mischievous citizen. Every colonist's life was endangered.

On a May-day of 1627, the men of Merrymount set up a may-pole. "We brewed a barrell of excellent beare," says the chief offender, telling his own story, "and provided a case of bottles, to be spent, with other good cheare, for all comers of that day." And we "brought the Maypole to the place appointed with drummes, gunnes, pistols and other fitting instruments for that purpose; and there erected it with the help of salvages, that came thether of purpose to see the manner of our Revels." (*New English Canaan*, p. 276). So they danced about it, the white men

and the braves and the lassies in beaver coats, and were as merry as the day was long.

This the "precise separatists that lived at New Plymouth" found a "lamentable spectacle." Twice they wrote to Morton, but he answered with high words. The situation became so serious that all the settlers up and down the neighboring coasts were concerned. If the Merrymount proceedings continued, the residence of decent people in those parts would become impossible. Finally Myles Standish was sent out to arrest the offending household. He took eight men with him—a number which he seems to have preferred in the face of danger or difficulty—and laid hold on Morton as he was on a visit to Wessagusset. But in the night Morton got away. They had him sleeping between guards; but the guards slept sounder than he did. Suddenly a door slammed and they awoke to find him gone. "The word," he says, "which was given with an alarme, was—O, he's gon!—he's gon! What shall wee doe, he's gon!—the rest (halfe a sleepe) start up in a maze, and, like rams, ran their heads one at another full butt in the darke. Their grand leader, Captain Shrimp, took on most furiously, and tore his clothes for anger to see the empty nest and their bird gone. The rest were eager to have torne their haire from their heads; but it was so short, that it would give them no hold."

Standish and his men started in pursuit, and found Morton and two companions entrenched at Merrymount, well armed with guns but too drunk to use them. Thus they were captured, and brought down to Plymouth; whence Morton was presently shipped

to England, where he wrote his *New English Canaan* and in various ways, at the court of Charles I., did what he could to make trouble for the colony.

Meanwhile, the captain had comforted himself in his hardships and responsibilities by a second marriage.

The earliest account which I can find of the romantic tradition which is associated with Standish's memory is in the Rev. Timothy Alden's collection of *American Epitaphs* (1814, Pentacle I., Vol. III., page 265). Mr. Alden says that he had the story from those to whom it had been carefully handed down. "In a very short time after the decease of Mrs. Standish, the Captain was led to think that if he could obtain Miss Priscilla Mullins, a daughter of Mr. William Mullins, the breach in his family would be happily repaired. He therefore, according to the custom of those times, sent to ask Mr. Mullins' permission to visit his daughter. John Alden, the messenger, went and faithfully communicated the wishes of the captain. The old gentleman did not object, as he might have done, on account of the recency of Captain Standish's bereavement. He said that it was perfectly agreeable to him, but the young lady must also be consulted. The damsel was then called into the room, and John Alden, who is said to have been a man of most excellent form, with a fair and ruddy complexion, arose, and in a very courteous and prepossessing manner, delivered his errand. Miss Mullins listened with respectful attention, and at last, after a considerable pause, fixing her eyes upon him, said: "Prithee, John, why do you not speak for yourself?"

The captain's second wife was Bar-



bara, whose other name is unknown, a passenger by the *Ann*. Presently, he settled on his land at Duxbury, having the Captain's Hill in the middle of his farm, now crowned by his tall monument. Here he built him a house, wherein he lived to the end of his days. Here he gathered his children about him, his six boys—Alexander, Charles, John, Myles, Josiah and a second Charles (Standishes of America, p. 7), and his daughter, Lora. The little daughter's sampler is in Pilgrim Hall in Plymouth,—

"Lora Standish is my name.

Lord, guide my heart that I may do thy will;

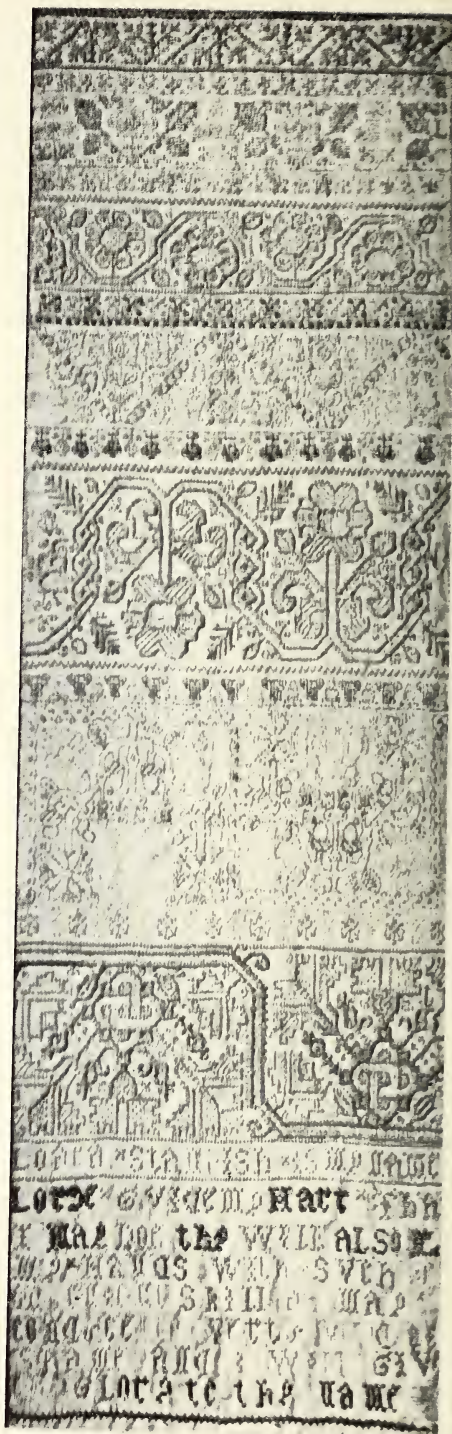
Also fill my hands with such convenient skill

As will conduce to virtue void of shame,  
And I will give the glory to thy name."

Alexander Standish married Sarah Alden, daughter of John and Priscilla.

The captain continued all his life in the military command of the colony. Once he went to fight the French, who had interfered with the Plymouth trade on the Penobscot river, but it was a fruitless expedition. Again, he prepared to fight the Dutch, when there was war between England and Holland in 1652, but peace was declared before colonial hostilities began. The Narragansetts raised a force to attack the settlements, and the captain led the Plymouth company, which marched with the men of Massachusetts, Connecticut and New Haven to meet them; but the Indians did not fight.

Standish took part also in the civil affairs of the colony. For twenty years he was one of the governor's assistants. Once he went, as agent of the plantation, to England, where he be-





GRAVE OF MYLES STANDISH

gan the negotiations by which later he and seven others bought out all the interests of the Merchant Adventurers in the Plymouth Colony for £1,800. The year, however, was a bad one. Even within sight of England, the companion to Standish's ship was captured by the Turks, and passengers and crew sold into slavery. Affairs of state were in disorder, and the plague was in possession of London. It was no time to do business, and Standish returned, having borrowed £150 at 50 per cent. interest.

Lowell, in his "Interview with Miles Standish," sits before the fire at twilight looking reflectively upon a chair beside him, which had been conveyed to these shores in the good ship Mayflower.

"It came out in that famous bark  
That brought our sires intrepid.  
Capacious as another ark  
For furniture decrepit."

And as the logs burn low, and the

poet's thoughts go back to those old days which we have been considering, behold the chair is occupied; he sees

"— its trembling arms enclose

A figure grim and rusty,

Whose doublet plain and plainer hose,

Were somewhat worn and dusty."

and he wonders who his guest may be.

"Just then the ghost drew up his chair

And said 'My name is Standish.'"

Whereupon ensues a sturdy conversation, in which the captain speaks his mind on the subject of compromise with slavery.

Thus he sat in his declining days, looking out over the green country which his strong arm had helped to win, reading his Homer's Iliad with an appreciation which in these gentler days we miss, consulting now his "Country Farmer," and now his "Position's Practice," according to the emergency, bucolic or domestic, studying his "History of the World," in whose continuing chapters he should



have a place ; and on Sundays refreshing his soul with Borroughs' "Gospel Conversation" and the martial psalms of David.

There is a touch of tenderness in the words of the old man's will, which seems for a moment to be foreign to the grim spirit of him who stabbed Pecksuot, and nailed the head of Wituwamat to the wall of the meeting-house. But the captain had a warm heart, ever. He loved his friends with an enduring and solicitous affection. We may not forget his faithful nursing in the first tragic winter. He desires that his body may be laid "as

near as conveniently may be to his two dear daughters, Lora his daughter, and Mary, his daughter-in-law. He commends his dear and loving wife, Barbara Standish, to the Christian counsel and advice of his dear friends, Mr. Timothy Ratherly and Captain James Cudworth. "Further, my will is that Marcye Robenson, whom I tenderly love for her grandfather's sake, shall have three Pounds."

So he died, on the 3rd day of October, 1656, with the regard of all who knew him, having rendered inestimable service to the cause of religion, of freedom and of humanity.

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## Remote

By Charles Hanson Towne

SOMEWHERE, perchance, there is a love  
 That one day I may gain;  
 But oh, it is so very far  
 Through darkness and the rain!

And yet more distant than the dream  
 Of joy that still may be,  
 Is that old love gone softly down  
 The aisles of Memory!



# The Story of a New England Canal

By Helena Smith

WHAT a striking contrast to present day facilities for flying over the continent at a mile a minute was that easy-going, picturesque institution, the canal boat! Yet it is less than 60 years ago and in the memory of many a New England resident now scarcely past middle life, that "liners" were creeping through New England towns between cool green banks, the rival of the stage coach for passenger trade, "Hobson's choice" for freight. Although in various parts of the United States the canal is yet a useful beast of burden, it outgrew its usefulness in New England, even for commercial purposes, upon the advent of the railroad and is to-day only a memory, but a very interesting one, nevertheless. For some time the waterways had been merely tolerated, and it was with lively satisfaction that even the most rigorous preserver of antiquities saw the canal relegated to the past, along with spinning wheels, samplers and knockers.

The American people "took" to rapid transit like a duck to water. Traveling has become a national mania, and, not content with lightning expresses, trolley lines, third-rail systems, automobiles, motor cycles, ocean greyhounds and balloons, the horizon of the inventive world is being eagerly scanned for the flying machine, long expected and doubtless what the future holds in the line of improved transportation.

The first canal project said to have been undertaken in the United States was started at South Hadley, Massachusetts, in 1792. Before it was completed, lack of funds threatened to put a stop to the ambitious venture and an agent was sent to Holland, in those days the home of the world's Morgans and Rockefellers, and with the assistance of the Dutch capitalists the work was carried through. This canal's history seems to have been one of vicissitude and after a career in which floods, improvements and lawsuits figured prominently, it was ultimately taken in the early fifties for manufacturing purposes. Other canals of lesser importance were the one at Turner's Falls, Massachusetts, finished in 1797, and the one at Enfield, Massachusetts, completed early in the next century.

The great canal of New England, however, was the one running through Massachusetts and Connecticut, and the subject of this article. It was incorporated as "The Hampshire and Hampden Canal Company," by an act passed February 4, 1823, and its course was between New Haven and Northampton. In Hampshire County, starting at Northampton, it passed through Easthampton and Southampton; in Hampden County through Westfield and Southwick; in Connecticut through Granby, Simsbury, Southington and Farmington to New Haven. Its total length was about 100 miles. At first the stockholders

of each State formed a distinct company, though the scheme originated in New Haven and it was chiefly Connecticut capital that built it. The object was undoubtedly to increase the importance of New Haven as a commercial center and to bring into it the trade of the rich farming country along the way. The farmers, on the other hand, were glad of a market for their produce and added cheerfully their modest mite to the enterprise, agitated in the interest of New Haven. That city had long watched jealously the swift strides made by its rival, Hartford, whose wealth had been rapidly increased by the navigation of the Connecticut River. It was expected the new canal would do as much for New Haven, and when the work was completed in 1834, at a cost of nearly \$2,000,000, about \$500,000 of which was furnished by the Massachusetts company, the two states met in a great celebration.

What a day that was when the first "through" trip was made! It has been handed down as the greatest event in the history of many of the towns along the route. When, since, have some of the little hamlets and minor "stopping places" seen so much gaiety and magnificence as on that summer day sixty-seven years ago, when the first boat came up the canal from New Haven? On board was a merry band of over two hundred men and women, including the governors of the two states. As the boat, drawn by four horses, jogging along the tow-path swept into view, there would be wild excitement on the wharf where the entire population of a town had gathered in gala attire "to watch the boat come in." The shrill

blast of the boat's horn would be answered by a salute from a small cannon, then the band on board would strike up a lively air awakening the echoes and eliciting the wildest cheers from the admiring throng on the dock. The packet, gay with the bright gowns of the women, remained at each stopping place long enough for the horses to be exchanged for fresh ones and a few pleasantries to be passed between the townspeople and those on board. One enthusiastic farmer's wife had even made doughnuts to pass around, for as she said, "Who knows but what those folks will be hungry as bears?" As the story goes, when the objects of her kind forethought arrived, she was so overcome by the splendor of the boat and its occupants that she had not the courage to tender her offering in person. A small boy was induced to carry the basket down to the boat and he actually sold the poor woman's little gift at so much apiece and calmly pocketed the proceeds! At Westfield the party dined at the principal "tavern" at about 4 o'clock and after this they pushed on to Northampton, reaching there at midnight.

The novelty of the enterprise carried it through a fairly prosperous summer, then with the closing of the canal for the winter, its limitations became apparent. The profits made in its butterfly season were eaten up by the damages wrought during the severe New England winter. At other times the water was continually breaking through the sides, causing floods more or less disastrous to property along the banks. These occasions became as popular as fires, everyone turning out to watch the mud boat, laden with mud and straw, start for

the scene of the trouble to repair the gap. Repairs and indemnity for losses to property made deep inroads into the finances of the company. At Westfield, in the early spring of 1839, the ice became lodged between the stone piers of a bridge placed too near together, stopping up the canal and producing a flood of alarming proportions. Something was always wrong with that canal. Had it been a modern enterprise it doubtless would be spoken of in popular parlance as being "hoodooed." But the decline was steady, and those who had invested their modest savings in the unfortunate waterway began to gnash their teeth. Many a farmer, convinced that this would prove a certain road to wealth, had put "all his apples into one basket" and lost. When the affairs of the Hampshire and Hampden company were at the lowest ebb a new company purchased the entire line for \$300,000. This company was chartered by the Legislatures of Massachusetts and Connecticut in 1836 and was called "The New Haven and Northampton Canal Company." For five years the new company struggled along, barely managing to exist. There is an anecdote concerning the only dividends which it is claimed were ever paid holders of stock in this "Jonah," to the effect that once the grass along the banks was cut and sold and the profits divided among the stockholders of the canal.

There always have been, and always will be, found persons who seem to be confident of their own ability to carry hopeless failures through to a glorious triumph, and who throw themselves and their money into a lost cause, preferring to purchase their own experi-

ence rather than to be under any obligations to another for it. Several of this species came to the rescue of the canal in 1841 and with increased funds another lease of life was given the enterprise at the expense of the new stockholders. To show their good intentions, the following rather remarkable advertisement appeared in the newspapers of that date:

#### NEW HAVEN AND NORTHAMPTON CANAL.

"This canal commences at the tide waters at New Haven and runs through Hampden, Cheshire, Southington, Farmington, Simsbury, Southwick and Westfield to Northampton, and there enters the Connecticut river, and in length is about 100 miles, and in main is well built, and cost nearly two million of dollars, and is a valuable public work. Heretofore, owing to difficulties which it is not necessary here to state, this canal has been much of the time out of repair and unnavigable. Lately a large majority of the stock has changed owners, and is now in the hands of a Company who are determined to sustain the Canal and keep it in good navigable condition. They have had men at work all winter, deepening the levels that required it; and immediately after the late destructive flood, placed a competent force at each point, where damage had been done, to repair it. The Canal will be ready to fill, and be navigable as soon as the frost is so far out of the ground as to render it sure, which it is hoped and believed, will be as early as the first or second week in April. The towns through which this Canal passes and the country West and North, and up the Valley of the Connecticut, above Northampton will find this an expeditious, cheap, safe and certain channel of communication with New Haven and New York, and the Canal Company confidently believe they will find it for their interest to resort to it; and that the Canal can be made to support itself. They assure the Public that the Canal will be kept in repair and in a good navigable condition, and all they ask, is, that the business which can be done as well, or better, upon the



Canal than elsewhere, should be done there and that this, which is but a fair proportion of the public patronage will sustain the Canal. It remains for the public to decide whether this attempt to sustain this important public work shall succeed or not.

THE CANAL COMPANY,  
By their Agent and Engineer,  
HENRY FARNAM.

March 17, 1841.

P. S. It is expected that a Freight Steam Boat will commence her trips early in April, between New Haven and New York, which will take charge of all freight to or from the Canal, as may be requested.

There is something pathetic in this appeal for public confidence and patronage. It was the death struggle of an enterprise, planned and executed with dazzling prospects, but doomed to be a colossal failure. Another "ad," quoted below, would seem to indicate that an effort was even made to propitiate the gods, inasmuch as the new packets were named in their honor. But possibly Mars, Venus, Ceres and Flora decided not to get mixed up in an undertaking so dubious.

#### CANAL NOTICE.

Having purchased the Canal Boats Flora and Venus, and Captain Whiting having purchased the Boats Ceres and Mars, the Public are informed that they will commence their regular trips between New Haven and Northampton for freight as soon as the opening of the Canal for the season. The above Boats having been put in complete order, and the Canal Company being determined to keep the Canal in navigable condition, one of the above Boats will leave New Haven about the 15th or 20th of April and be followed by the others so as to form a regular line and the Public may be assured that any freight up or down will not be detained for the want of a regular conveyance. The low price charged per Ton for freight heretofore, will be adhered to, with the exception of the article of cheese, which will be taken lower than other freight. The same rule established for the payment of freight which has been cash on

delivery of goods, will be continued. There will be no charge for storage of freight either at New Haven or Westfield.

LYMAN LEWIS.

March 31st, 1841.

These canal boats, that now awaken our smiles, were very elaborate affairs for those days. The cabins were furnished luxuriously and frequently a band of music was added to the attractions of the boat to beguile the time, which in canal travelling was apt to drag. The singing of the boatmen was ever a diversion, as their deep, hearty voices made the echoes ring. The crew were good natured, irresponsible men, typical of the droning, lazy life they followed. Each boat was supplied with a steersman, a bowsman and a driver, the last riding on one of the horses on the tow-path. Their attitude toward life was expressed in the opening lines of one of their favorite doggerels:

"The boatmen laugh, and the boatmen sing.  
The boatmen are up to everything!"

Even the horses had an easy time, being changed every ten miles, to say nothing of the long waits at the locks, for it took a half hour to pass one of these obstacles. They were built either of timber or stone and made to assist boats up or down a grade. A lock resembled two gigantic stairs, one on the upper and one on the lower level of the canal, and when a boat wished to pass, the water was let in through a gate and gradually rose until the boat glided easily into the lock. Then it began to sink until the boat was let down to the second level. Toll was collected at a lock, varying according to the cargo, etc. Locks were numerous between New Haven and Northampton, and stops and "rests" correspondingly frequent.

Another unique feature of the journey was the floating bridge at Congamond Lakes in Southwick, which according to all descriptions must have been a most "wobbly" structure, lying flat across the surface of one end of the pond, anchored at either end and not unlike a long raft. The continuation of the tow-path being on the opposite shore, the horses crossed this bridge to reach it. There were drawbridges galore, raised up by a crank to allow the boats to pass. What an excellent excuse these affairs afforded the laggard young scholars arriving late at the village school! It was only necessary to say: "Please, ma'am, the bridge was up and I couldn't get across." It was equal to a merry-go-round, to get on the bridge and hang on while it went up, though many a child on its first trip became scared into hysterics, but when one became used to the experience it was great fun. In connection with the burning of a drawbridge near Westfield, there is an amusing story told. The bridge, since the abandonment of the canal, had become an eye-sore, and a new one was being agitated. A man going for a doctor in the night found the old bridge on fire. His one thought was to get back before it became impassable. The feat was accomplished and when asked by the doctor if an alarm ought to be given, the man replied: "No let it burn." So passed a relic of the canal days. Another variety of bridge, adapted to the passage of boats, was the arch-bridge. It was the custom for the

boatmen to shout "High bridge" when one of these was approached, and thereupon the passengers would scurry from the deck down into the boat, or at least to one end, as the boat rounded up in the center. A peculiar accident happened once when a woman passenger remained on deck despite the warning cry. The boat passed under the bridge, but the woman was knocked down and one ear torn off. Going through the locks was another performance that required vigilance to avoid disaster. The boat would go jamming against the stone sides and woe to the passenger who put a head out of a window. One who took a journey on the canal recalls an old woman who was leaning over the side of the boat, and had she not been dragged back by main force, her brains would have been dashed out, for almost instantly the boat struck the stony side. Her gratitude for her deliverance was not unalloyed, however, for in the rescue her snuff-box had dropped into the water!

Those days have passed; the crude blast of the boat horn is replaced by the shrill shriek of the train whistle and the glistening rails of the New Haven and Northampton Railroad almost parallel to the defunct old watercourse, finally abandoned in 1847. Its way can now be traced with difficulty; in places it is utterly effaced, while in others it lies across the green surface of the fields like a scar, all that remains of an enterprise great in its day, but inadequate to the growing demands of a progressive community.

# New England Ship Canals

By Alexander Hume Ford



A "WHALEBACK"

THE dawn of the twentieth century finds the world, after more than fifty years' toying with the railroad, returning to early principles of transportation, seemingly with every likelihood of becoming once more as "canal" mad as in the days when George Washington followed the Potomac from Richmond to the mountains of Pennsylvania, surveying the route of a waterway he wished his people to build from the ocean to the Lakes; to-day, nearly every civilized nation is again either planning or building great inland artificial waterways, some of which are to be hundreds of miles in length and deep enough to float the largest vessels that ply the waters of the ocean.

Nor is America permitting any

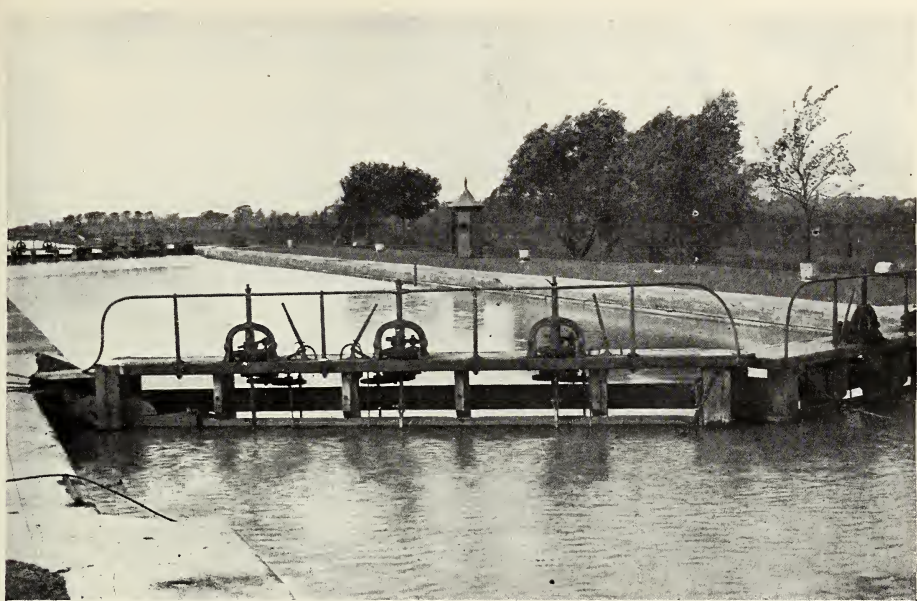
country to outdo her in the magnitude of these projected plans for connecting inland cities, one with another, and all with the ocean, by means of artificial channels of ample depth. In fact, much preliminary work has already been accomplished by her in this direction, so much, indeed, that it seems strange to many that active industrial New England remains the single section of America totally devoid of canals, and Boston, which should by rights be at the head of our entire inland system of waterways, is the only great American city that holds aloof and is not

situated on any body of water tributary thereto.

And yet the canals of New England are not so conspicuous by their absence as by the fact that they have been transformed into railway beds, aqueducts, sewers, fish propagating lakes, and mill ponds. In other cities abandoned canals have remained idle, often an eyesore and nuisance to the surrounding country. The uses New England has made of her abandoned canals, however, are but typical of the industry and ingenuity of her people.

With the dawning of the railroad era, canal building in New England began to wane. Charters secured for canals were altered to permit surveys for railroads, old canals were purchased because rails could be laid in





A LOCK ON THE WELAND CANAL

their beds without further grading, while new canals were built only to bring water to a factory town for turning the mill wheels, and when the railroads began bringing coal at reduced rates, even these artificial waterways were often abandoned; so that by the middle of the last century, canals, as such, had ceased to exist in New England. The entire capital and energy of the people seemed diverted to the building of railways and factory towns.

To-day, in other parts of America the still existing diminutive barge canals, built by our forefathers, having long since ceased to compete with the ever up-to-date railway are either falling into total disuse, or marked for reconstruction on a scale so gigantic that the carrying out of the plans outlined taxes the confidence of not a few even of our most advanced engineers.

Canada, however, has given us a practical demonstration of what can be done, by completing a system of

ship canals around the rapids of the St. Lawrence, thus enabling Chicago and other Great Lake cities to become equal to seaports, and to place in commission trans-Atlantic lines of steamers, which is naturally arousing every great city of America to a sense of neglected opportunities, with the result that Congress is being deluged with demands for the building of various ship canals, each of which is to form some link in the great (to be perfected) inland waterway system of America. But it was not until the building of the Suez Canal in Egypt that either Canada or America seemed to realize that their canals had fallen behind, because still equipped with barges designed to ply the kind of artificial waterways George Washington had helped to build, before the two countries became separated, and he famous for other services to the colonies; while the railways were constantly increasing the



THE RIDEAU CANAL

size and carrying capacity of their freight cars. With the completion of the Suez in 1869, however, an interest in the subject of ship canals was awakened the world over, and enthusiasts indulged in dreams yet unrealized; but the real practicability of ship canals had been so clearly demonstrated that by 1870 this country was demanding an enlarged Erie Canal and a ship canal from Montreal to Lake Champlain. Canada, ever in advance, when it came to canal building, had set an example to America by making Montreal a port to which the largest vessels afloat could navigate in perfect safety, and this but a part of her plan, since carried out, to provide a deep waterway from the ocean to the Great Lakes.

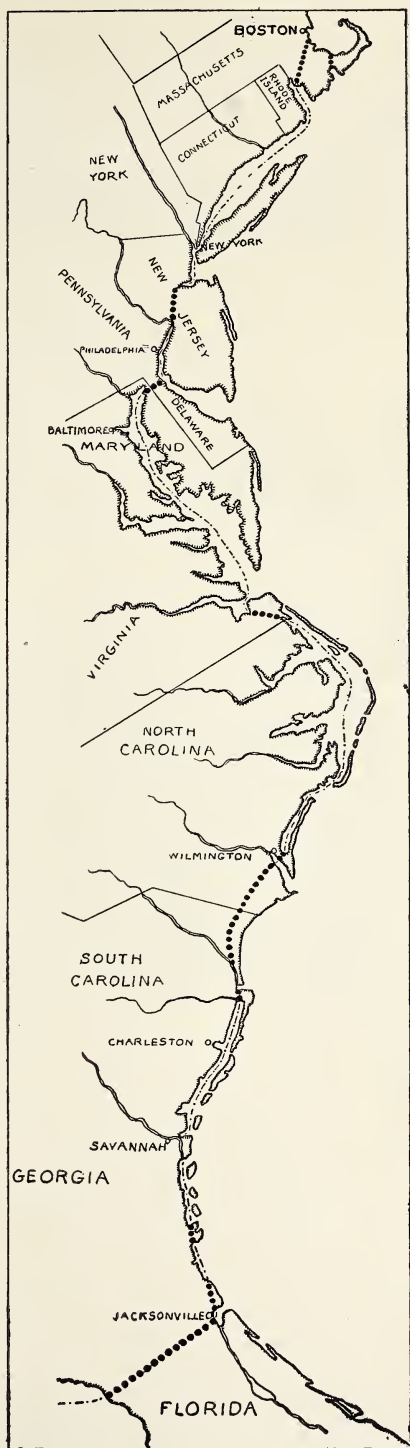
The project for a canal from the St. Lawrence to Lake Champlain aroused enthusiasm in New England. It was hoped that Burlington would become another Albany, with the produce of the West floated here for distribution and carried by the railroads to various

New England ports for shipment to Europe. A meeting of the Boston Board of Trade was held and public support aroused in behalf of the scheme; then for a quarter of a century the country seemed content to await the results accomplished by the building of the great Chicago drainage canal, so that it was not until the ship canal convention at Cleveland in 1895 that the matter of really deep inland waterways was again seriously brought to the front. Even then, although the Chicago delegation persistently demanded that the general government build a ship canal from Lake Michigan to St. Louis and the Gulf, and Pittsburg urged that Washington's original plan for a canal from the Potomac to Lake Erie be carried out on an enlarged scale; the old project of a ship canal from Buffalo to New York, via Lake Champlain, was barely touched upon as a much-to-be-desired, but quite impractical consummation; yet, before the century closed, preliminary surveys had been made

and the possibility of this route for a ship canal from the lakes to the ocean dwelt upon by the government engineers.

In fact the vigorous growth of the public demand for inland ship canals has really taken place within the last half decade, since Canada set the pace by building her fourteen foot channel from the lakes to the ocean, besides planning other and deeper canals that promise to carry the lake traffic destined for foreign shores through her territory, to the inestimable commercial damage of Philadelphia, New York, and Boston. This is why a twenty-eight foot channel across the State of New York, another of the same depth from Camden to Jersey City, and a similar deepening of the Delaware Canal connecting the waters of the Chesapeake and Delaware, are among the plans seriously considered by the general government. New England is beginning to realize the value to her commerce of these projects and others of equal magnitude, that will make Long Island Sound the mouth of every great canal system of America, whether working its way northward from the Gulf, eastward from the Mississippi River, or southward from the St. Lawrence River.

Boston therefore takes pride no longer in her proud position of splendid isolation, but with the new century comes forward to crave that Congress will prepare the way for the building of the brief ship canal from her harbor to Narragansett Bay, needed to place the "Hub" at last in her rightful place at the apex of America's inland waterway system, the base of which touches Montana and Canada on the north and Mexico on the south,







THE NEW WELLAND CANAL

while the twenty thousand miles of navigable rivers between, that flow into the Atlantic and Gulf from this vast area, are even now all but tributary to the waters of Long Island Sound and the Taunton River.

Shallow canals and natural rivers connect three of the New England States with the Great Lakes and the Mississippi system, while the south is rapidly cutting channels from lagoon to lagoon along the coast, in the hope that Congress will eventually make appropriations for the Trans-Florida canal, so that steamers may make their way along a great inter-coastal waterway from Chesapeake Bay to the border of Mexico, and when the Delaware and New Jersey canals are deepened Long Island Sound will become a highway for southern river steamers, as it now is for the canal boats and barges from the Hudson.

Long Island Sound is to Southern New England what the Hudson River and Erie canals are to New York State.

Along these waterways the great cities are located. In New York the vast preponderance of taxable property is within the counties traversed by the Erie Canal and Hudson River. In Rhode Island and Connecticut the large cities are located on Long Island Sound, or on one of the navigable rivers flowing into that great natural ship canal. Great tows of barges may be seen daily passing through Hell Gate bound for New England factory towns, the existence of which depends on the possibility of receiving cheaply freight in bulk, coal for running furnaces, clay for moulding, iron for casting, and even brick, sand and lumber for building purposes, to say nothing of the thousand and one commodities that can be floated either way at a cost often fractional of that necessarily charged by the railways. And yet the most successful railroad in New England skirts this inland waterway, while other New England railroads use it as an extension of their

lines, despatching palatial steamers and great freight carriers from every possible haven on Long Island Sound. The finest and largest paddle wheel steamers in the world use this sheltered waterway; several leaving New York daily, bound for points less than fifty miles distant from Boston Harbor, the real objective point of nearly every passenger and most of the

ing islands; and where these end, a series of lagoons extend along the Rhode Island coast line almost to Narragansett Bay. It is now proposed to unite these, and when this is done all kinds of barges will be enabled with perfect safety to enter Narragansett Bay and proceed on their way toward Boston as far as Taunton, Massachusetts, at least.



CANAL, SAULT STE. MARIE

freight; and it is from the terminal of several lines of steamers at the mouth of the Taunton River, that Massachusetts hopes to cut a ship canal to connect the waters of Narragansett Bay and Boston Harbor.

Nature has done much to aid in the work of digging a ship canal from the Hudson to Boston Harbor. Glance at the map and you will find that where Long Island terminates, nature has placed, close together, several shelter-

It is from Taunton to Weymouth River that Congress has been asked to construct a ship canal nineteen miles in length. Both the approaches to this proposed canal are being improved and deepened year by year. From five feet, the Taunton River is being deepened to twelve, from its mouth to the city of Taunton. Weymouth River has been dredged as far as Braintree, and now accommodates nearly one million tons of commerce annual-



STEAMER NORTH-WEST, MACKINAW, MICH.

ly, being one of the most important streams flowing into Massachusetts Bay.

I was made aware that Boston had become interested in the perfection of our Mars-like system of canals in the Fall of 1900, when, on my return from a visit to some of the waterways of Europe and Asia, I received an invitation from the Merchants' Association to deliver an address on America's waterways and their relation to Boston. Unfortunately a large vessel scraped upon the rocks in entering the harbor a day or two previous to the delivering of my address, so that the entire attention of the business men and shipping community of Boston in general was turned to the necessity of first deepening the harbor, before building a canal.

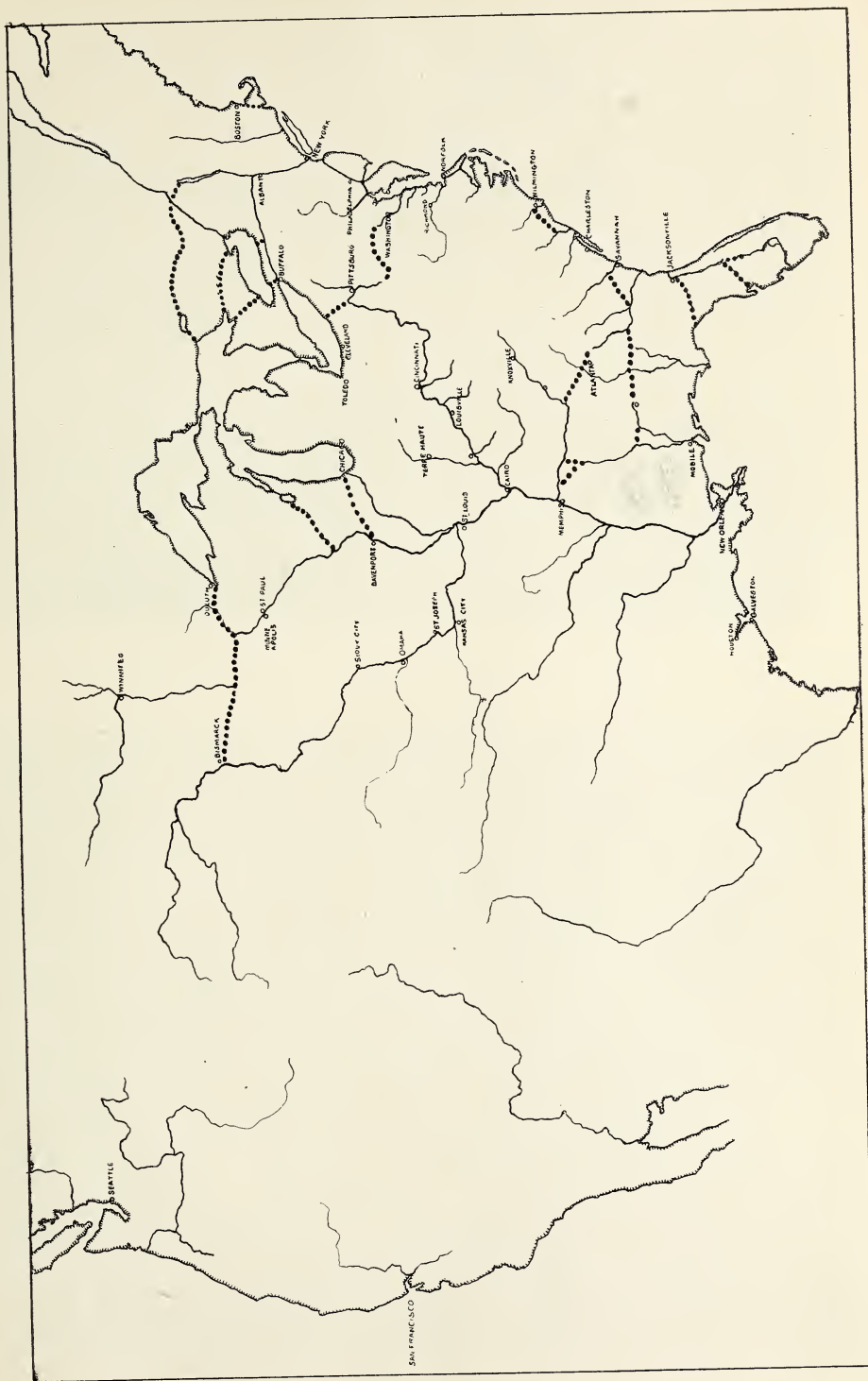
Two canals only are useful to commerce in New England. Boston had once hoped to be benefited by the Cape Cod Canal, but the projectors were ready last Fall to abandon the enterprise, as they had discov-

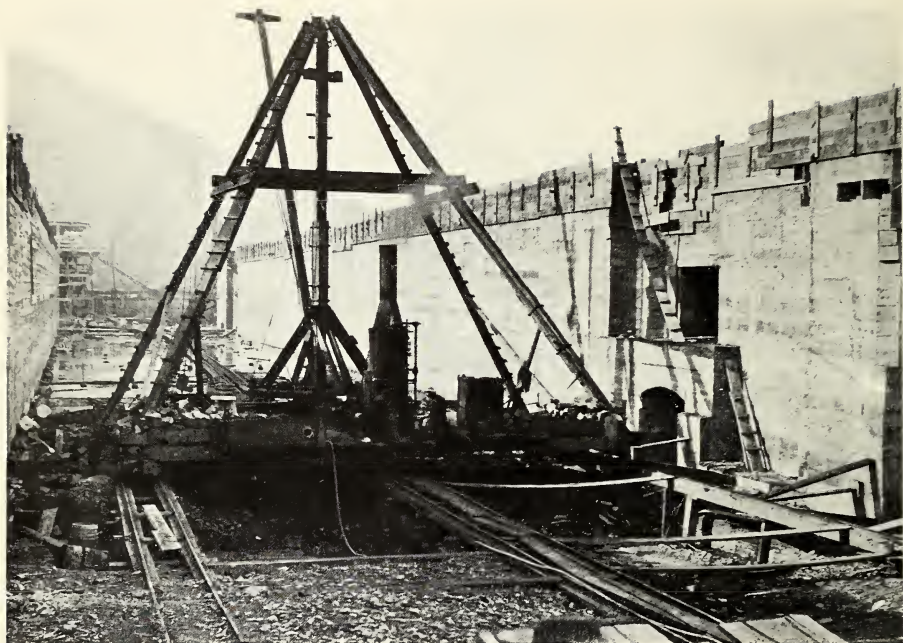
ered that a difference in the bay and ocean tides would result in tearing the canal to pieces; unless the sides and bottom were heavily cemented, an expense not to be thought of, while the Champlain ship canal, if ever built, will touch but one of the New England States, Vermont, which has no sea coast, so that its advantage would be but local. With modern methods in engineering, it is of course possible to build a canal from Quebec to the lakes and harbors of Maine.

Austria is demonstrating what *can* be done by building a series of canals through mountain ranges, but after vessels have climbed eight hundred to a thousand feet to the Maine canal summit, it would be possible only to proceed on to one particular seaport, and one much more distant from the route of travel toward Europe than the mouth of the St. Lawrence. Moreover, Maine has little need of canals, its coast not lending itself to the extension of an inland waterway, but with a little help from man, however, beginning at Boston Harbor, our inland waterways can be extended along our coast southward beyond Texas. The proposed Boston-Narragansett Bay ship canal being but the logical extension and concluding link of our inland coast system, is the only purely New England ship canal ever likely to be seriously considered.

Steamers have plied between Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and Fort Benton, Montana, and it is expected that in time these boats will yet steam down







LOCK NO. 3, ALLEGHANY RIVER. CONCRETE LOCK WALLS UNDER CONSTRUCTION

the Potomac River by way of the canal George Washington surveyed through the Alleghanies, and there is no reason why in time they should not be enabled to proceed on to Boston.

Once the projects now before Congress are carried to completion, it will be possible for river steamers to leave Boston for Montreal, Canada; Regina, Assiniboia; Helena, Montana; Wichita, Kansas; Dennison, Texas; Presadario, Mexico, and Palm Beach, Florida, to say nothing of hundreds of intermediate points. However, it is no longer enlarged barge traffic waterways that the people demand, but great inland ship canals. The threatened danger to our coast during the Spanish war impressed most forcibly upon the minds of our statesmen the inestimable value of an inland shipway along our Atlantic and Gulf coasts; they saw that during time of interna-

tional conflict, could our war ships disappear in Boston Harbor only to reappear a few hours, or days, later at New York, Philadelphia, or some other city along the coast, blockade by a foreign fleet would be practically impossible. It was this phase of the question that was discussed just after the Spanish War, and it was then the general consensus of opinion in naval circles at least, that such a waterway, navigable certainly to torpedo boats and even small cruisers, should be built. Now there are naval engineers who gravely discuss a twenty-eight foot gravity channel from the lakes to the ocean. The least ambitious proposition for enlarging the Erie Canal looks to a channel that will float 1,000-ton barges, and certainly shippers who send these laden with wheat would prefer that they continue on to Boston, if possible, rather than submit to the extortionate

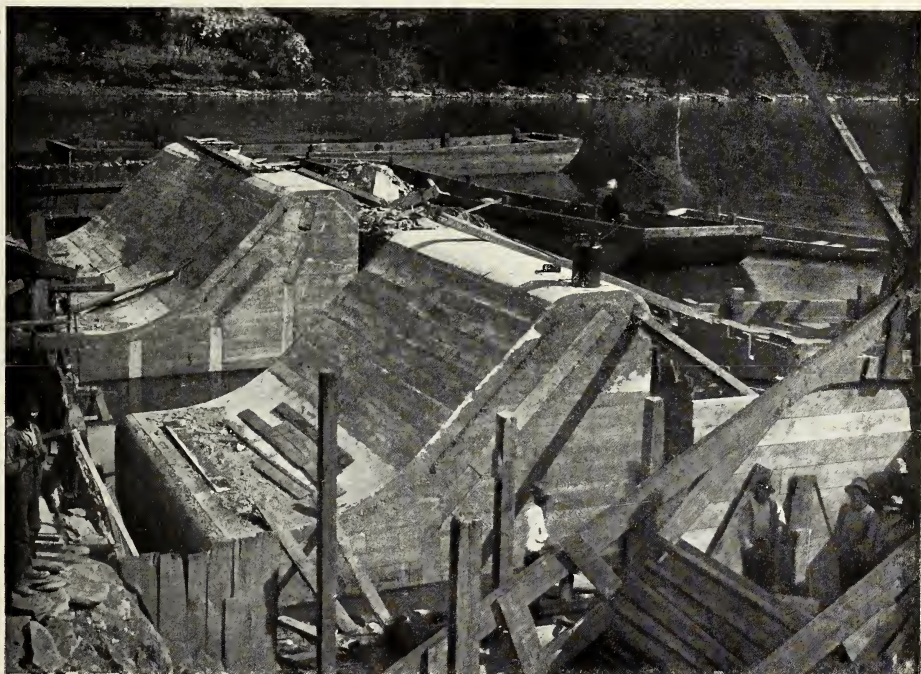
and arbitrary terminal charges encountered at New York.

Coal is now towed in steel barges from the Virginia beds to the sides of the ocean going steamers at New York. Often these barges are wrecked during a storm and the profits of a season lost. With the deepening of the canals, wooden barges of equal tonnage, built at but one-fifth the cost, would find their way northward. Freight and insurance would be greatly lessened and the coal sold at a cheaper price.

If anyone questions Boston's right to a deep inland waterway, connecting her harbor with Long Island Sound, he has but to glance at the commercial history of our shortest rivers. The Detroit River, but a few miles in length, bears a greater tonnage during the eight months of open

water than the total amount of foreign export tonnage of the whole United States. The Harlem River, flowing from the Hudson into Long Island Sound, accommodates fully half as much tonnage as the Detroit, while in the mountains of West Virginia the government has made a slack water stream of the upper Monongahela, and on this river the mine owners send annually fully 8,000,000 tons of coal to Pittsburg, and beyond, a tonnage equal to that passing through the narrows of New York for foreign ports.

That the day of great canal projects has dawned is demonstrated the world over. France and Germany are preparing to build ship canals to interior cities, while Russia has appropriated \$40,000,000 for a ship canal from the Black Sea to the Caspian Sea, to say nothing of her more recent determina-



MONOLITHIC CONCRETE SECTION, DAM NO. 10, MONONGAHELA RIVER





THE ERIE CANAL

tion to cut a ship waterway from St. Petersburg to the Arctic Ocean; while her entire Manchurian railway system has been built of American material, floated inland on a magnificent system of natural waterways which American dredges are to improve and extend. The greatest canal dredges in the world are those built by an American for the cutting of channels in Russia, India and Australia.

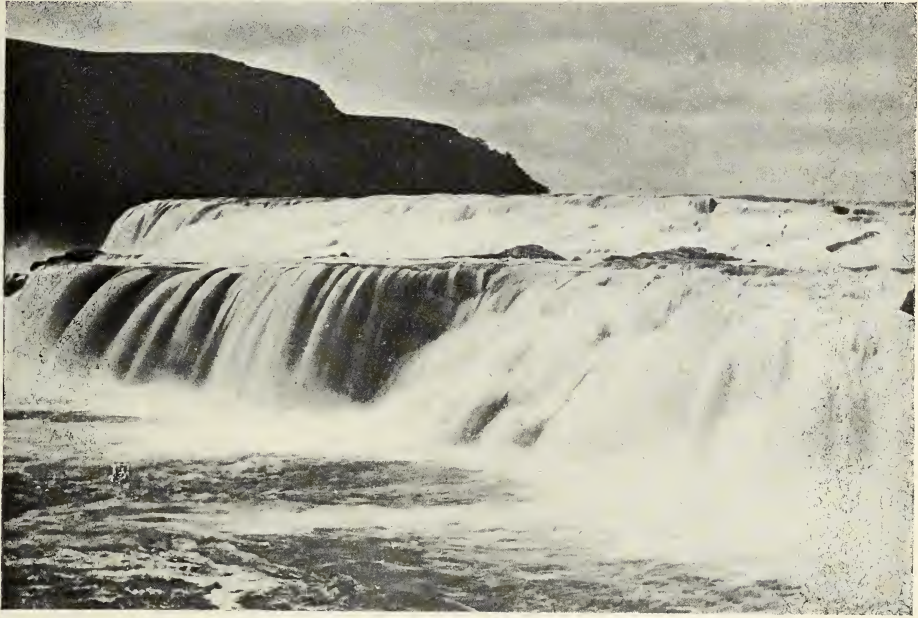
Another keen witted Yankee has invented a pneumatic balance lock that makes the pneumatic dry dock into a wet dock by building up the sides and putting in end gates between them. Congress has considered these plans and engineers declare that this invention will revolutionize canal construction. Such locks, it is stated, will lift vessels of 12,000 tons one hundred and fifty feet, or higher than the summit level of the proposed Taunton-Weymouth Canal, thus lessening to a great extent the cost of construction for each

set of locks such as the Government has constructed at Sault Ste. Marie costs some \$3,000,000. In Holland I have noticed that at the inlet to the ship canal connecting the Zuyder Zee with the ocean, two sets of locks are maintained side by side, so that ships can be passed in either direction at the same time, or if one lock becomes disabled traffic need not be suspended.

In America the tendency has been for all sorts of industries to spring up along a canal, so that to-day the most prosperous portions of New England are those bordering the deserted canals. I remember at the time of the completion of the Chicago drainage canal, a large offer was made for the lease of the material excavated and piled up on either side of it. The bidders refused to state what use they proposed making of the embankments, so the offer was declined, but it created boundless speculation. With our coast system of waterways completed,

cotton growers of the South would be enabled to send the fleecy bales by direct barges from the plantation to the New England mills. In Holland it is a common sight to see great broad canal boats propelled by naphtha, puffing along, laden with onions for the markets of Belgium and even France. Why should not our Southern produce find its way to the Northern markets in a similar manner.

the early years of the nineteenth century, when simultaneously, Michael Morrison of Boston, and Robert Fulton of New York secured patents for inventions of steamboat machinery, but now we do not hear of Morrison; and it was not until 1823 that the first steamboat was seen in the harbors of Maine, and in 1838 when the death-knell of the barge canal was beginning to sound, South Carolina possessed



GREAT FALLS, MONTANA, AT HEAD OF NAVIGATION

It was John C. Calhoun who most ardently urged upon Congress to bind the Republic together by a perfect system of waterways, and strange as it may seem, South Carolina is still fighting in Congress at every session for appropriations for her ship canals along the coast, while Massachusetts until quite recently was all but indifferent to her own needs in that direction. In fact, New England has neglected her inland waterway interests ever since

twenty-two steamers, or as many as Massachusetts, Maine and Rhode Island combined.

Yet at that period, New England was leading the world in the building of fleet clippers. Since then, however, much of her forest has been depleted, the government engineers reporting that so great has been the denuding of forest lands in Maine that the spring rains rush down the bare hillsides, swell the streams for a few days





RIVER FRONT, CINCINNATI

and then subside, so that often the lumberman cannot float his logs. Streams that fifty years ago watered many farms are now dry the year round and the farms deserted. Yet again the evidence of the energy of the New Englanders is brought to the front in other reports stating that as fast as the smaller rivers are dredged they fill up again with mill waste. Everything seems to point to New England's centering much of this energy in the building of her one greatly needed ship canal, and as to the mind of the outsider, Boston is as much New England as Paris is France, the name "Boston Ship Canal" or the "New England Canal," would be synony-

mous. That when built it will be the most perfect canal in the world seems assured, for although conservative, New England has built the swiftest, best and largest schooners, yachts and sailing vessels in the world, up to date, and while backward in the introduction of steamboats upon her waters, she has nevertheless built for her Sound service the largest and finest steamboats in the world, and in this first year of the new century, launches the two largest ocean steamships ever built in any ship yard, each 26,000 tons burden and destined for service between Puget Sound and Siberian parts.

If these precedents of maritime





LUMBER DISTRICT, CHICAGO

excellence and superiority are carried out in the building of the Boston canal, we may expect to see the record time across the Atlantic measured from Boston Harbor to Queenstown, with the great liners racing for the Hub, there to land passengers who are in a hurry to get to New York by rail, and following more leisurely, arriving there perhaps a few hours later. Thus will the project of a great harbor at the eastern end of Long Island for the ocean liners be rendered of little account and Boston entitled more than ever to her appellation of "The Hub."

In fact, to consider the waterways of America is to focus the eye on Narragansett Bay where they all termin-

ate. To speak of the ship canal New England owes it to herself to construct, is to argue for the perfection of a system that must benefit the entire country. Canada, with a population not greatly in excess of that of Massachusetts, has spent \$60,000,000 on her ship canals and proposes to spend as much more. New York asks for a quarter of a billion for her great waterway, and is willing to spend perhaps half of that sum herself, if the general government refuses to come to her aid. That the federal authorities should build the New England Canal, no one should gainsay, for this great highway and outlet to the ocean should be as free as the locks at Sault Ste. Marie, and far more

so than the Erie Canal which still forbids the passage of any boat owned by a corporation capitalized at more than \$50,000. The great canal should be the proud heritage of all Americans, although New England would be the one section to gain most by its construction. It seems a pity at present that Long Island Sound, into the waters of which empty the principal streams of New England, remains trib-

utary to New York instead of to Boston—but no sympathy need be wasted, so long as New England has the remedy within her reach and fails to make use of it.

To the student of geography, as it is changed by the modern engineer, the building of the Boston Ship Canal seems inevitable,—the only question he seriously asks is—"When will it be built and by whom?"

## The Violin Speaks

By Zitella Cocke

*Upon a Stradivarius violin was found the inscription:  
"I dead sing more than when I was alive."*

ON mountain height, how fair and proud I stood,  
     My heart a-thrill with larks' wild rhapsodies  
     And lullabies of far-off, sunlit seas.  
 The soft south wind crooned to the sleeping wood,—  
 Within my arms nested full many a brood  
     Of tuneful songsters whose exultant strains  
     Cadenced the pulses throbbing through my veins,  
 Till I brimmed o'er with music to the flood!  
 Was it not joy to live when life was song,  
     To drink sweet sounds in raptures of delight?—  
     O, direful fate, with Death at last to strive  
 And conquered fall! Yet is he foiled of wrong,  
     Robbed of his sting,—shorn of the victor's might.  
 I dead, sing more than when I was alive!



## The Kissin' Bee

By Fred W. Shibley

**I** NEVER told you where I first met Tish Brown, did I? Well, I'll tell you now, 'specially as I want to give you an idea of a real old fashioned Kissin' Bee, some-thin' you city fellers don't know much about, I guess, and which just knocks the spots out of anything that ever was for genuine fun.

When me and Ed got the pumpkins in and had the saurkraut in pickle, we naturally concluded that the harvest was over, and that we hadn't anything to worry about until it was time to wash sheep, in the spring. Consequently we were open for invitations, and they come quick. First was the apple parin', next the corn huskin's and then about New Year's come the Kissin' Bees.

Nancy Parker had the reputation in them days of givin' the best parties, and I guess she deserved it, for everybody liked her, and then her parlor

was particularly adapted for the long kiss in the corner. Say, that long kiss in the corner! but hold on, I'll come to that later. Well, Nancy give a party on her birthday long about the middle of January and me an' Ed and Jane, all three of us, got an invitation. So we put on our best bib an' tucker, hitched up Darby to the market sleigh an' away we went.

We give Jane into the arms of Nancy at the door, put up our horse, and then went into the kitchen to knock the snow off our heels, warm our fingers and git our courage up to the point of meetin' the girls in the parlor.

Washington Parker, that was Nancy's father, he was a great joker and he did love to tease me, for in them days I wasn't just up to the condition of lookin' a girl in the eyes, 'specially if she was pretty, and sayin' pleasant things to her. Course if I knew her



well, like I did the neighborhood girls, I didn't mind, for they was all like sisters to me, but when I found myself introduced to a bran new girl from a distance my joints all let go at once and it required all my nerve to smile without loosin' control of my face.

Washington was settin' by the kitchen table when we come in and he seemed mighty pleased to see us and we hadn't more'n got our mufflers off before he started in on me.

"George," says he, "I got a girl picked out for you to-night," says he, "and she's about the likeliest girl you ever set your eyes on."

"That'll just suit me down to the ground," says I; for there was no girls in the kitchen, and before men and boys I had nerve enough for a dozen.

"That's what I thought," says Washington, and his eyes twinkled. "Just you wait, George," says he, "and see if I ain't right." "But you want to go mighty slow for she's awful bashful, the bashfullest girl you ever see, but just so mighty pretty with it all that you won't remember your own name when she looks at you."

"I guess she'll find other fellers besides me to look at," says I.

"Not a bit of it," says Washington, "not a bit of it. I told her about you to-night at supper and when I mentioned that you was the best lookin' chap in this whole section she perked up her head, and says she, 'I borrow him for my beau to-night,' says she, and then she went red as a poppy."

Well, now you know it makes me laugh when I think of it, 'specially when I look in the glass, but in them days when I had on my Sunday best, and my hair, which as you now see, is noted for its absence, all curlin' over

my head, I felt that I could give cards and spades to any of your prize Apollos in the history books. And when Washington said what he did, although I knew he was jokin' me, I just grinned foolish like and felt that the fair maiden's heart was mine without the exercise of more'n two smiles.

Just then Nancy came to the kitchen door and says with a courtesy—Nancy was no slouch herself for beauty—"Aren't you gentlemen ever goin' to get through warmin' your hands and join us poor lonesome ladies in the parlor?" Upon which we immediately trooped in after her, Indian file, and was introduced all around to those we'd never met before. I went the rounds just ahead of Ed and bowed and said somethin' or other to each one, though to tell the truth I couldn't remember a name or a face, and I found myself, when I woke up, standin' before Jane, to whom Nancy had just introduced me, and Jane a laughin' like to die. But I just picked her up and kissed her like as if she was a baby and that thing made me solid with all the girls, for there's nothin' they like better than to see a brother attentive and nice to his own sister.

In the confusion, I forgot all about the new girl and set down to tell a little gossip to Bethilda Pringle. But right in the middle of my story, I happened to look across the room and saw a pair of eyes lookin' at me that fairly tied me in a knot.

"Who is that mighty pretty girl over in the corner," says I to Bethilda.

"What pretty girl?" says she, with a toss of her head, "I don't see any."

"That one," says I, "sittin' alone by the head of the sofa."

"Oh, that girl," says Bethilda, "I

thought you was introduced to her a minute ago."

"I might have been," says I, "but I must have got my eyes on you first."

"What a flatterer you are, George," says she.

"I never say what I don't mean," says I, "and you ought to know it."

Bethilda blushed red, but she was mighty well pleased I could see.

"The girl you think so pretty," says she, "is Letitia Brown. She comes from the next concession and is a cousin of Nancy's."

Say, she was pretty. She was only about sixteen, healthy as a young kitten, her two cheeks going red and white at every glance of her eyes. But it was her eyes that reached right down into me, lifted out my heart and I was a goner. I'd never been in love before. Oh, yes, I'd sparked around a bit, but I never felt the real old genuine article 'till that girl looked at me. She was no little girl, either, but a mighty wholesome lump of a girl. Just such another as Jane, only older.

I couldn't look but what I'd catch her peekin' at me, and then I'd color up and feel too sheepish for anything. Soon Nancy joined her and the first thing I knew Nancy brought her over to where me and Bethilda was settin', and says she:

"George, I want you to be 'specia'ly nice to Cousin Tish this evening, for she don't know many here. You come with me, Bethilda," says she, "I've got an awful nice feller picked out for you."

So I found myself seated side by side with Letitia.

"Is this your first party?" says I, seekin' to break the ice.

"Oh, no," says she, "I was to one last winter down on the York road."

Then I looked at her and she instantly blushed and looked down; and then I looked down, and when we both looked up our eyes met and we laughed. We was friends at once.

"I am going to ask you somethin'," says I.

"What is it?" says she.

"I want you to be my partner at forfeits if they have 'em," says I.

"Oh I couldn't," she says. "I just couldn't."

"Why not?" says I.

"They give you such horrid things to do," says she, and you'd just ought to have seen her blush.

"Well, you've got to be somebody's partner," says I, "but perhaps you don't want to be mine."

"Oh, I would like to," says she, "I would like to, and I will, if you will promise me one thing."

"I'll promise anything," says I.

"Then don't kiss me," says she.

Again our eyes met and we laughed foolish like.

"I won't unless you ask me," I says.

"Then you needn't worry," says she.

"I'll be awful good," says I, "and I only wish one thing."

"What is that?" says she.

"That you wasn't the prettiest girl in the room," says I, "for then I wouldn't want to kiss you."

Then she gave my hand a little slap with her handkerchief and blushed once more.

Well, the evening wore on, and after the refreshments had been passed around, Nancy Parker and Ed begun to call for forfeits, and this caught the crowd at once, for the general bash-

fulness had somewhat worn off and everybody was feelin' full of mischief.

Ed and Nancy was master hands at forfeits, and they soon had the rest of us sittin' in a row along the wall. Now you know when you play forfeits, you have got to start the ball rollin' with a game called "Lead." This is very simple. Nancy, for instance, took a cane in her hand and beginning at one corner of the room, went the rounds, stopping before each boy or girl, tappin' on the floor with the stick three or four times and saying with a perk of her head, "Lead, lead, do you want to buy any lead?" And the one addressed would answer "Yes" or "No," no matter which answer was given. She would say then, "Pay forfeit," and she would collect a pocket handkerchief, a gold pin, a bunch of keys, a jack-knife, or anything that the party might give her. When she was all through, she would tumble the forfeits in a hat, and then Ed would come into play. He would be blindfolded and seated in a chair while Nancy would stand behind him, and holding one of the forfeits above his head (and the rest of us would all know who owned the forfeit), would say in a sing-song tone:

"Forfeit, forfeit, a very fine forfeit.

What shall the owner do to redeem it?"

Then Ed would inquire:

"Fine or superfine?"

If it was a girl, for instance, Nancy would say "Superfine," and then Ed would pass sentence which would be waited with bated breath. He was a dandy at this and I've known him to lay awake nights, before a party, devisin' absurd things to make the unfortunates do to redeem their pledges.

Law me! I can't remember one half the tricks he would conjure up, and the worst of it was, he seemed to know just who the forfeits belonged to. I always thought Nancy had a way of tellin' him, but they both swore that it was impossible. Yet every time he got somethin' on me.

At this party, for instance, I give Nancy a jackknife for forfeit, and when it come my turn to redeem it, Ed gave out the following sentence: "He is to stand on a chair in the middle of the room for five minutes and all the girls are to look at him." Now you just simply had to do these things or be a baby, so I got up on the chair and stood there, the foolishhest lookin' feller you ever see, while the girls giggled and the boys jollied me. The sweat was pourin' off me when my time was up, but I put a good face on it and hollered with the others for the next forfeit. And so it went. Why one sentence of Ed's was that Will Tinker and Bethilda Pringle was to kiss each other through the bottom rounds of a chair. And they did it. You bet they did it. How? Why they both got down on their knees before a kitchen chair, stuck their heads through as best they could and give each other a rousin' smack. I tell you! Talk about your fun! Well, I guess. And best of all, do you know that most of those girls and boys got married to one another in after years and loved each other in the good old way.

Nancy must certainly have given Ed the tip when her Cousin Tish's forfeit was reached. I remember it well. It was a little mouse colored purse with a red cord and tassells to it.

"Fine or superfine," says Ed.

"Superfine," says Nancy.



"She is to make a long kiss in the corner with George," says he.

At this everybody screamed with delight. They was all waitin' for it, for the long kiss in the corner was the star event.

I looked over at Tish. My, how she did blush. But she got up promptly and went to the center of the room while I took my place behind her. We stood back to back. Ed took off his blindfold, for Nancy and he intended to join in.

First Tish chose a feller (I remember it was Clem Brown), then I chose Nancy Parker, both of whom chose a partner, as the case might be, till all was chosen and the line extended from one corner of the room to the other, each feller facing a girl and standing back to back with another. Then the fun began. First you kissed the girl in front of you then the girl behind you, once over the right shoulder and once over the left, then right and left down the whole line 'till you'd kissed every girl in the room.

I kissed Nancy all right, then I turned to Tish, she turning to me at

the same time. She pursed her lips saucily, then showed her white teeth and turned her head quick as a flash. Our eyes met, as we looked over the other shoulder. Lord, what eyes that girl had! But I kept my promise.

Down the line I went, back and forward and when I got back to Tish she stood facin' me and she looked just pretty enough to eat.

"You dasn't do it," says she.

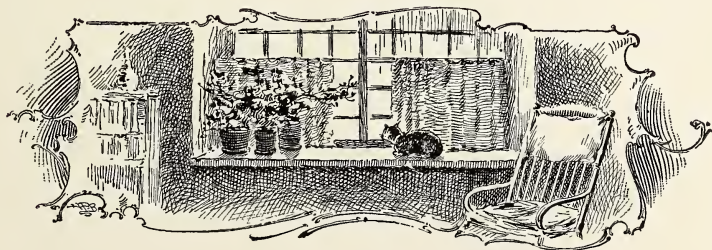
"Yes I dast," says I, and I reached for her, but like a flash she went flyin' from the room and me after her. Up the front stairs she went and down the back, out through the kitchen, round the stove and up stairs again, but I caught her in the upper hall and nearly smashed Washington's grandfather's old clock as we bumped into the corner.

"Remember, you promised," says she, strugglin' and all out of breath.

"But you dared me," says I.

"Don't you ever take a dare?" says she, and her face was just right for what happened.

Then we all went in the kitchen and cracked butternuts.



# Washington-Greene Correspondence

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A large collection of original letters written by General Washington and General Greene has come into the editor's possession. It is our intention to reproduce in fac-simile those of the letters which present the most interesting details and side lights on the great events of the period covered, even though some of the letters may have been previously published.

The reproduction of these letters in chronological order will be continued through the following six issues. Printed copies of these letters appear on pages 740 and 741.—EDITOR.

Head Quarters near Hobbs Ferry 30<sup>th</sup> July 1781.

My Dear Sir

With peculiar Satisfaction I do myself the Honor to acknowledge the Receipt of your several Favours of the 10<sup>th</sup> 14<sup>th</sup> & 16<sup>th</sup> of May last — with that of the 22<sup>d</sup> of June — and to assure you at the same Time, that it is with the warmest pleasure I express my full Approbation of the various Movements and Operations which your Military Conduct hath lately exhibited; — while I regret to you that I am unable to conceive what more could have been done, under your Circumstances, than has been displayed by your little persevering & determined Army —

Lord Rawdon's Reinforcement from England was a most untoward Circumstance; — but even this I hope will be surmounted by your good Fortitude — You will be informed from the Marguerite of every Circumstance that has taken place in Virginia — A Detachment from the Army of that brave & fortunate young Nobleman, with Ships, soon arrive to your Assistance in Carolina —

By our Movements in this



Quarter — the main Army taking a Position near  
to New York, & making every Preparation for a serious  
Attempt upon that Place, one very happy Effect has been  
produced — a Withdraw of considerable Part of the Troops  
under the Command of Lord Cornwallis, as a Reinforcement to  
their Garrison, which for some Time past, have been closely  
confined to York Island. — This Withdraw will probably  
disappoint their Views of Conquest in Virginia — & will  
exceedingly embarrass the Prospects of the British Ministry  
in the proposed Treaty opened at Vienna. — a very  
great Object this, should any thing prevent our obtain-  
ing further Success in our Operations against New York.

The Operating Force of the Enemy in the  
Southern States, being confined in all probability to So-  
carolina, will leave the other States in a Condition to  
afford you such Succours, as with the Aid of the Mar-  
quis's Detachment, will I hope, enable you to fulfill  
your Hopes & Wishes in their utmost Extent in your Com-  
mand. — Should this Event take place, you may be  
assured, that added to the Consideration of the public  
Good which will result therefrom, the Honor that will be  
thence reflected on yourself, will afford me the

Highest Satisfaction —

I sincerely wish we had the means  
of communicating more frequently with each other, than  
has been lately experienced. — A particular Reason  
which cannot at present be mentioned, induces me to  
request, that you will give me the earliest & most  
minute Information of Events which shall from this time  
take place with you — with a circumstantial Detail  
of the present Situation of the State of Maryland — its  
remaining Strength & operative Force — their Resources to-  
wards the Support of an Army — their Intent — with the  
Places where they may be collected, & finally deposited,  
with your Force & Position & probable Prospects at the time,  
as also the Strength, Position & Circumstances attending  
the enemys Force — — the earlier & more cir-  
cumstantial this Information is transmitted, the more  
agreeable & effective it may possibly be —

I have the Honor to be

with perfect Esteem & Regard

Sir

Your most Obedient &

humble Servant,

G. Washington

Major Gen<sup>l</sup> Greene —

Head quarters Left Hills  
London Sept 17th 1781

Your Excellency's letter  
of the 30th of July I have had the pleasure  
to receive. Before the receipt of which  
I had sent off two of my Aids to give your  
Excellency a very particular account  
of the state of the southern department.  
By Col Morris I made my opinion  
respecting the proper objects to be  
opposed should we be so happy as to be  
joined by our good ally. I presume  
he is with your Excellency before  
this, as the Marquis informs, you  
were to be at the Head of Elk the  
8th of this instant on your way to  
and that our good ally was at Choptank with a  
large fleet and most formidable armament  
under command in Virginia and I wish  
most devoutly that glory and success  
may attend you.



I was in hopes that no one would  
have been equal to serious attempt  
upon New York, but from your present  
plan of operations I persuaded myself  
that is not the case. But perhaps  
cutting off the possibility of success  
to New York first, may be the most  
sure way of laying a foundation for  
redemption.  
If Cornwallis falls, which I  
think nothing can prevent, but his  
escaping through North Carolina  
to Charleston, Charleston itself  
may be easily reduced if you bring  
your force this way; and it will  
afford me great pleasure to join  
your Excellency in the attempt  
for I shall be equally happy  
whether as principal or subordinate  
so that the public good is promoted

To Genl Washington

Since I wrote you before we have  
 had a most bloody battle. It was by  
 far the most obstinate fight I ever  
 saw. Victory was ours, and had it  
 not been for one or two little inci-  
 dents that frequently happen  
 in the progress of war we should  
 have taken the whole British  
 army. Nothing could exceed  
 the gallantry of our officers or  
 the bravery of our troops. I do  
 myself the honor to enclose you  
 a copy of my letter to Congress and  
 beg leave to refer you to Capt  
 Pierce one of my aids who is  
 the bearer and who will give  
 you an excellent full history  
 of all matters in this depart-  
 ment both with respect to

To Genl Washington  
 Date 17th May 1781  
 Battle of Red Bank  
 Means to relieve you  
 Enclosed

fun and supplies. —

I am trying to collect  
abody of Militia to oppose Lord  
Cornwallis should he attempt to  
escape through North Carolina  
and you may rest assured nothing  
shall be left unattempted in  
my power to impede his march  
so as to give your Army time  
to get up with him. But my  
force will be very small and  
I am exceedingly encumbered with  
a numerous wounded.

I have the honor to be  
with great respect

Your Excellency's

Most Obedt

His Excellency.

Humble Servt

General Washington

Greene



## Gen. Washington to Gen. Greene

HEAD QUARTERS, NEAR DOBBS FERRY, 30th July, 1781.

MY DEAR SIR,

With peculiar satisfaction I do myself the Honor to acknowledge the Receipt of your several Favors of the 10th, 14th & 16th of May last—with that of the 22nd of June—and to assure you at the same Time, that it is with the warmest pleasure I express my full approbation of the various movements and operations which your military conduct hath lately exhibited;—while I confess to you that I am unable to conceive what more could have been done, under your Circumstances, than has been displayed by your little persevering & determined army.

Lord Rawdon's Reinforcement from England was a most untoward circumstance;—but even this I hope will be surmounted by your good Fortune. You will be informed from the Marquis of every Circumstance that has taken place in Virginia. A Detachment from the army of that brave and fortunate young Nobleman, will I hope, soon arrive to your assistance in Carolina.

By our movements in this Quarter—the main army taking a Position near to New York, & making every Preparation for a serious attempt upon that Place, one very happy effect has been produced—a Withdraw of considerable Part of the Troops under the Command of Lord Cornwallis, as a Reinforcement to their Garrison, which for some Time past, have been closely confined to York Island. This withdraw will probably disappoint their views of Conquest in Virginia—& will exceedingly embarrass the Prospects of the British Ministry in the proposed Treaty opened at Vienna—a very great object this, should anything prevent our obtaining further success in our operations against N. York.

The operating Force of the enemy in the Southern States, being confined in all probability to So. Carolina, will leave the other States in a condition to afford you such succours, as with the aid of the Marquis's Detachment, will I hope, enable you to fulfill your Hopes & Wishes in their utmost extent in your Command.—should this event take place, you may be assured, that added to the Consideration of the public Good which will result therefrom, the Honor that will be thereby reflected on yourself, will afford me the highest satisfaction.

I sincerely wish we had the means of communicating more frequently with each other, than has been lately experienced.—A particular Reason, which cannot at present be mentioned, induces me to request, that you will give me the earliest & most minute Information of events which shall from this time take place with you—with a circumstantial Detail of the present situation of the State of So. Carolina—its remaining strength and operative Force—their Resources towards the support of an army—their extent—with the Places where they may be collected, & securely deposited with your Force & Position & probable Prospects at the Time, as also the Strength, Position & Circumstances attending the enemys Force—the earlier and more circumstantial this information is transmitted, the more agreeable & effective it may possibly be.

I have the Honor to be  
with perfect Esteem & Regard  
Dr Sir,  
Your most obedient &  
humble Servant  
G. WASHINGTON.

Major Genl Greene.

## Gen. Greene to Gen. Washington

HEADQUARTERS, HIGH HILLS,  
SANTÉE, Sept. 17th, 1781.

SIR,

Your Excellency's letter of the 30th of July I have had the pleasure to receive. Before the receipt of which I had sent off two of my aids to give your Excellency a very particular account of the state of the southern department. By Col. Morris I wrote my opinion respecting the proper objects to operate against should we be so happy as to be joined by our good ally. I presume he is with your Excellency before this, as the Marquis informs me you were to be at the head of Elk the 8th of this instant on your way to take command in Virginia and that our good ally was in Chesapeak with a large fleet and a considerable land force. I wish most devoutly that glory and success may attend you. I was in hopes that our force would have been equal to a serious attempt upon New York, but from your present plan of operations I persuade myself that is not the case. But perhaps cutting off the possibility of succour to New York first, may be the most sure way of laying a foundation for its reduction. If Cornwallis falls which I think nothing can prevent, but his escaping through North Carolina to Charlestown, Charlestown itself may be easily reduced if you bend your force this way; and it will afford me great pleasure to join your Excellency in the attempt for I shall be equally happy whether as principal or subordinate so that the public good is promoted. Since I wrote you before we have had a most bloody battle. It was by far the most obstinate fight I ever saw. Victory was ours, and had it not been for one of those little incidents that frequently happens in the progress of war we should have taken the whole british army. Nothing could exceed the gallantry of our officers or the bravery of our troops. I do myself the honor to enclose you a copy of my letter to Congress and beg leave to refer you to Capt. Pierce, one of my aids who is the bearer and who will give your Excellency a full history of all matters in this department both with respect to force and supplies.

I am trying to collect a body of militia to oppose Lord Cornwallis should he attempt to escape through North Carolina and you may rest assured nothing shall be left unattempted in my power to impede his march so as to give your army time to get up with him. But my force will be very small and I am exceedingly embarrassed with numerous wounded.

I have the honor to be  
with great respect  
Your Excellency's  
Most Obedt  
humble Ser.  
N. GREENE.

His Excellency  
General Washington.



MASON'S ISLAND

## Homes and Haunts of the Pequots

By Calista Potter Thresher

**I**N the early history of the Colony of Connecticut, no spot is so full of thrilling interest as the rocky town of Groton, which received its name in loving remembrance of that older town in England, from which came the earliest governor of the colony, John Winthrop. It lies between the Thames River on the west and the Mystic River on the east, the latter being an arm of the sea, rather than a river.

The Pequots who inhabited this region were the most warlike nation within the bounds of the colony, proud, haughty, over-bearing,—the barbaric lords of the soil. Their territory extended over the whole of what is now called New London County, and far beyond its limits their jurisdiction was

acknowledged with fear and trembling. Sassacus, the son of Wopigwoot—from whose name, variously spelled, we derive the name Pequot—was a noble and high spirited savage, and associated with him were other proud and independent spirits, doomed to be the last chieftains of their race. Uncas, Chief of the Mohegans, who came so promptly to the front after the death of Sassacus, was allied to the Pequot tribe by birth, and by marriage, his wife being the daughter of Tatobam, a Pequot sachem.

While Sassacus looked at the advent of the English with suspicion, regarding them as intruders, Uncas took a more favorable, if mercenary, view of their encroachments. The principal fortress of the warlike and



heretofore invincible Pequots was about the centre of the present town of Groton, on a high ridge of land overlooking the sea and adjacent islands, and far into the country on either side. It still bears the name "Fort Hill" and is now, as then, "beautiful for situation."

On its summit, many years afterwards, a church was built of the Separatist faith, where for almost a hundred years, the Burrowses, father and son, preached the gospel of "Peace on earth, good will to men." The building still stands, and is quite unlike modern ideas of church architecture, but well adapted for its present use as a town hall. On this commanding site, overlooking the valley of the Mystic on the east, and shadowy Block Island, lying some thirty miles away, Sassacus had his royal fortress. Two miles to the eastward was the smaller fort or outpost, the scene of the awful carnage of Friday, May 26, 1637.

To better understand why this war of extermination was entered upon, it is necessary to go back to the very first settlement of the colony, when the first offense was given which caused the undying enmity between the dark men and their pale faced brothers. The earlier Sachem, Wopigwoot, on going to the Dutch trading house on the Connecticut River, was accused of breaking the treaty entered upon some time previously, and he or his tribe of having slain some of their Indian enemies. Poor Wopigwoot, without a chance to defend himself against a charge which, if proven, would to him, with his barbaric ideas of right and wrong, seem most insufficient, was put to death with his

companions. Afterwards, in retaliation, the dissolute Capt. Stone and his crew were killed while on a trading expedition up the river. The accounts of the affair given by the Indians who were sent to Boston on an embassy, place the blame entirely on the freebooting Englishmen, who gave great provocation to the aboriginal inhabitants, and according to their code were worthy of death. But the decision of the court at Boston was against them. The Indians were told that they must surrender the murderers of Capt. Stone and his crew and in addition pay the English forty beaver skins, thirty otter skins and four hundred fathoms of wampum. This was no inconsiderable amount,—according to modern measure it was twenty-four hundred feet of wampum. Wampum was made of two kinds of shells, black and white, pierced so that they could be strung on a thread, the black or violet being twice as valuable as the white, which was rated at a farthing in their pecuniary transactions with the white men.

These hard conditions were agreed to by the dusky ambassadors, and all went well until the tragic death of Capt. Oldham and his crew near Block Island. This murder was attributed to the Narragansett tribe of Indians, but on the presumption that the Pequots had harbored the murderers, an expedition was fitted out from Boston, to demand satisfaction and more wampum. To send an armed force to threaten a proud and high-spirited nation was thought to be the proper thing by Governor Vane and his council, but Capt. Lion Gardiner, in command of the fort at Saybrook, thought differently. He was greatly



NOANK, THE ORIGINAL NAWYAYONK OF THE PEQUOTS

astonished and disconcerted when he learned their purpose, which was to demand thirty-six hundred feet additional of wampum, and some of the Indian children as hostages. He protested most vehemently against the enterprise. "You have come," he said, "to raise a nest of wasps about our ears, and then you will fly away." This was too sadly true, and from that time on no settler's life was safe.

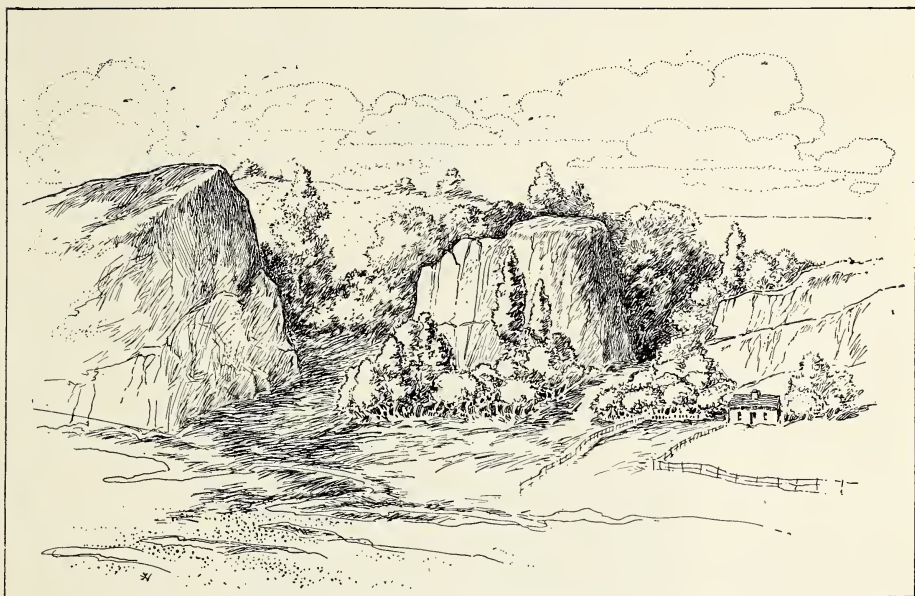
It was soon seen that unless some stringent measures were taken, the settlement of the colony must be abandoned. Then came the choice of the Executive Council of Connecticut of Capt. John Mason, to lead this forlorn hope of seventy-seven men, against the formidable enemy. Necessary supplies were granted, in which strong liquor was an important factor. A chaplain was appointed and the expedition departed with specific orders to sail up the Pequot River, now called by the less euphonious name of Thames (forever mispronounced by even the settlers on its banks) and

attack the Indians from this position. Capt. Mason, whose ability as a fighter had been tested on more than one trying occasion, took the liberty of disregarding his instructions, knowing his subtle foes better than those who undertook to direct his movements. In his narrative of the event he does not recommend his example to others, but excuses himself on the plea that it was necessary. How different would have been his reward, had he failed in his errand of destruction in this critical period in the history of the colony! Its very life and the life of its settlers hung on the success of John Mason and his heroic band of less than one hundred men.

Expecting an attack by the English, Sassacus had sent several hundred of the very choicest and bravest of the fighting force of his tribe to the smaller fortress overlooking the Mystic River. When they saw the English sail by the mouth of the Pequot River, and continue on their way eastward, passing the mouth of the Mystic also,

great was their rejoicing. They felt that the victory was theirs, and that their adversaries had withdrawn. But it was for a season only. Capt. Mason and his intrepid company went as far east as Narragansett Bay, and there landed with their very doubtful contingent of Indian allies. It is supposed that he hoped to meet the auxiliary force sent by Massachusetts, but which came too late to be of any ser-

foes, who were having a pow-wow, the sounds of which revelry extended far into the night. Mason's men, after commending themselves to God, rested from their weary tramp. The night was serene, and towards morning the moon shed its beams over the unknown country. Before daybreak, and while their foes were still sleeping, they stealthily advanced towards the Indian fort in two divisions, Capt.



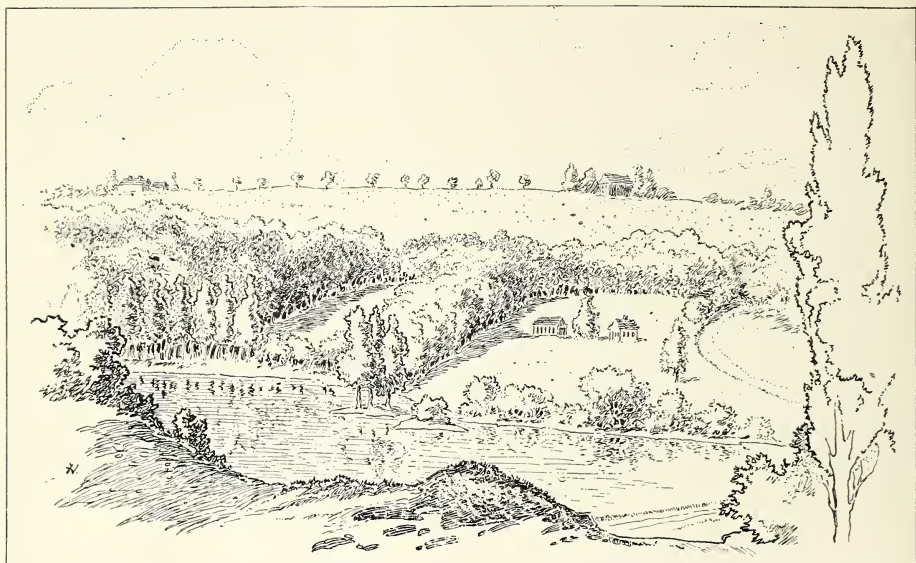
WHERE MASON'S MEN RESTED THE NIGHT BEFORE THE MASSACRE

vice in that important occurrence. Marching westward over many a weary mile, taking precautions, as they went, that no word should be sent in advance by their treacherous allies to warn the Pequots, they arrived at last within two miles of the enemies' outpost, and halted for the night between two gigantic piles of granite, which are standing, lonely and sombre, to this day.

From this position they could hear the riotous rejoicing of their Indian

Mason in command of one, Capt. Underhill of the other. The barking of a dog was the first warning the Pequots had that danger was near, and not until the enemy was actually upon them did these unsuspecting Pequots realize that the day of retribution had come. It was too late, and their bewilderment too great to admit much resistance. Fire and the sword soon did their work, and this beautiful hill top, now devoted to the peaceful pursuits of agriculture, was the scene of

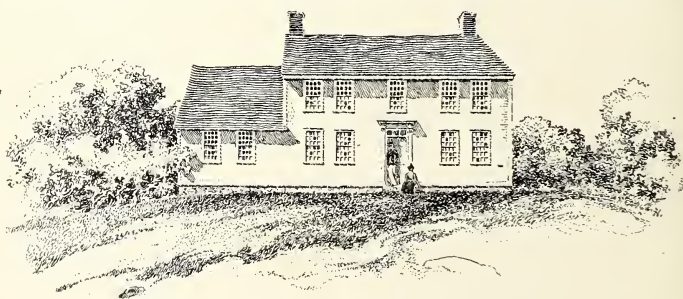




FORT HILL, GROTON

as terrible a tragedy as was ever known in the world's history. But two of the English were killed and twenty wounded, while the number of the Pequots killed by the sword or burned in their wigwams was variously estimated from four to seven hundred, "men, women, and children." But it may be doubted if there were many of the latter in the fort, as a battle was expected. The victory, though signal and complete as far as it went, was not final. There remained many more of the warriors of the tribe to retaliate with all their power, as soon as the news reached them. The English took but seven prisoners; they had no use for them and not sufficient numbers to guard them.

How anxiously they must have looked from this scene of devastation over the expanse of water, searching for their vessels which were to meet them at some point near the scene of conflict. At last they descried them sailing through what is now called Fisher's Island Sound, and bound for the Pequot River. The men were tired, hungry, and thirsty, especially the latter, since it is significantly said that but one pint of rum remained of their furnishing of strong drink; and they were unable to find the spring of



THE OLD MASON HOMESTEAD

water which supplied the fort—so cunningly hidden in a thicket near by that though its location is still known, finding it once does not insure its being found the second time without the expenditure of much time and trouble. It is ten or more feet deep and rudely stoned up with steps on one side leading down to it. The English started down the hill at the foot of which they found a brook which still flows there under the name of "Great Brook," refreshing themselves before starting on their perilous trip across the town to its western boundary. Soon, however, they found themselves assailed, but often turning to give their skulking adversaries a volley, proceeded as fast as their impeded condition would admit. Their Indian allies, though failing them in the crucial period of the fight, were very helpful in carrying the wounded, and thus deserved the gratitude which otherwise they had forfeited. At last they reached the welcome haven of their vessels, after an eight mile march beset by unknown dangers.

Not content with this summary vengeance, the war of extermination thus begun was continued with reinforcements from the Massachusetts

Colony, until every fighting Pequot was dead or banished beyond the bounds of the Colony.

The historian of the Indian wars, Rev. William Hubbard of Ipswich, says :

"The men among them to the number of thirty were turned presently unto Charon's ferry-boat under the command of Skipper Gallup, who despatched them a little without the harbor."

The Pequots were from this time a doomed race,—their best fighting men dead, their chieftain fled, and afterwards assassinated by those pretended friends, the Mohawks, among whom he sought succor. The women and children were made slaves; some were sent to the West Indies, the others divided among the settlers or friendly tribes. Among these unfortunates were the pathetic figures of Wincum-



THE MONUMENT TO JOHN MASON

bone, the wife of Mononotto, one of the chief sachems of the tribe, and her children. Her modesty, good sense, and the humanity she displayed on the occasion of the "captivated" Wethersfield maids whose lives she saved, appealed to her captors' sense of honor and her life and that of her children were spared, and they suffered no ill treatment. Gov. John Win-

throp became responsible for their protection. What eventually became of this captive princess, and whether her posterity are represented among the remnant of the tribe now living, are questions which must remain unanswered. The Pequot race was not entirely exterminated, as the Colony of Connecticut had good reason to know, although for forty years there was no open warfare.

At the decease of Uncas, the Pequots were divided into two bands, one in Stonington under Momoho, and the other in Groton under Cassassinamon. The latter band was the largest and had two thousand acres of land, while the smaller band had but two hundred and eighty, quite disproportionate to the difference in numbers and the cause of constant friction. The

land which the Colony gave this pitiful remnant was in the northern part of the towns of Groton and Stonington, and far from their former haunts on the shore. It became a trespass for them to appear on the lands once their own, in search of sea food. In their new home they were surrounded by miles of forests and rocky highlands, in which red-

snakes, sometimes called copperheads, abounded. Their venom is not less deadly than the rattle-snake, and they still infest the reservation, causing terror to the inhabitants.

Is it a wonder that complaints from these wards of the State were the yearly trial of the Assembly? Their overseers were frequently changed, at the request of the Pequots.

James Avery, and afterwards his son, were often selected to act in this capacity. The former built the first house erected in the town of Groton, then a part of New London, in 1656-7, and which remained standing until a few years ago, when it was accidentally burned, having been occupied by the same family for eight successive generations.

But even these respected citizens were not always

satisfactory to their wards, nor were those of their own selection more so. The Indians were constantly being robbed of a part of their estate by contiguous settlers. In 1712 the townsmen of Groton regarded the lands of Nawyayonk as no longer belonging to the Indians, and passed a vote allotting them to some of their own citizens. This did not



THE LAKE AT LANTERN HILL





THE AVERY HOMESTEAD

please young Robin Cassassinamon and others of his tribe, and they loudly complained of the injustice. The Commissioners of the Missionary Society in England took an interest in the affair, and their agent, Samuel Sewall, made such representations to the officials of the colony, that the General Assembly intervened, and the town of Groton was ordered to return the land or make suitable payment for the same. Later on a commission was appointed that decided Nawyayonk no longer belonged to the Pequots. The General Assembly concurred and again the pleasant places that once knew them, knew them no more.

Noank, as it is now called, is one of the most flourishing villages on the Connecticut shore. Delightfully situ-

ated on a bluff, jutting out into the Sound, it has a business industry of ship-building and repairing, and besides carries on extensively lobstering and fishing for the New York market.

Mason's Island, called by the Indians Chippachaug, lying at the mouth of the Mystic River and opposite Nawyayonk, contains six or seven hundred acres and was given to John Mason as a partial reward for his services in behalf of the Colony. Here reside two of his lineal descendants, one of them bearing his name, and jointly they own a greater part of the island which was once a part of the extensive domain of their distinguished ancestor.

Lantern Hill, which is on the north boundary of the town as originally laid out, is the traditional site of the



THE MYSTIC RIVER, LANTERN HILL IN THE DISTANCE

leap of the Pequot squaw for a pint of rum. The hill rises in a sheer precipice for a hundred feet and more, and from this spot the degraded creature jumped to her death. "Marindy Ned," who died a few years ago near this spot, was an Indian princess, the last of the royal line, and was as much the victim of strong drink as was her predecessor of a hundred years before. Many are the attempts of tourists to throw a stone into the lake which lies at its foot, but seldom is the feat accomplished.

The "wild cat" ledges between Mystic and Noank are a strange freak of nature. Near them are found great deposits of shells in the banks, which when cut down to make a road were white with these evidences of Indian feast days. These ledges and caves probably afforded a temporary shelter during their summer encampment. Occasionally, walking on the shore, a close observer discovers an Indian arrow-head, no doubt lost in an attempt

to secure fish. How these aborigines could without tools shape their flinty weapons with so much symmetry has been a mystery, but it is now supposed that it was done by first heating them and then dropping water on the surface.

The skeleton of a Pequot was unearthed on the slope of the hill east of the fort some years ago. It was in a sitting position, the cranium quite perfect. On being subjected to a phrenological examination, it was found that the skull was large and full, the frontal elevation large, but the intellectual dwarfed by the animal. Combativeness was found to be very large.

For several years before a statue was erected, there was a decided sentiment in favor of some memorial to mark the site of the decisive event in the history of Connecticut. But the first public utterance was that of a lineal descendant of John Fish, the original owner (after the Pequots) of the height, who received it by a





THE RIVER ROAD

grant from New London in 1656, twenty years after the battle was fought. At first the plan was a very modest one; a large boulder, such as this rocky town is abundantly supplied with, being suggested, with the date carved on one side; but this was thought by some to be inadequate. The New London County Historical Society took up the matter and appointed a committee to first definitely locate the spot where the fort stood. This was found an easy matter, notwithstanding the lapse of almost two hundred and fifty years. All the traditions of the family who still own and occupy a portion of the original grant were in favor of the selected site. Everywhere on and about the summit Indian relics have been found,—flints, arrow heads, mortars, pestles, parched corn and stone axes. Bullets, also, have been discovered. When first plowed by the early settlers, pieces of

charred wood a half yard long were found, and finer particles of charcoal blackened the furrows.

The Clift brothers, owners of the land where the massacre took place, were most energetic in having the site fixed, and generous in giving sufficient land on which to place a suitable memorial. The last public appearance of William H. Potter, of Mystic, who took a deep interest in the matter, was before the Committee of the Legislature in Hartford on Military Affairs, making a strong and successful plea for an appropriation by the State for this purpose. In January, 1887, the petition was granted and four thousand dollars were appropriated for it.

The 252nd anniversary of the massacre was made the occasion of the dedication of a most artistic monument by the State of Connecticut, with much military pomp and ceremony.





IN THE PEQUOT COUNTRY

Several of the lineal descendants of the hero of the fight were present as guests of honor. Isaac H. Bromley of New York was the orator. He said, among many other things:

"Was it necessary to meet barbarian with barbarity, to apply the burning brand that consigned these seven hundred to destruction? Could not the end have been accomplished at a less sacrifice? Ask Pastor Hooker, who at Hartford a fortnight before, by a formal religious ceremony had solemnly delivered the staff into Mason's hand as the ensign of martial power, entrusting to his protection the lives of the colonists. Ask Teacher Stone, chaplain of the expedition, whose life and character assure us, even if his calling had not forbidden it, that he would not approve unnecessary bloodshed. . . . Ask Lion Gardiner, who from his little fort at Saybrook had seen his men ambushed and put to

death with horrible torture. Ask the peace-loving Roger Williams, who afterwards hailed Mason as 'a blessed instrument of peace to all New England.' Finally ask John Mason himself, standing in the midst of overwhelming odds, within the very touch of their tomahawks, every wigwam bristling with arrows, and only restrained by momentary panic from bursting forth in a stream of red death upon him and his companions. Arrest his hand raised with the burning brand, ask him, 'Cannot this sacrifice be avoided?' He need not speak. The scene itself, the conditions and surroundings, above all the first great law of nature, make instant answer."

The statue then unveiled represents "The typical Puritan of history, a man ready of purpose, courageous in action, holding a firm faith in his mission as a propagator of the truth of God's Word, and of the divinely be-

stowed right of freedom." The figure is nearly nine feet high above the boulder and granite base, with a fine poise, indicating strength and action. The costume is the colonial dress of that period, and lends itself to artistic draping much better than more modern apparel.

Of all the statues erected to mark important events during the last half of the 19th century, none are less open

minished in size, consisting now of about one thousand acres, of which but a small portion is cultivated. These descendants of the Pequots, like their ancestors of old, do not take kindly to farming. Just a patch here and there of corn and other vegetables is the way that suits them better than a progressive style of farming. A quarter of a century ago, their principal industry was basket making, in which



"INDIAN POINT" ON THE MYSTIC RIVER

to criticism from an artistic point of view, than this statue of John Mason, which crowns the summit of Pequot Hill, making a spot forever memorable in history.

To return to the Colony's wards. In 1731 the tribe numbered one hundred and sixty-four persons, with two hundred acres of cleared land, and with thirteen wigwams on the reservation. One hundred years later, their number had dwindled to forty persons, but since 1761 the reservation has not di-

they were adepts. Dainty work baskets woven from the finest splints and grasses, fit for a lady's boudoir, and strong heavy baskets for rough usage, in fact, baskets of all sizes and kinds, were yearly peddled from door to door in the adjacent villages.

But this industry is no longer pursued by them to any extent. Berry picking in the season affords the younger generation occupation and a small revenue. Less than a score of the Pequots now occupy the reser-

vation, and these for the most part have comfortable, if humble, homes, and are sober, church-going people. As long as there is a drop of Pequot blood in their veins they have a right to a home on the reservation, and a claim to a part of its revenues.

Year by year the number on the reservation diminishes, and the loneli-

ness and isolation of those that remain increases. Some of the descendants show the Indian face and figure with the stolid dignity that was a trait of this vanishing race. Their day is over:

"The white man came; his bayonets gleam  
where Sachems held their sway,  
And like the shadow of a dream, the tribe  
has passed away."

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## Not Tonight

By Walter A. Dyer

PRAY take away thy lips, sweetheart,  
And softly shade the light;  
I fain would sit awhile apart  
And read my heart aright.  
Pray let me harken to the rain,  
And let me feel the old, sweet pain;  
My heart will turn to thee again,  
But not tonight.

From out the archives of my soul,  
I've drawn with sad delight  
A musty, long-forgotten scroll,  
With pages black and white.  
The sorrowing skies are overcast,  
The lattice shivers in the blast;  
Sometime I shall forget the past,  
But not tonight.

So take away thy lips, sweetheart,  
Thine eyes are overbright;  
My heart burns with an ancient smart,  
And tear-mist dims my sight.  
Sometime, when skies are blue above,  
My heart will drink its fill of love,  
The trusting and the joy thereof,  
But not tonight.



# The Rose Is Red

By Faulkland Lewis

ONCE upon a time there was a little boy and a little girl who went to the same school in the same city; but they did not sit in the same classroom, for he was eleven and she was only nine. He used ink and a pen; she had only a slate and slate pencil. But he waited for her after school; their houses were in the same street.

When he and all the family were at dinner she would come and rap on the window, but when he opened it she was gone; yet there was always on the sill a little piece of folded paper, and ink spots showing through from the inside. His big brother laughed at his "love letters;" but the smaller boy kept his hand tight on the paper in his pocket, and ran his knife up and down the tablecloth, for which his mother always reprimanded him. Then he would hasten back to school before the other children, and read the letter, which was written with a slate pencil dipped in ink. Sometimes a blot had effaced the words. Generally the letters said, "Dear Jack I like you Alice." Sometimes they read, "Dear Jack I like you do you me? X X X." In this case no name was signed. Then Jack carefully cleaned his pen on his ink-wiper and traced slowly a drawing, generally of two figures with round heads, slots for eyes and mouth, a fat body like a zero, two pipstem legs and two branch-like arms. However, one of

the figures had a longer body and shorter legs. That was a girl, and under it was written A. The nearest hands of the girl and of the boy were locked in wonderful construction. The letter under him was J. This drawing he always gave to her when they parted, on walking home from school in the afternoon.

One day she asked him to come over on Saturday afternoon and play in her house, because her mother said she might. He went to his mother, who said he might, too, but if she didn't play nice he was to come right home, because their families didn't go together, and he would understand that better when he was older. So he first went into the library and drew a picture on a bigger sheet of paper than ever before. This time all four hands were clasped, but there were no letters under the drawings. He tucked it into his pocket and ran all the way to the house.

They romped up and down stairs, played house, and were so noisy that Alice's mother said, "Little boy, you mustn't make so much noise." So they sat down on the stairway, on the same stair, and looked at each other. He put his hand in his pocket and kept it on the drawing.

"Do you know how to say, 'The rose is red?'" she asked.

He shook his head. "I know the 'Night before Christmas' up to 'not even a mouse.'"



"HE TOOK THE PEN AND SHE LOOKED THE OTHER WAY"

Then they were silent.

"Why don't you ask how 'The rose is red' goes?" she said.

"How does it go?" he asked.

"'The rose is red, the violet blue, the pink is sweet, and—'" She paused. "Don't you know the rest?" she whispered.

He hung his head because he didn't know.

"'And so are you!'" She caught her breath in a deep sigh. He grasped tightly the paper in his pocket, pulled it out, and threw it in her lap. "Let's play rance!" he shouted; "you can't catch me!"

They ran in and out of the parlor and the library, until her mother caught him by the arm and, shaking him a little, said, "If you can't behave, you must go home!"

Something funny seemed to choke him, and he felt tingly all over; but Alice said, taking him by the arm, "Let's sit on the stairs." So they went and sat down on the same step again.

"Have you an autograph album?" she asked. He shook his head. "I have; mamma gave it to me Sunday. People write in it, and verses, too." He stared at her.

"Will you write in my autograph album?"

"In ink?" he asked.

"Of course."

She ran and brought back her album, and her father's fountain pen. She opened the book to the very front page, even before where "Your loving Mother" and "Your loving Father" stood. "Here," she said, "and can you remember 'The rose is red'?"

He took the pen, and she looked the other way. Presently he put the book in her hand; she opened it hastily, but on the page stood written only "Jack,"—and it had blotted the pretty paper on the back of the front cover.

"I thought you were going to write—something," she said, slowly.

"I don't—know how," he whispered. So they sat without speaking.

"Your fingers are all ink; let me clean them with my handkerchief," she observed suddenly. His lips parted; he gazed at her. She smiled and, taking his hand in her own little right hand, she began to scrub diligently with her left. "I like you." She scrubbed so hard that his chubby fingers turned red. "Don't you like me?" she said, so low that it was hardly to be heard.

He started up, pulled his hand away, hurried downstairs, seized his hat from the chair, and ran all the way home. When he slammed the door of his own house, his mother called down from upstairs: "Is that you, Jackie?" He answered. "But why did you come home so early; didn't she play nice?"

The boy's eyes filled with tears "They had—company!" This was the first lie he had ever told his mother.

A few days later Jack's mother

heard at the ladies' aid meeting that Alice's mother had said, after the conference meeting at her church the Sunday night before, that Jack was a very ill-behaved boy, and had broken the back of one of their best parlor chairs, and that he had made Alice so wild that she tore up the pretty autograph album her mother had paid seventy-five cents for; and that furthermore Alice persisted now in moping in her room with her dolls instead of going out to play with the other children.

Soon after this Alice's father had to be in business somewhere else, and the whole family moved.

Just fourteen years later, Jack Ash-ton, a most successful young architect (he worked slowly, but with really remarkable clear-sightedness), took one Sunday his regular afternoon stroll over to the archaeological collection in the Art Museum on the Back Bay. He was deep in the study of the fifth, or the fifteenth, Egyptian dynasty—it doesn't matter which—when, on the glass top of the case, he saw the reflection, inverted of course, of a girl, standing on the opposite side. He looked up abstractedly, and found her eyes directed on him. "Jove, what a beauty!" he thought; and the sudden flush that spread over her cheeks was so charming that it was a brief moment before he realized the insolence of his action. The same choking feeling which had come to him from time to time since his childhood days crept into his throat; he promptly moved away and, like a fool, touched his hat, as if that would excuse his boorishness.

As he walked toward the door, the face of that girl must have done





W. F. Kingman

Drawn by W. F. Kingman

"JACK WAS STARING AT HER, JUST AS IN THE

strange things to the pigeonholes of his memory, for there danced suddenly before his eyes the vague, elusive picture of a drawing long forgotten, which consisted mainly of two big round heads, two zero-shaped bodies, pipestem legs, and clasped hands. He stopped short on the threshold, bewildered; like a man in the dark he groped about and grasped at the memories. He turned, to see her just once more; and, behold, she still stood by the case, quietly regarding him. He noticed she wore three deep red roses.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" he thought to himself; "either she's some one I know or else she's—" There was an instant's terrible racking of his brain. "I'll go back, anyway; she's too lovely!"

There was a strange little smile in the corners of her mouth as he, big and honest, came awkwardly forward, to stand again before the fifteenth dynasty. He removed his hat. "I believe I know you," he blurted out.

"I *know* I know *you*," she replied. The tones of that voice rang through the passages of his memory.

"Haven't we met before—at some dance?" he said slowly.

"Jack!"

What a reproof there was in the half-pain of that voice! And then, all at once, a name came to his lips, and he cried aloud, "Alice!"

So they stood there, gazing into each other's eyes,—Jack never knew how long, for he remembered afterwards that it had seemed to him like looking into a soul.

"Are you really—Alice?" was all that he could say; for she was very beautiful. And then he asked haltingly, "Do you remember—remember the—"

"No, I am now Mrs.—never mind who I am!" Jack had not yet comprehended. "I was married last June—in Trinity, Jack." Jack was staring at her just as in those far-away days, on the stairs. "But I wanted just to speak with you—once again, Jack, for—" and she unfastened the smallest of the three roses from its place—"for you remember, Jack, the rose is red."

With that she laid the flower upon the glass top of the case. Jack slowly put his hand upon the stem, and looked up—but she was gone! Only the rose, the perfume, and the memory were left. And then he realized that he hadn't even asked her—where she lived!

# An Old Time Pilgrimage in Pursuit of Science

By Mary Hamilton Hadley

IN the year 1818 my grandfather, Dr. James Hadley, was professor of chemistry in the Medical College of Fairfield, N. Y., then one of the seven medical colleges in the United States. Dr. Hadley was then about thirty-two years old. He was married and had three young children, one of whom was my father, George Hadley, afterward professor of chemistry in the Medical College of Buffalo, N. Y. The others were little girls; James Hadley, late professor of Greek in Yale College, and the father of Arthur T. Hadley, now President of Yale University, was not born until 1821. My grandfather had become very much interested in mineralogy and botany; and it was he who afterward suggested to Professor Asa Gray, then a student in Fairfield, that he should make botany his special study.

In the spring of 1818 my grandfather spent several months in New Haven, studying and making collections. He kept a journal of the journey and of his daily occupations while there, from which I have made some extracts:

"March 30th, 1818. Set out for New Haven. Object of the tour, to acquire some practical knowledge of Botany and Mineralogy, sciences which are rapidly and deservedly com-

ing into notice. They expose to light treasures hidden in the earth, and bring to account the organized productions of its surface. Impressed with the importance of these branches I do violence to my feelings in relinquishing the incomes of business and the enjoyments of home.

Went to Little Falls in sleigh, took stage to Albany. Passengers, General Platt, and gentleman from Hartford, Conn. Cold, rainy day; put up at Schenectady."

My grandfather kept his accounts most methodically in a little book, from which we find that his expense to Albany was \$7.37; in Albany \$2.81.

"Tuesday, March 31st. Went on to Albany before breakfast. Visited the capitol. Debates uninteresting."

"April 1st. Went aboard the ship *Gold Hunter* for New York, Captain Smith. (Fare to New York in sloop, \$5.) Fair wind. We had a lady passenger on board with a little boy. Though it was plain she had drunken deep from the cup of adversity, it was also evident that she would not refrain from other liquors when they came in her way, and this perhaps was not her only fault. It was not a faint stain which would be lost in the splendor of many virtues and forgotten in the rectitude of her general deportment. Under present circumstances it could not be supposed a solitary de-



fection, but rather the consequence of vices more deformed and odious in their nature. Though this is a state of her own creating, and is the just result of crimes which she has voluntarily committed, yet can she be looked upon with indifference and contempt? I am led to these reflections from the observations of the sailors respecting this unfortunate being, the point of their hackneyed observations and the subject of every jest. I must confess I had other feelings than those of levity or mirth. If it is the error of weakness to compassionate the condition of a being totally abandoned, lost to herself, to her friends, and to the world, it is surely to be preferred to the insensibility of more than brutal indifference. To see the image of virtue mutilated by vice, the best part of creation sunk to the lowest degradation, to see that form in which man expects to see the consolations of friendship and of love, clothed in the apathy of dissipation, such a sight I say is shocking to the sensibilities of the heart and calls for our pity and regret. Perhaps if her tale were told the burden of her woes would rest upon a wretch who was bound by the strongest ties to protect, instead of robbing her of innocence."

"Thursday, April 2d. Wind changed against us during the night. Ten o'clock, cast anchor and went on shore. When the tide was favorable we sailed at certain angles which they call beating against the wind. Got along slowly. Employed in the cabin reading *Valcinon*, a novel with which I was much pleased. The characters are well drawn. They are calculated to inspire us with noble sentiments, with a love of virtue and ingenuous

conduct. That of Cornelius and Sussanna is painfully interesting and pathetic."

It has been impossible, thus far, to find any trace of this book.

"Tuesday, April 3d. Still head wind. Went on shore in the forenoon. About noon the wind came about and blew aft, a brisk gale. Passed through the Highlands about two o'clock. Here the mountains seemed to wade into the river, and rose above its surface to a height sublime. In the evening the wind blew tempestuously. The sloop was so tossed by the waves that our lady passenger appeared to be much distressed."

"Saturday, April 4th. Rained so hard all day that I did not leave the cabin except to go to the barber's. Read Hume's History, etc."

"Sunday, 5th. Rained all day, did not leave the cabin. The captain sets a good table and good examples."

Dr. Hadley gives no account of his stay in New York, but we find from the account book that he stayed there two days and it cost him \$2.50. The fare to New Haven by steamer was \$5. The steamers had been running on the Sound about three years.

"Monday, April 6th. At 8 o'clock went aboard the steamboat for New Haven. Dull passage. Entirely alone in the midst of a crowd. Arrived at New Haven about 9 p. m. Put up at Jacob Ogden's. Singular man, a complete nondescript, kindly, talkative, benevolent, humorous, etc."

Jacob Ogden's place of entertainment was where the Tontine now stands. Board for nine days here cost my grandfather \$6.16.

"Tuesday, April 7th. Dr. Smith absent. Visited Mix's Museum, not in

very good order. The young sea-serpent a complete imposition."

Mix's Museum was at the lower end of Court Street, near Worcester Square.

"Friday, April 10th. Saw Dr. Smith and was introduced by him to Dr. Ives. Found Dr. Ives a plain and an agreeable man. Made arrangements with him for studying botany. Mr. Silliman absent."

This was Dr. Nathan Smith, an eminent surgeon, and Dr. Eli Ives, one of the original members of the New Haven Medical Association, founded in 1803. He became a very scientific botanist, and the Botanic Garden, which was at the corner of Hillhouse Avenue and Grove Street, and was very complete, was started by him.

"Sunday, April 11th. Attended meeting at Dr. Taylor's Meeting House."

This is now the Center Church, built in 1813-14. Professor Fitch preached. In this instance the text is not given, but an abstract of the sermon follows. My grandfather goes to church every Sunday, both morning and afternoon, and writes out an abstract of every sermon. This afternoon he hears Mr. Taylor, who was ordained 1812,—“a sermon directed to the professing Christians of his church, reproving them for their neglect of duty, barrenness, coldness, and inattention to the affairs of religion.” In conclusion “the preacher lamented the want of exertion in his Christian brethren, their apathy, and lukewarmness, with eloquence and effect, and while they listened to devour every sentence they did not withhold the tribute of a tear.”

On the next Sunday he hears Mr.

Crosswell “at the church” (Trinity, built in 1814-15, and the first Gothic church in the United States. Mr. Crosswell was installed in 1816), where after the usual abstract he says: “If the sermon had been of a metaphysical cast I am certain I should have lost the thread of the discourse by attending to the beautiful architecture of the house and to the fine faces and rich attire of the audience. This is said to be the most elegant church in the United States. It is furnished with a splendid organ, which gives an enchanting sweetness to the music.”

On the 3d of May Mr. Gallaudet of Hartford preaches. May 10th Mr. Taylor preaches two elaborate discourses on the subject of prayer. Later, Mr. Ogden, a candidate, preaches in Mr. Taylor's Meeting House. Later, in the Episcopal Church, he hears Mr. Wainwright of Hartford, another Sunday he hears Mr. Gibbs in the Meeting House, Mr. Spring from New York, and Mr. Leland of South Carolina, a variety which he evidently appreciates.

July 17th he has a real treat. He says: “At tea I learned that Mr. Beecher of Litchfield was to preach in the evening. A high opinion of Mr. Beecher's talents induced me to attend although quite unwell. Text, *‘I beseech Thee show me Thy glory.’* The object of the sermon was to enforce this sentiment, that a perception of God's glory is necessary to enable a person to perform the duties of life, and to enjoy the kingdom of heaven. The preacher proceeded to show, 1, What is to be understood by God's glory, and the manifestation of it; 2, The means necessary to a perception

of God's glory, and 3, The effects of this perception."

"It was said by those acquainted with his preaching that he was not so much engaged as usual. But his reasoning was urgent and his manner forcible and eloquent. He is original both in his reasoning and in his manner of speaking."

Lay Sermons are also enjoyed.

"Tuesday, June 19th. At evening learned that a celebrated Quaker from Baltimore was to preach in Dr. Taylor's Meeting House. So at 8 o'clock the citizens attended in such crowds that the house was literally full. The house was brilliantly lighted, and as the preacher was perfectly mute for half an hour the audience had full opportunity to gaze at each other, to meditate and moralize, or to speculate on personal beauty or the ornaments of dress. At length the wished for period arrived when the good old Quaker brought his body into a perpendicular position. All was profound silence. A solemn stillness reigned throughout the house, all remained in anxious waiting to catch the first utterances which were to announce the operation of the Spirit. Not until some time did he remove this state of expectation and suspense. He began by uttering part of a sentence, then making a pause. A number of pauses would be made in pronouncing an ordinary sentence, which rendered it irksome to hear him. He spoke in a desultory manner of the existence of a God, the proofs of his existence, his justice, the excellence of the Gospel, the ideas of heathen philosophers of religion, spoke much of the momentous events that are taking place at the present day. A spirit of benevolence

seemed to be breathed from all he said, and as his pauses became shorter and less frequent as he progressed he was somewhat interesting. He did not, however, answer the expectations of the people, for the exhibition of a puppet show, an elephant, or a sea-monster would not have gotten together a more respectable audience. Could it be expected, then, that a plain honest Quaker could answer such raised expectations?"

In the Sunday afternoons my grandfather visits the graveyard, and studies the monuments, the inscriptions on which he transcribes, while he describes the stones from the mineralogist's point of view. Of Dr. Dwight's monument he says: "It is of Milford marble, constructed in a neat and elegant style. The marble is a richly clouded specimen admitting of a very fine polish." Of Dr. Stiles's monument he says: "This monument is of Italian marble, but it is not to be compared with that of Dr. Dwight, which is from the Milford quarry. So some polished marble with a little Latin which few can read is all that is to be seen (except their works) of those very learned men!" This cemetery is the present cemetery on Grove Street, which had been in use only about two years.

To return to the journal:

"Tuesday, April 14th. Introduced by Dr. Smith to Mr. Silliman. As it is impossible to hear of a person without forming some idea of the man, though almost always an incorrect one, I found that which I had formed of Professor Silliman almost perfectly correct. Visited his laboratory. Saw him experiment with an apparatus, patented for the purpose of



burning the vapor of water in combination with tar. It did not appear to answer in any degree the purpose for which it was intended."

"Wednesday, April 15th. Took room in the Medical House."

This was Old Sheffield Hall. Apparently my grandfather does not pay anything for his room, but continues to pay board at Ogden's, for which he pays, during the remainder of his stay, \$44.94. He hires a bed, for the use of which he pays \$4.68, for the use of other furniture he pays \$2.67. For one-quarter of a cord of wood and cutting he pays \$1.75, for sawing and carrying, 62 cents. He always mentions employing a negro to do this work.

"Attended Professor Silliman's lecture on Mineralogy. On entering the cabinet I was perfectly astonished at the variety, extent, arrangement and beauty of the minerals. Nothing in the organized kingdom of Nature can exhibit anything which will surpass, and perhaps not equal these productions of the earth. No specimen of art can be compared with the fine finishings and exquisite play of colours which many of them exhibit. Subject of the lecture, Ores of Iron. Heard no new ideas. Wrote wife."

"Monday, April 20th. Attended lecture. Subject, the Precious Stones. Interesting on account of the specimens, which were superbly rich and beautiful."

"Thursday, April 23. Went to the Postoffice for a letter as a remedy for low spirits. Found none. O! why don't they write!"

"Saw Mr. Sherwood in the cabinet, who was formerly teacher at Fairfield. He appeared much gratified to see

me. Had not much confidence in his professions, promised to call at my room but did not. A priest should always be sincere as well as other folks."

"Wednesday, April 29th. Lecture on some of the unimportant minerals finished the course for this term. Made arrangement with Edward Hitchcock, of Deerfield, Mass., to procure me some minerals."

This, however, is not the end of the lectures. There follows a course on geology, the price of which was \$4.

"Wednesday, June 10th. Mr. Silliman commenced lectures of Geology to the present days."

"Saturday, June 13th. Lecture on Geology, which was a comment on the first chapter of Genesis. Not only made the modern theory of the earth's formation consistent with the Scripture, but the Scripture as a short outline of the Neptunian Theory goes directly to enforce its truth."

"Wednesday, July 8th. Lecture at 2 to the private class on the effect of Noah's deluge upon the surface of the earth, and some observations respecting the chaotic deluge. The reason why animal remains from the destruction of Noah's deluge are not discovered is this: that they were carried by the torrent into the depths of the sea, beyond the reach of human means."

After the close of the first course in mineralogy my grandfather devotes himself largely to making collections. He says:

"April 30th. Studied Botany with all my might. Collected some flowers in company with Dr. Ives."

"Friday, May 1st. Went to the North Rock (East Rock) to collect

plants, found but few in blossom, much fatigued. Cold backward weather," which continued for some time, as we learn.

"Saturday, May 16th. Cold and rainy. Obligated to keep fire. The season is judged to be a fortnight later here than usual."

But the weather improves later.

"June 2d. Vegetation uncommonly rapid. Fruit trees promise an abundant season. Apple tree blossoms are now falling from the tree."

At last, after many complaints, my grandfather hears from home, though not from my grandmother, as he says under the same date:

"Received a letter from Dr. Bryan. Was almost provoked at its shortness, yet it conveyed the intelligence that wife and family are well and in good spirits. A volume on any other subject would not have given me the same satisfaction."

In the fine weather excursions prosper. We find:

"May 14th. In the afternoon went to the North Rock to collect plants, collected a number. Killed a black snake about four feet in length, the first I ever saw. A man was employed undermining the rocks to procure them for building, a hazardous work. The rock is about 400 feet high. He had started a fragment which would probably weigh a thousand tons and would fall between two and three hundred feet. By falling it is broken into manageable fragments, which are thrown into scows that approach within thirty feet of the foot of the Rock."

This rock could only have been East Rock, which later Dr. Hadley calls by its right name.

"Wednesday, May 20th. Went to West Rock botanizing, found fine plants. Visited the cave, in which a man resides with his wife and three children. *Miserabile visu.*"

We learn from the account book that he gave them sixpence. The cave must have been considerably more roomy then than now.

"Friday, May 29th. In the afternoon went on a mineral expedition with Riddle, to the localities of chalcedony in the vicinity of East Haven. Found a number of specimens which were rather of an indifferent quality. So tired I could hardly sleep all night."

"Friday, June 5th. Made an excursion toward Darby with Mr. Taylor. Found the red *Cypripedium* in full flower. This regular and very beautiful flower, which was thickly clustered on a small spot, presented a sight more interesting than anything of the kind I have ever seen. Brought home a number for the garden. Feet so sore I could hardly walk."

"Monday, June 15th. Made a more extensive ramble to-day than usual. Went on to the hills near East Haven and returned by East Rock, gone all day. Took a little refreshment at Daddy Maltby's. A right down clever old Yankee."

This was probably the old stone house on Grand Avenue just beyond the bridge over Mill River. The house stood until very lately; whether it was ever a real house of entertainment or not is uncertain, but in those times many people who did not keep inns welcomed casual travelers and took pay for it. The refreshments in this instance cost 18 cents.

"Saturday, June 20th. Munson

carried me to North Haven, about nine miles, in pursuit of Helornias. Found it after much fruitless searching. Also went to the pool, which is a mineral spring containing iron. Brought in a number of plants for the Botanic Garden. The country through which we passed was barren, yet pleasantly situated, consisting of hill and plain, sometimes alternating in a manner to form a romantic and delightful scenery. Although in this enlightened region the people are extremely ignorant and uncouth."

The expense of this excursion was 45 cents. The Munson mentioned is probably Dr. Eneas Munson, who was one of the original members of the New Haven Medical Society. The exact location of the spring here mentioned is not now known, but the wells in the region of North Haven are strongly impregnated with iron. It was probably sesquioxide, used in making pressed brick.

"Monday, June 22d. In the afternoon went to Woodbridge with Munson to examine the Virginia Snake Root. Found it, but not in abundance. Found also a species of Helornias and some other plants. Extremely warm, yet pleasant riding toward evening."

"Thursday, June 25th. Lecture on Primitive Limestone, Marble, etc. In the afternoon took a botanical excursion alone. The weather excessively warm and the ground so dry that vegetation begins to suffer."

"Saturday, 4th July. Great guns and ringing of bells at sunrise. At 10 o'clock delegates were chosen for the convention for forming a constitution. (This was for the Constitution of the State). The day was then celebrated by two Societies, the Harmony

Society and the Mechanic. The Harmony Society met at the North Church, and heard discourse from Mr. Professor Olmstead (Professor of Philosophy in Yale). As the objects of the society are not of a political nature the orator did not bring into view the interests of any particular party. The subject of the oration was extensive in its scope. It was comprised principally under four heads: 1. The origin of the arts. 2. The connection of philosophy with the arts. 3. The relations and dependence of the different classes of Society on each other. 4. The blessings of our free Government, closed with a eulogium on the character of Washington. There were some harsh and some rather flat sentences in this performance, but it was on the whole what I should expect from Mr. Olmstead, a very good one."

"The other society had an oration from Mr. Crane, a shoemaker, and I suppose the old adage ought to have been applied here: *Ne suitor ultra crepidum*."

"After the exercises the Society proceeded to an entertainment, amid the ringing of Bells, firing of Guns, and clouds of dust; and I to my boarding house for a temperate dinner, without any of the *ardent spirit* of Independence, which has a wonderful agency in patriotic celebrations."

"After dinner took my tin box and repaired to the woods and fields, preferring the beauty of the flowers to scenes of drunkenness and the chattering of birds to the deep thunders of the cannon. The labourers had left the field to join in the hilarity of the town, and beast and bird seemed to enjoy an holiday in the absence of oppressive man.



A scene like this is not unfavorable to contemplation. With the busy world at a distance surrounded only by inanimate and irrational, though innocent beings, the mind is naturally led to inquire the end they are to subserve in the great system of creation. Infinite variety is expressed on the face of vegetable existence. Whether we regard the magnitude or minuteness of herbage, the forms, the colorings, and beautiful arrangements, we recognize an act of creative power and consummate wisdom."

"Friday, July 10th. After lecture Munson took me in his carriage on a botanical excursion. We proceeded three or four miles up the valley which stretches along under West Rock. Found plants in great abundance. Returned about 3 o'clock much exhausted by exercise, heat, and fasting. This tour added about thirteen or fourteen plants to my catalogue. After tea walked to the steamboat wharf for a mineral which had been thrown from a boat that had taken it in at Turkey for ballast. It was chrysalized carbonate of lime in sandstone. Returned to my room with the cheerful reflection that I had spent the day industriously. Reflections clouded with the gloom of anxious thought for distant family and friends."

"Monday, 13th. Spent most of the day in putting up and labelling dried plants. Two of the classes left the hall in Yale College on account of the hardness of the fare."

"Wednesday, 15th. Munson took me in his carriage to Milford Quarry. This beautiful marble is quarried altogether by blasting. A pretty large excavation has been made, and the Quality improves as they proceed in.

The Marble is sawn and finished on a stream of water a short distance from the Quarry, where we obtained specimens,—not, however, without paying for them. On our return collected plants, among them the *Lilium Superbum*."

"Friday, 17th. Went with Munson to East Haven. Engaged horse and wagon of Col. Bradley to go on a Mineralogico-Botanical Tour."

We have no account of the early part of this excursion.

"July 31st. Set out early in the morning from the Public House in Woodbridge, 14 miles from New Haven. Travelled along the hills most of the way on a descending road till I found myself in the long valley of the West Rock, which stretches in to the basin of New Haven Harbour. Woodbridge is mostly primitive, thrown into irregular hills, rocky, and of an uncheerful aspect. In proceeding toward the city we are warned of the approaching secondary formation by the primitive argillite almost verticle in its position, which is succeeded by the old red sandstone and trap rocks. No Mica slate to be seen. Breakfasted at Hotchkinstown (Westville) and afterward arrived at the Medical College about 10 o'clock. Unloaded and proceeded to East Haven to return the horse and wagon, which belonged to Colonel Bradley, brother of G. Bradley of Fairfield. Returned to New Haven four miles on foot, in the hottest part of a very warm day. It was not an unwelcome circumstance to find myself again in a cool and retired room which after the uncommon fatigue of my journey promised a temporary rest. Yet here no wife and children with welcome

on their faces greeted my return, and the mind was anxiously solicitous to leave the place which has so long detained me from their society."

"Saturday, August 1st. Engaged in drying plants collected on the road, and in packing the minerals for Fairfield. Resolved to set out for Fairfield Wednesday next if possible."

"Monday, August 3d. Went to Darby with Munson, found the cardinal flower, but few plants. Packed minerals and plants for home. Received letter from Norton (of Fairfield) but no money to buy materials for lectures which is a source of mortification. Yet its contents contained the agreeable information that family are well."

"Wednesday, 5th. Busily engaged in getting my baggage ready for the journey. At 6 P. M. stepped into the hack for steamboat, and between 7 and 8 found ourselves underway for N. Y. Boat passage is to me an unpleasant mode of traveling. It is a scene of bustle and confusion. It is a microcosm, a little world brought to a single point. It is a bar-room, a parlor, a kitchen, and outhouses, a workshop, and a ship. There are mingled together Black and White, ignorant and learned, poor honest men, and rascals male and female, young and old, drunk and sober, the devout and the profane, with all the contrarities that could be collected from a kingdom. We were soon saluted with the ringing of the bell, which all, under the influence of what is called hunger, considered a call to the tea table. But to our disappointment it was intended to give notice that the Captain was ready to receive the passengers' fees. After this bustle and disappointment the next

bell was a signal for supper. So down we were huddled into the cabin where each one took the first seat he came at, and fell to eating *sans ceremonie*, like certain brute animals that are remarkable for a good appetite. Poor tea and coffee with a cold cut, etc. After supper the crew were again put in motion by another bell. On inquiry learned that the passengers were to draw for a berth during the night, as there were not a sufficient number to accommodate the whole. It happened my lot to draw a sofa, which is considered less convenient than a berth. But as the sofas are arranged in the middle of the cabin their situation is cooler than the berths, which are on the sides and furnished with curtains. About eleven o'clock tumbled upon the sofa in a situation illy calculated to invite great nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep. Instead of the solitude and calm of night when naught but whispers should steal upon the ear, our constant lullaby was the beating of the floats, the dashing of the waves, and the thundering of the most powerful machinery. Slept but little during the night. In consequence of head wind the progress of the Boat had been much retarded so that we were likely to be unusually late. In passing Hell Gate the tide was against us, which produced a remarkable current. In coming toward New York the country seats and homes of opulent citizens presented the most delightful landscapes. They seemed indeed calculated to afford everything the heart could wish or the imagination paint, and did not experience prove the contrary we might suppose their possessors the possessors of real happiness. Anchored at the wharf

about 12 o'clock. As we passed into the harbour the all-powerful influence of commerce was apparent on every side. Ships laden with the product of every clime, steamboats, ships of war, skiffs floating upon the waves in every direction, with the din and business of an emporium, almost overcome the sense of an unaccustomed spectator, and persuade him he is on fairy ground, feasting on visions above the sober level of undeceiving reality. No sooner had we reached the wharf than a host of shabby fellows came on board for the purpose of carrying the baggage on shore. 'Do you want a porter, sir?' was so often repeated that I was glad to be out of the boat to be rid of their importunities."

It cost a quarter then to carry a trunk to lodging, just at it does now. Dr. Hadley staid in New York till the 8th, and paid \$3 for "board at Bunker's."

"Saturday, 8th. In the forenoon went aboard the sloop *Friendship*. But being detained on account of freight she did not get ready to sail before night, and then on account of rain and unfavorable wind we did not haul off during the night."

"Sabbath, 9th. Stormed in the morning, and the wind northeast. We had some gentlemen and lady passengers, but I could feel no interest in their company and conversation. Had I been in the woods surrounded by

the solitude of the mountains I should not have been half so much alone."

"Monday, 10th. Found ourselves in the neighborhood of the Highlands. About 10 o'clock, the tide and wind being contrary, dropped anchor and went ashore. I went into the woods on the western bank of the river and climbed the rocks till I could see the distant hills and the various roundings of the river, whitened with extended sail. The Rocks were entirely primitive, composed of rounded granite summits, presenting alternately the naked rock, and shrubbery, with trees, plants, and flowers. Collected the *Asclepias*, verticulated, which I had never seen, and a plant which I could not name. Before noon the wind blew from the southwest and we got under way."

"Tuesday, 11th. Passed Hudson and Athens about 11 o'clock."

The journal is not continued beyond this point. The account book, however, gives expenses as far as Little Falls. The passage to Albany in sloop was \$5, and freight (on boxes of minerals and plants) \$2.50. Breakfast and dinner at Albany cost \$1.12, fare to Schenectady, \$1.00, to Little Falls, \$4.31; freight to Fairfield, \$1.75.

The expense of the whole trip was \$224.12. The sacrifice and hardships involved were about as great as would be encountered in a trip to Alaska at the present day.



# Hilda's Church

By A. B. DeMille

THERE is a certain section of the North Atlantic coast where the fishermen live hard and die young, having small regard for the laws of health. But the life which is so short is generally a merry one; they know that their years will be few, and manage to get a good deal of pleasure—more or less questionable—out of the world before the scourge of that coast drives them away from it all. And the scourge of that lonely coast is consumption—fostered by careless and rough living.

Various little villages lie out along the wild sea-marge, and in one of these a drama was enacted that is worth the telling—though perhaps lacking in the larger elements of human interest. The actors were the Bishop of the Diocese, his lay-reader, John Ellis, the child Hilda Rafuse, and her grandfather, Sam Rafuse. The stage was one of the sea-coast villages, with a setting of gray rocks, black spruce trees, and white cottages, while there was for orchestra the thunder of the sea. The child took the leading part. She was a fair-haired girl of thirteen. Her father and mother were dead, and she herself was surely doomed—a state of things not seldom met with upon this coast.

The refining influences of the village in question were few, being summed up in a rude frame structure called by courtesy a church, and a lay-

reader sent from far to look after it and to do what he could for the morals of the fisher-folk, which was not much; but he had an optimistic turn of mind, this John Ellis, and a saving sense of humor that helped him over many a rough place. Thus when old Sam Rafuse asked him whar in h—I was he givin' that durn Gospel talk, he accepted the question as a hopeful sign and answered it in detail. Whereby he won Sam's regard, and within the next month had him actually inside the building. This was a distinct achievement, because Sam had sworn on an occasion many years since when the minister of the day had preached against cursing and drunkenness, never to enter a church again, referring pointedly to such texts as Proverbs xx, 1, Isaiah v, 11, and Leviticus xxiv, 16, whereby Sam took deep offence, beat the minister severely, and then went on a spree, which became a tradition of the village. So that it really was a great thing to get him in the church at all.

But probably even that satisfaction would have been denied the lay-reader had it not been for Hilda. The old man took charge of her when her father and mother died, within a week of each other, and John Ellis first saw her in the early summer, soon after his arrival. He grew very fond of the fair little maid, who was so patient and happy. Sam's cottage consisted of two apartments—a big

room where the cooking and eating was done, and a little room to sleep in. Originally it had been a singularly dilapidated dwelling-place, which yet answered its owner's needs well enough, since he was away fishing half the year. But when Hilda came the cottage underwent a complete change. Wooden flooring took the place of hard-packed earth, new beds and curtains appeared, fresh whitewash brightened it within and without, and Sam Rafuse left his fishing to nurse his grand-daughter back to health.

It was a hopeless fight against fate. Yet it showed an oddly compounded nobleness. Sam had been a hard drinker and hard swearer all his life. But neither of these things were compatible with the gold-haired child who sat outside the cottage on sunny days. So drinking was dropped—at what cost to the man of seventy years no one can tell. And never once did he swear in the child's hearing. Not even when the *Hattie A.* came in from the banks first schooner home with a full fare of fish, and her master stood treat to the villagers, and such as survived went up to interview Sam. They shouted and hammered at the walls. Time was when Sam would have opened fire with a shot-gun, yet now he only came very quietly forth into the moonlight. They quieted down at sight of him, remembering past days, but he spoke softly:

"Say, boys, go on home now, won't ye, like good fellers? I'd be with ye ef I cud, but I guess you know how 'tis. An' the little girl ain't ben very smart ter day."

So they shook hands with him—the whole thirty of them—and trooped off home, invoking curses upon their

own heads, after the manner of warm-hearted sea folk. And Sam kept to his determination and to his battle against the inevitable. There was a grotesque side to the situation, for the old man's notions of room-decoration were crude, his theories of nursing rather vague. Only to John Ellis, however, was the grotesqueness visible, and he saw far too deeply into the heart of things for laughter. On one of his early visits he brought a large picture Bible for Hilda, which reduced her to speechless ecstasy; and Sam was so pleased that he followed the young man outside, and swore at him in a growling undertone. But John Ellis looked at the tear-dimmed eyes and understood.

Not long after this came the old man's question aforesaid. Which the lay-reader answered as man to man, and with the respect of a landsman to one who had seen the wonders of the deep sea; so that Sam began to gain some faint idea of what he had sometimes heard mentioned, the strange thing called religion, only John Ellis didn't call it so. But it was all really owing to Hilda, who lay and watched him lovingly—Hilda, to whom the old, sin-scarred face was pure and precious beyond words.

Now the lay-reader had his dreams, as all young men should. Chief of them was that of a village church in place of the rude shed where his Sunday duties were performed. The plans for this dream were all cut and dried before he had been a month in the village, and though time caused him to make some radical modifications, yet the central idea remained the same. By and by when he had gained old Sam's affection he talked the matter

over with him and Hilda. The girl was eager and sympathetic from the first. Sam fell into line more slowly, but in the end he too was won.

"Hilda, my pet," he said, "I guess I see how it is. It's jest like a man wantin' ter sail his own schewner, an' its all the better ef he's a-built it himself. Guess that's the way I felt about my own vessels."

He would probably have given the lay-reader something more than sympathy, when he reached this point of view late in the summer, but that the little maid was growing weaker. Her strength seemed to ebb with the declining season. In those days she sat at the window overlooking the rugged inlet that did duty as harbor, and old Sam would tell her stories of every weather-beaten wharf and of every battered craft hauled out for the winter. But most she loved the hour when the sun sank behind the black spruces, and the clear eye of the lighthouse shone out from the seaward headland. For then was the drowsy time, when the gruff voice of the old man would grow softer and mingle with her dreams, and the little golden head would sink down so tired, yet so safe and warm within the great rough arms. But always she grew weaker, while Sam Rafuse saw—and could do nothing. There was nothing for an old, ignorant fisherman to do save wander restlessly about the cottage when his little maid was asleep, or sit beside her bed smoothing the tiny garments thrown aside.

It is not good for a man to be alone through the long autumn evenings when his heart is breaking. Knowing this, the lay-reader came up almost every evening to the cottage. And

about this time was it that the Bishop entered upon the scene.

They were talking—all three of them, for it was a night when Hilda could not sleep—of the new church to be built.

"An' me and you must see it opened, granpa," said Hilda. "An' the—the Bishop'll be there, won't he, Mr. Ellis?"

Sam had been much mystified when the Bishop had first been spoken of by the lay-reader, who in reply to his questioning had said:

"He's a sort of captain——"

"Skipper?"

"Yes, that's it. He's got to look after churches all over the country."

"Pooty good job, too. Now, I reckon he'd be considerable more than a skipper. More like one of these yer naval chaps as runs the whole show—an admiral, now?"

"Well, Sam, I guess that's just about what he is. He runs the whole show. And I've got to report to him, you see. And he's got to come down and see that this church's launched all right."

The explanation was perfectly satisfactory to Sam. It gave him a concrete idea and a new topic of conversation with Hilda. But she, poor child, was growing worse, and with the progress of the fever came more frequently the pitiful little question:

"Please, Mr. Ellis, do you know when the Bishop's coming?"

The young man's heart was touched, and he determined that the child's wish should be gratified. Only a few days before Thanksgiving Sam followed Ellis to the door with a world of dumb sorrow in his eyes, and said:

"Ye will get that thar Bisshup down



here, won't yer now? The little gal seems kinder set on it."

And the other gripped his hand and replied:

"I'll do it, Sam, never fear."

Soon it got about the village that the Bishop was coming down to see the little dying girl, for all the village knew what only Sam denied—that Hilda was past all hope. And the whole village sorrowed, for personal sympathy is warm in these outlying districts, and the things that appear trivial to strangers are full of import to those whose lives are comprised within narrow limits. Many a rough fisherman met Ellis on the street with a wistful:

"You'll git him for the little one, sir, sure?"

Now the village lay near the mouth of an arm of the sea that ran in five miles or more. At the entrance it was not far across, so that by a short sail one could avoid a drive round the shore of anywhere from one to four hours, according to the state of the road. Thirty miles away there was a town, in which the Bishop was due to hold a Thanksgiving Day service. And the day before Thanksgiving John Ellis started out in the early morning to bring the Bishop to the dying child. His eyes were smarting, for he had left Hilda propped up with pillows, bright-eyed and excited in a vain attempt to help old Sam at his pitiful room-decoration for their visitor.

He crossed the water, and, taking a wagon on the other side, drove the distance of thirty miles in five hours, which was wonderful time over those rough country roads that led sometimes through swamps and occasionally over solid rock. But as he drew

near to his journey's end, the fear seized him that his errand was unreasonable. A Bishop to go thirty miles for the sake of an orphan child! And to a village where there was not even the excuse of a decent church. His assurance sank to a very low ebb.

The Bishop was finishing an early lunch, and was to drive out to the country house to see an old friend and talk over old times, returning after dinner by moonlight. The prospect was pleasant to one whose experience brought him far more closely in touch with the sad side of life. He drank off his cup of coffee and strolled to the window, just in time to see a reeking horse and a mud-splashed country wagon stop in front of the house. A young man sprang out and walked rather stiffly up to the door.

"That's Ellis!" remarked the Bishop. "Poor fellow, he looks tired. Now, what brings him here? . . . Ellis, I'm very glad to see you. You'll take something to eat? You've had a long drive, I know. Not a word until you have finished your lunch. Has your horse been seen to? I will ask them to attend to it."

And not a word would the Bishop allow him to utter until they were both seated before the fire.

"And, now, what may I have the pleasure of doing for you?" said the Bishop.

The lay-reader stated his errand. The pitiful little story had an appeal in it that touched the big-hearted listener.

"And she's dying, you say," rejoined the latter. "And wants to see me. Poor child! It's a small thing for me to do, and means a deal to her perhaps. Yes, I must go. You came

up in five hours, Ellis? We'll improve on that. Poor little girl. And the grandfather, too. Yes, I must certainly go."

Within an hour they were speeding through the town behind a pair of fast horses and carrying what the older man called "some little things for the baby." The Bishop drove, handling his horses in a masterful fashion. The wind had been abroad all day, and as they went on blew ever harder over the crags of that rugged country side. Now and then they had glimpses of a furious sea—all purple and white. They cut two hours off Ellis's time, and arrived opposite the village just at sunset, when all the west was red and angry and all the water before them a smother of foam.

Two young fishermen came to meet them at the farmhouse where the horses were put up.

"The boat's a' ready, sir," they said to Ellis. "But then thar's considerable of a lop on, and it'll be a dirty little run across. Mebbe you'd best go 'round."

Ellis glanced at the Bishop.

"And lose an hour or more?" rejoined the latter. "We mustn't do that."

So they all went down to the boat, which lay on the shore.

There was no protection, and the wind swept in strongly from the open sea. But the Bishop seemed anxious about his big bundles only.

"You ain't afeard, sir?" asked the fishermen.

"No, no. I'm not afraid," replied the Bishop. "Let's get across to the little maid."

They had to cross diagonally against a heavy sea, and the waves broke over

them so that the strong brown sails were drenched with water. But the baling kept them warm, and soon after dark they landed and stepped into a group of men with lanterns.

"Whar's the bisshup?" demanded a voice.

"Here!" responded that individual. He was in his shirt sleeves—for his coat had been spread over the precious bundles—and his gray hair was plastered down upon his forehead with the wet.

"By G—, sir!" cried a rough sailor; "'twas fine o' you ter come."

The whole male population of the village escorted the visitor, first to Ellis's house for dry clothing, and then to Sam's cottage, which was a blaze of light, and where a pale little girl cried and trembled at their coming.

Poor Sam was overwhelmed and seemed to lose all power to speech and action when the great man appeared. But when the Bishop spoke to him with such a kindly smile and took his hand with a solid grip, the fisherman felt a glow at his lonely old heart.

Hilda was sitting up, pale and tired, with a gorgeous red and yellow shawl about her poor thin shoulders. She had a little speech of welcome to make, but when the time came she never made it, for Mr. Ellis came in, and Sam, and behind them a tall old gentleman with a pleasant face.

"So this is Sam's little girl," said he. Then he lifted her in his arms and kissed her and took her out before the great fire in the sitting room. And she leaned her head on his breast with a sigh of deep content.

"I didn't know you'd be like this, Bishop," she murmured. "And O, thank you for coming to see me!"

It was a strange evening, with the storm roaring outside and half the village packed away within. The Bishop spoke of life in huge distant cities that his audience had never heard of, while now and again a fisherman would tell in gruff disjointed sentences some fierce tale of the sea. By and by the bundles were called for, and the Bishop took therefrom six bottles of wine and as many pairs of blankets of marvellous quality. And when Hilda had substituted a blanket for the shawl—still in the Bishop's arms—there was but one thing needed to complete her happiness.

This she whispered shyly to her new friend.

"Boys," said the Bishop, "the little maid wants me to pray for her. Now, you know to-morrow's Thanksgiving Day. We've all got a good deal to be thankful for. So let's all join in a hymn and a prayer. Hilda, what's your favorite hymn?"

"I, sing the 'sconsolate hymn,'" cried Hilda.

Everyone knew the "'sconsolate hymn,'" and a great volume of sound rose within the little cottage from the deep-chested young fishermen:

"Come, ye disconsolate! where'er ye languish,

Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;  
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;

Earth hath no sorrow that heav'n cannot heal."

Afterwards came a prayer, the Bishop standing with Hilda in his arms. Then the villagers drifted away by twos and threes, and Hilda fell asleep, with Sam and the Bishop sitting beside her, the childish hands clasped in those of the two gray old men.

At the first gleam of dawn the Bishop went his way. The boat and the fast horses took him back in good time, so that he was able to preach his Thanksgiving sermon in the town—and a very good sermon it was, from the seemingly inappropriate text, "Out of the mouths of babes hath he ordained strength."

But there was no Thanksgiving in the village, where Hilda Rafuse lay dying. All day the men went softly about their work, almost as if they feared they might disturb the little cottage on the hill. All day old Sam sat by the tiny bed, longing, as a dumb animal might long, for one look from the closed eyes that were so dear to him. Ellis stayed in the house, but with wisest sympathy uttered never a syllable. The comradeship of silence sometimes speaks louder than any words.

At sunset old Sam had his reward. The little maid stirred and turned to him with a smile.

"You there, grampa?" she said. "Take me to see the sunset."

He took her to the window, as he was wont to do every evening. She looked a little while, then, turning to him sleepily, laid her head on his shoulders, and so passed from sleep to death. They buried her on a wide hill-top that faced towards the setting sun—one more added to the long array of the village dead.

But Sam's whole world had gone from him. In his agony he fell back at once on old habits to ensure forgetfulness. He drank the Bishop's wine that was to cure Hilda. Then he sold the blankets, whereby he secured an incredible amount of very bad liquor, for the blankets were valuable ones.



Ellis remonstrated with him in vain.

"Now, sir," he said, "you can talk—its your business. You say I'll kill myself. Mebbe I will. I won't say I don't want ter. But I guess if your Gord is what you say he is, it'll be all right. Anyhow, will yer jest tell me what in H—I I got ter live fer? Ef yer can't, ye kin git out!"

Being unable to tell him, the young man went, and thought a good deal during the week succeeding Thanksgiving Day.

At the close of that time old Sam sent for him late at night. When a man's constitution is weakened by age and sorrow, the finishing touches can be effected quickly if he drinks hard enough. Moreover, Sam had caught pneumonia by sleeping in the open fields—the cottage being out of the question. So he lay dying, and Ellis came and sat beside him to hear what he wished to say.

"Wal," gasped the old fisherman, "I'm agoin', sir. Guess I ain't sorry, too." He glanced round the room, grown so hideously squalid within the last few days. "But I ain't sent fer you ter worry 'bout *that*, 'cause I kinder seem ter reklect somethin' the little gal useter say—somethin' 'bout laborers goin' somewhere and gittin' things straightened out. An' it must be the same with seafarin' folk. Mebbe you remember the words, sir?"

"Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," said Ellis slowly and clearly.

"Yes, yes, sir, that's it! *She* said that, so I guess it's all right. But I

wanted ter see you 'bout somethin' else. Take down that thar ole sock and count the money."

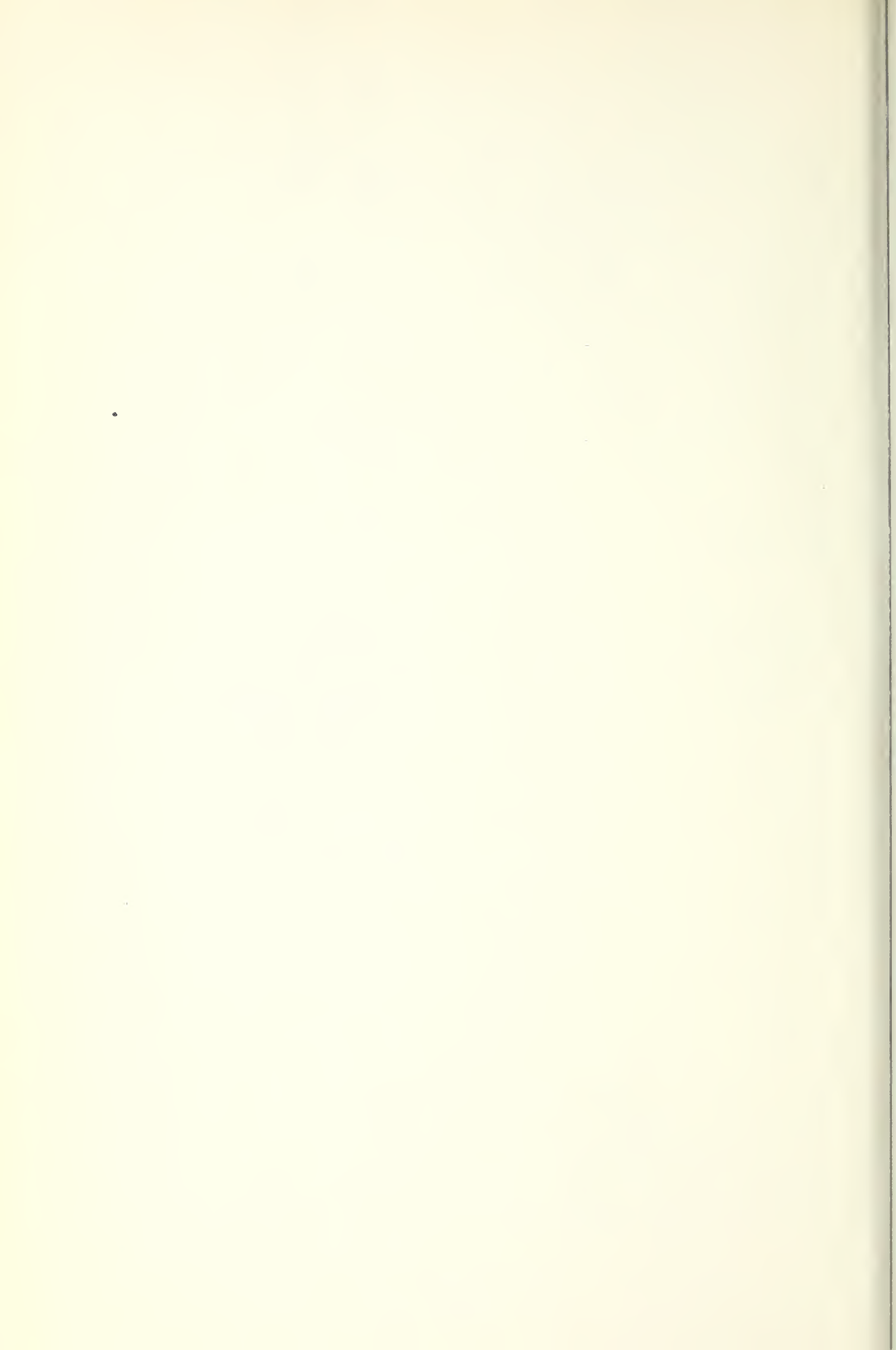
The old sock hung from the roof in a piece of canvas. Ellis scrambled up between the beams and brought it down. Then he spread the money out on the dirty floor and counted it—notes, silver, nickel, and copper. It was a slow business, for there was a preponderance of crumpled dollar bills, but it amounted to exactly \$396.45. The old man had weakened perceptibly at the finish.

"Now, sir," he explained feebly; "that thar's far the Gospel-house. The little gal useter talk about it, an' I guess she would a liked to seen it built." A change came over his face. "It's sunset," he muttered, "I'm gittin' tired—les—look at—the sunset—too dark—little gal——" He turned to the wall, sighed, and was still.

So they laid him next his little girl, within sound of the sea that he had followed all his life. And the drama—colorless, perhaps, to the outer world, but vivid enough to the villagers—was played out, all except the epilogue, which was added when John Ellis completed his church a year later. It cost \$700.00, Sam's bequest forming the most important item in the finances, and the starting-point of other gifts. And the Bishop came down and consecrated it, naming it the Church of St. Peter, and preaching to the fisherfolk such a sermon as they had never heard about the strong fisherman of Galilee.

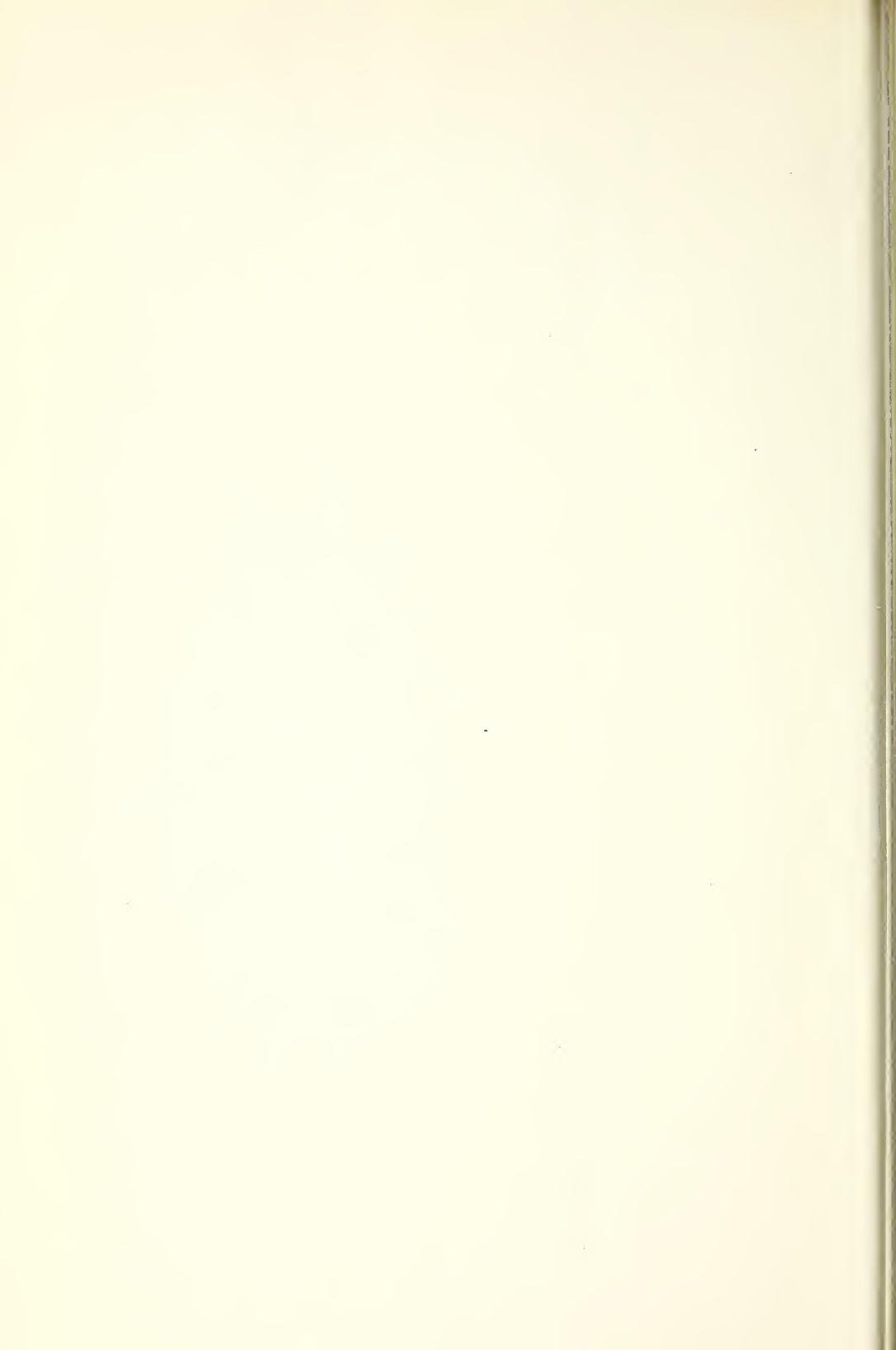
But the fisherfolk named it "Hilda's Church," and so it is called to this day.











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